

1877.

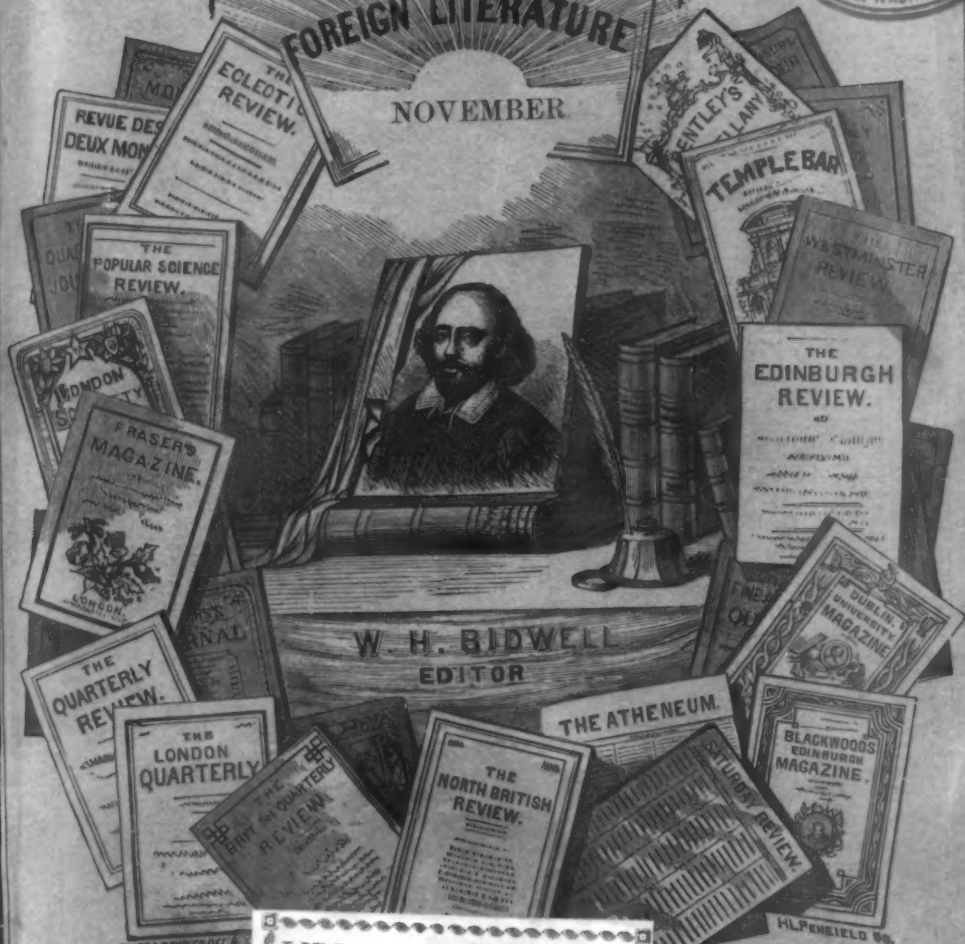
New Series.

Vol. XXVI.—No. 5.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

FOREIGN LITERATURE

NOVEMBER



W. H. BIDWELL
EDITOR

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap.

I help

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

OND STREET.

General Agents.

Subscription, \$5.

CONTENTS OF THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

STEEL ENGRAVING—EX-PRESIDENT MARK HOPKINS.

I. A MODERN 'SYMPOSIUM' THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> ..	513
II. THE LABOR WAR IN THE UNITED STATES. By GOLDWIN SMITH.....	<i>Contemporary Review</i>	530
III. DR. CARPENTER ON SPIRITUALISM. By ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE.....	<i>Quarterly Journal of Science</i> ,	538
IV. ART IN THE COMMUNITY. By J. THACKRAY BUNCE.....	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	555
V. MEDITATIONS OF A HINDU, PRINCE AND SCEPTIC. By A. C. LYALL.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	565
VI. POPES AND CARDINALS.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ...	567
VII. LIFE AT BUCHAREST.....	<i>Temple Bar</i>	576
VIII. YOUNG MUSGRAVE. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Chapters XXIV. to XXVII.		586
IX. TO HERMIONE.....	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ...	610
X. LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET. By JAMES ANTHONY PROUDE.....	<i>The Nineteenth Century</i> ..	610
XI. OF VULGARITY IN MATTERS OF OPINION. By A. K. H. B.	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>	618
XII. THE POETRY OF SEPTEMBER.....	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>	624
XIII. THE CALIPHATE. By J. C. MCCOAN.....	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i>	629
XIV. EX-PRESIDENT MARK HOPKINS. By the Editor.....		634
XV. LITERARY NOTICES.....		635
Egypt As It Is—Christianity and Humanity—The Question of Labor and Capital—The Experimental Science Series—Professor Huxley's American Addresses.		
XVI. FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.....		637
XVII. SCIENCE AND ART.....		638
The "American Mediterranean"—Galileo and the Telescope—Temperature of Trees—Motion and Heat—Discovery of Non-Metallic Rays in the Solar Spectrum.		
XVIII. VARIETIES.....		639
On Choosing a House—Mr. S. C. Hall and the "Art Journal"—Rondeau.		

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The *Eclectic* and any \$4 publication will be sent to one address for \$3, and a proportionate reduction will be made when clubbed with any other publication.

☞ The postage on the *Eclectic* is prepaid by the Publisher.

BINDING.—Green cloth covers for binding two vols. per year, will be furnished at 50 cts. each, or \$1 per year, or sent by mail on receipt of price; and the numbers will be exchanged for bound volumes, in library style, for \$2.50 per year, or in green cloth for \$1.50 per year.

☞ Mr. J. Wallace Atiger is our general Business Agent.

☞ COMPLETE SET OF ECLECTIC.—We have now on hand, for sale at our office, one complete set of *Eclectic*, from January, 1844, to January, 1875. It is elegantly bound in English library half calf and comprises eighty-seven volumes. Price, \$260. For a public or private library the above set is most invaluable, as many of the older volumes have long been out of print, and are extremely difficult to procure.

New Series, 1885 to 1877, in library half calf, price \$75, can also be furnished.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXVI., No. 5.

NOVEMBER, 1877.

Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

A MODERN 'SYMPOSIUM.' THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.*

MR. R. H. HUTTON.

The imaginative glow and rhetorical vivacity which are visible throughout Mr. Harrison's Essays on 'The Soul and Future Life' are very remarkable, and should guard those of us who recoil in amazement from its creed or no-creed from falling into the very common mistake of assuming that the effect which such ideas as these produce on ourselves is the effect which, apart from all question of the other mental conditions surrounding the natures into which they are received, they naturally produce. It is clear at least that if they ever tended to produce on the author of these papers the same effect which they not only tend to produce, but do produce, on myself, that tendency must have been so com-

pletely neutralised by the redundant moral energy inherent in his nature, that the characteristic effect which I should have ascribed to them is absolutely unverifiable, and, for anything we have the right to assert, non-existent. There is at least but one instance in which I should have traced any shade of what I may call the natural view of death as presented in the light of this creed, and that is the sentence in which Mr. Harrison somewhat superfluously disclaims—and moreover with an accent of hauteur, as though he resented the necessity of admitting that death is a disagreeable certainty—his own or his creed's responsibility for the fact of death. 'We make no mystical or fanciful divinity of death,' he says; 'we do not deny its terrors or its evils. We are not responsible for it, and should welcome any reasonable prospect of eliminating or postponing this fatality that waits upon all organic nature.' After reading that admission, I was puzzled when I came to

* The article by Mr. Frederic Harrison on which this discussion is based appeared in the June and July numbers of the *Nineteenth Century*. The discussion will be concluded in our December number.—ED.

the assertion that 'we who know that a higher form of activity is only to be reached by a subjective life in society, will continue to regard a perpetuity of sensation as the true Hell,' a sentence in which Mr. Harrison would commonly be understood to mean that he and all his friends, if they had a vote in the matter, would give a unanimous suffrage against this 'perpetuity of sensation,' and, so far from trying to eliminate or postpone death, would be inclined to cling to and even hasten it. For, in this place at least, it is not the perpetuation of deteriorated energies of which Mr. Harrison speaks, but the perpetuation of life pure and simple. Indeed, nothing puzzles me more in this paper than the diametrical contradictions both of feeling and thought which appear to me to be embodied in it. Its main criticism on the common view of immortality seems to be that the desire for it is a grossly selfish desire. Nay, nicknaming the conception of a future of eternal praise, 'the eternity of the tabor,' he calls it a conception 'so gross, so sensual, so indolent, so selfish,' as to be worthy of nothing but scorn. I think he can never have taken the trouble to realise with any care what he is talking of. Whatever the conception embodied in what Mr. Harrison calls 'ceaseless psalmody' may be—and certainly it is not my idea of immortal life—it is the very opposite of selfish. No conception of life can be selfish of which the very essence is adoration, that is, wonder, veneration, gratitude to another. And gross as the conception necessarily suggested by psalm-singing is, to those who interpret it, as we generally do, by the stentorian shoutings of congregations who are often thinking a great deal more of their own performances than of the object of their praise, it is the commonest candor to admit that this conception of immortality owes its origin entirely to men who were thinking of a life absorbed in the interior contemplation of a God full of all perfections—a contemplation breaking out into thanksgiving only in the intensity of their love and adoration. Whatever else this conception of immortality may be, the very last phrase which can be justly applied to it is 'gross' or 'selfish.' I fear that the Positivists have left the Christian objects of their criticism so far behind that they

have ceased not merely to realise what Christians mean, but have sincerely and completely forgotten that Christians ever had a meaning at all. That Positivists should regard any belief in the 'beatific vision' as a wild piece of fanaticism, I can understand, but that, entering into the meaning of that fanaticism, they should describe the desire for it as a gross piece of selfishness, I cannot understand; and I think it more reasonable, therefore, to assume that they have simply lost the key to the language of adoration. Moreover, when I come to note Mr. Harrison's own conception of the future life, it appears to me that it differs only from the Christian's conception by its infinite deficiencies, and in no respect by superior moral qualities of any kind. That conception is, in a word, posthumous energy. He holds that if we could get rid of the vulgar notion of a survival of personal sensations and of growing mental and moral faculties after death, we should consecrate the notion of posthumous activity, and anticipate with delight our 'coming incorporation with the glorious future of our race,' as we cannot possibly consecrate those great hopes now.

But, in the first place, what is this 'glorious future of our race' which I am invited to contemplate? It is the life in a better organised society of a vast number of these merely temporary creatures whose personal sensations, if they ever could be 'perpetuated,' Mr. Harrison regards as giving us the best conception of a 'true hell.' Now if an improved and better organised future of ephemerals be so glorious to anticipate, what elements of glory are there in it which would not belong to the immortality looked forward to by the Christian—a far more improved future of endlessly growing natures? Is it the mere fact that I shall myself belong to the one future which renders it unworthy, while the absence of any 'perpetuity' of my personal 'sensations' from the other, renders it unselfish? I always supposed selfishness to consist, *not* in the desire for any noble kind of life in which I might share, but in the preference for my own happiness at the *expense* of some one else's. If it is selfish to desire the perpetuation of a growing life, which not only does not, as far as I know, interfere

with the volume of moral growth in others, but certainly contributes to it, then it must be the true unselfishness to commit suicide at once, supposing suicide to be the *finis* to personal 'sensation.' But then universal suicide would be inconsistent with the glorious future of our race, so I suppose it must at least be postponed till our own sensations have been so far 'perpetuated' as to leave heirs behind them. If Condorcet is to be held up to our admiration for anticipating on the edge of the grave his 'coming incorporation with the glorious future of his race,' *i.e.* with ourselves and our posterity, may we not infer that there is something in ourselves, *i.e.* in human society as it now exists, which was worthy of his vision—something in which we need not think it 'selfish' to participate, even though our personal 'sensations' do form a part of it? Where then does the selfishness of desiring to share in a glorious future even through personal 'sensations' begin? The only reasonable or even intelligible answer, as far as I can see, is this;—as soon as that personal 'sensation' for ourselves excludes a larger and wider growth for others, but no sooner. But then no Christian ever supposed for a moment that his personal immortality could or would interfere with any other being's growth. And if so, where is the selfishness? What a Christian desires is a higher, truer, deeper union with God for all, himself included. If his own life drop out of that future, he supposes that there will be so much less that really does glorify the true righteousness, and no compensating equivalent. If it be Mr. Harrison's mission to disclose to us that any perpetuity of sensation on our own parts will positively exclude something much higher which *would* exist if we consented to disappear, he may, I think, prove his case. But in the absence of any attempt to do so, his conception that it is noble and unselfish to be more than content—grateful—for ceasing to live any but a posthumous life, seems to me simply irrational.

But, further, the equivalent which Mr. Harrison offers me for becoming, as I had hoped to become, in another world, an altogether better member of a better society, does not seem to me more than a very doubtful good. My posthumous

activity will be of all kinds, some of which I am glad to anticipate, most of which I am very sorry to anticipate, and much of which I anticipate with absolute indifference. Even our best actions have bad effects as well as good. Macaulay and most other historians held that the Puritan earnestness expended a good deal of posthumous activity in producing the license of the world of the Restoration. Our activity, indeed, is strictly posthumous in kind, even before our death, from the very moment in which it leaves our living mind and has begun to work beyond ourselves. What I did as a child is, in this sense, as much producing posthumous effects, *i.e.* effects over which I can no longer exert any control, now, as what I do before death will be producing posthumous effects after my death. Now a considerable proportion of these posthumous activities of ours, even when we can justify the original activity as all that it ought to have been, are unfortunate. Mr. Harrison's papers, for instance, have already exerted a very vivid and very repulsive effect on my mind—an activity which I am sure he will not look upon with gratification, and I do not doubt that what I am now writing will produce the same effect on him, and in that effect I shall take no delight at all. A certain proportion, therefore, of my posthumous activity is activity for evil, even when the activity itself is on the whole good. But when we come to throw in the posthumous activity for evil exerted by our evil actions and the occasional posthumous activity for good which evil also fortunately exerts, but for the good results of which we can take no credit to ourselves, the whole constitutes a *mélange* to which, as far as I am concerned, I look with exceedingly mixed feelings, the chief element being humiliation, though there are faint lights mingled with it here and there. But as for any rapture of satisfaction in contemplating my 'coming incorporation with the glorious future of our race,' I must wholly and entirely disclaim it. What I see in that incorporation of mine with the future of our race—glorious or the reverse, and I do not quite see why the Positivist thinks it so glorious, since he probably holds that an absolute term must be put to it, if by no other cause, by the gradual cooling of the sun—is a

very patchwork sort of affair indeed, a mere miscellany of bad, good, and indifferent without organisation and without unity. What I shall be, for instance, when incorporated, in Mr. Harrison's phrase, with the future of our race, I have very little satisfaction in contemplating, except so far, perhaps, as my 'posthumous activity' may retard the acceptance of Mr. Harrison's glorious anticipations for the human race. One great reason for my personal wish for a perpetuity of volition and personal energy is, that I may have a better opportunity, as far as may lie in me, to undo the mischief I shall have done before death comes to my aid. The vision of 'posthumous activity' ought indeed, I fancy, to give even the best of us very little satisfaction. It may not be, and perhaps is not, so mischievous as the vision of 'posthumous fame,' but yet it is not the kind of vision which, to my mind, can properly occupy very much of our attention in this life. Surely the right thing for us to do is to concentrate attention on the life of the living moment—to make that the best we can—and then to leave its posthumous effects, after the life of the present has gone out of it, to that Power which, far more than anything in it, transmutes at times even our evil into good, though sometimes, too, to superficial appearance at all events, even our good into evil. The desire for an immortal life—that is, for a perpetuation of the personal affections and of the will—seems to me a far nobler thing than any sort of anticipation as to our posthumous activity; for high affections and a right will are good in *themselves*, and constitute, indeed, the only elements in Mr. Harrison's 'glorious future of our race' to which I can attach much value—while posthumous activity may be either good or evil, and depends on conditions over which he who first puts the activity in motion, often has no adequate control.

And this reminds me of a phrase in Mr. Harrison's paper which I have studied over and over again without making out his meaning. I mean his statement that on his own hypothesis 'there is ample scope for the spiritual life, for moral responsibility, for the world beyond the grave, *its hopes and its duties*, which remain to us perfectly real without the unintelligible hypothesis.'

Now I suppose, by 'the hopes' of 'the world beyond the grave,' Mr. Harrison means the hopes we form *for* the 'future of our race,' and that I understand. But what does he mean by its 'duties'? Not, surely, our duties beyond the grave, but the duties of those who survive us; for he expressly tells us that our mental and moral powers do not increase and grow, develop or vary within themselves—do not, in fact, survive at all except in their effects—and hence 'duties for *us* in the world beyond the grave are, I suppose, in his creed impossible. But if he only means that there will be duties for those who survive us after we are gone, I cannot see how that is in any respect a theme on which it is either profitable or consolatory for us to dwell by anticipation. One remark more: when Mr. Harrison says that it is quite as easy to learn to long for the moment when you shall become 'the immaterial principle of a comet,' or that you 'really were the ether, and were about to take your place in space,' as to long for personal immortality—he is merely talking at random on a subject on which it is hardly seemly to talk at random. He knows that what we mean by the soul is that which lies at the bottom of the sense of personal identity—the thread of the continuity running through all our chequered life; and how it can be equally unmeaning to believe that this hitherto unbroken continuity will continue unbroken, and to believe that it is to be transformed into something else of a totally different kind, I am not only unable to understand, but even to understand how he could seriously so conceive us. My notion of myself never had the least connection with the principle of any part of any comet, but it has the closest possible connection with thoughts, affections, and volitions, which, as far as I know, are not likely to perish with my body. I am sorry that Mr. Harrison should have disfigured his paper by sarcasms so inapplicable and apparently so bitter as these.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

Mr. Harrison's striking discourse on the soul and future life has a certain resemblance to the famous essay on the snakes of Ireland. For its purport is to show that there is no soul, nor any future

life in the ordinary sense of the terms. With death, the personal activity of which the soul is the popular hypostasis is put into commission among posterity, and the future life is an immortality by deputy.

Neither in these views, nor in the arguments by which they are supported, is there much novelty. But that which appears both novel and interesting to me is the author's evidently sincere and heartfelt conviction that his powerful advocacy of soulless spirituality and mortal immortality is consistent with the intellectual scorn and moral reprobation which he freely pours forth upon the 'irrational and debasing physicism' of materialism and materialists, and with the wrath with which he visits what he is pleased to call the intrusion of physical science, especially of biology, into the domain of social phenomena.

Listen to the storm :—

We certainly do reject, as earnestly as any school can, that which is most fairly called Materialism, and we will second every word of those who cry out that civilisation is in danger if the workings of the human spirit are to become questions of physiology, and if death is the end of a man, as it is the end of a sparrow. We not only assent to such protests, but we see very pressing need for making them. It is a corrupting doctrine to open a brain, and to tell us that devotion is a definite molecular change in this and that convolution of grey pulp, and that if man is the first of living animals, he passes away after a short space like the beasts that perish. And all doctrines, more or less, do tend to this, which offer physical theories as explaining moral phenomena, which deny man a spiritual in addition to a moral nature, which limit his moral life to the span of his bodily organism, and which have no place for 'religion' in the proper sense of the word.

Now Mr. Harrison can hardly think it worth while to attack imaginary opponents, so that I am led to believe that there must be somebody who holds the 'corrupting doctrine' that devotion is a definite molecular change in this and that convolution of grey pulp. Nevertheless, my conviction is shaken by a passage which occurs at p. 627: 'No rational thinker now pretends that imagination is simply the vibration of a particular fibre.' If no rational thinker pretends this of imagination, why should any pretend it of devotion? And yet I cannot bring myself to think that all Mr. Harrison's passionate rhetoric is hurled

at irrational thinkers: surely he might leave such to the soft influences of time and due medical treatment of their 'grey pulp' in Colney Hatch or elsewhere.

On the other hand, Mr. Harrison cannot possibly be attacking those who hold that the feeling of devotion is the concomitant, or even the consequent, of a molecular change in the brain; for he tells us, in language the explicitness of which leaves nothing to be desired, that

To positive methods, every fact of thinking reveals itself as having functional relation with molecular change. Every fact of will or of feeling is in similar relation with kindred molecular facts.

On mature consideration I feel shut up to one of two alternative hypotheses. Either the 'corrupting doctrine' to which Mr. Harrison refers is held by no rational thinker—in which case, surely neither he nor I need trouble ourselves about it—or the phrase, 'Devotion is a definite molecular change in this and that convolution of grey pulp,' means that devotion has a functional relation with such molecular change; in which case, it is Mr. Harrison's own view, and therefore, let us hope, cannot be a 'corrupting doctrine.'

I am not helped out of the difficulty I have thus candidly stated, when I try to get at the meaning of another hard saying of Mr. Harrison's, which follows after the 'corrupting doctrine' paragraph: 'And all doctrines, more or less, do tend to this [corrupting doctrine], which offer physical theories as explaining moral phenomena.'

Nevertheless, on pp. 626-7, Mr. Harrison says with great force and tolerable accuracy:

Man is one, however compound. Fire his conscience, and he blushes. Check his circulation, and he thinks wildly, or thinks not at all. Impair his secretions, and moral sense is dulled, discolored, or depraved; his aspirations flag, his hope, love, faith reel. Impair them still more, and he becomes a brute. A cup of drink degrades his moral nature below that of a swine. Again, a violent emotion of pity or horror makes him vomit. A lancet will restore him from delirium to clear thought. Excess of thought will waste his sinews. Excess of muscular exercise will deaden thought. An emotion will double the strength of his muscles. And at last the prick of a needle or a grain of mineral will in an instant lay to rest for ever his body and its unity, and all the spontaneous activities of intelligence, feeling, and action, with which that compound organism was charged.

These are the obvious and ancient observations about the human organism. But modern philosophy and science have carried these hints into complete explanations. By a vast accumulation of proof positive thought at last has established a distinct correspondence between every process of thought or of feeling and some corporeal phenomenon.

I cry with Shylock :

'Tis very true, O wise and upright judge.

But if the establishment of the correspondence between physical phenomena on the one side, and moral and intellectual phenomena on the other, is properly to be called an *explanation* (let alone a *complete explanation*) of the human organism, surely Mr. Harrison's teachings come dangerously near that tender of physical theories in explanation of moral phenomena which he warns us leads straight to corruption.

But perhaps I have misinterpreted Mr. Harrison. For a few lines further on we are told, with due italic emphasis, that 'no man can *explain* volition by purely anatomical study.' I should have thought that Mr. Harrison might have gone much further than this. No man ever explained any physiological fact by purely anatomical study. Digestion cannot be so explained, nor respiration, nor reflex action. It would have been as relevant to affirm that volition could not be explained by measuring an arc of the meridian.

I am obliged to note the fact that Mr. Harrison's biological studies have not proceeded so far as to enable him to discriminate between the province of anatomy and that of physiology, because it furnishes the key to an otherwise mysterious utterance which occurs at p. 631 :—

A man whose whole thoughts are absorbed in cutting up dead monkeys and live frogs has no more business to dogmatise about religion than a mere chemist to improvise a zoology.

Quis negavit? But if, as, on Mr. Harrison's own showing, is the case, the progress of science (not anatomical, but physiological) has 'established a distinct correspondence between every process of thought or of feeling and some corporeal phenomenon,' and if it is true that 'impaired secretions' deprave the moral sense, and make 'hope, love, and faith reel,' surely the religious feelings are

brought within the range of physiological inquiry. If impaired secretions deprave the moral sense, it becomes an interesting and important problem to ascertain what diseased viscus may have been responsible for the *Priest in Absolution*; and what condition of the grey pulp may have conferred on it such a pathological steadiness of faith as to create the hope of personal immortality, which Mr. Harrison stigmatises as so selfishly immoral.

I should not like to undertake the responsibility of advising anybody to dogmatise about anything; but surely if, as Mr. Harrison so strongly urges, 'the whole range of man's powers, from the finest spiritual sensibility down to a mere automatic contraction, falls into one coherent scheme, being all the multiform functions of a living organism in presence of its encircling conditions;' then the man who endeavors to ascertain the exact nature of these functions, and to determine the influence of conditions upon them, is more likely to be in a position to tell us something worth hearing about them, than one who is turned from such study by cheap pulpit thunder touching the presumption of 'biological reasoning about spiritual things.'

Mr. Harrison, as we have seen, is not quite so clear as is desirable respecting the limits of the provinces of anatomy and physiology. Perhaps he will permit me to inform him that physiology is the science which treats of the functions of the living 'organism, ascertains their coordinations and their correlations in the general chain of causes and effects, and traces out their dependence upon the physical states of the organs by which these functions are exercised. The explanation of a physiological function is the demonstration of the connection of that function with the molecular state of the organ which exerts the function. Thus the function of motion is explained when the movements of the living body are found to have certain molecular changes for their invariable antecedents; the function of sensation is explained when the molecular changes, which are the invariable antecedents of sensations, are discovered.

The fact that it is impossible to comprehend how it is that a physical state gives rise to a mental state, no more les-

sens the value of the explanation in the latter case, than the fact that it is utterly impossible to comprehend how motion is communicated from one body to another, weakens the force of the explanation of the motion of one billiard ball by showing that another has hit it.

The finest spiritual sensibility, says Mr. Harrison (and I think that there is a fair presumption that he is right), is a function of a living organism—is in relation with molecular facts. In that case, the physiologist may reply, 'It is my business to find out what these molecular facts are, and whether the relation between them and the said spiritual sensibility is one of antecedence in the molecular fact, and sequence in the spiritual fact, or *vice versa*. If the latter result comes out of my inquiries, I shall have made a contribution towards a moral theory of physical phenomena; if the former, I shall have done somewhat towards building up a physical theory of moral phenomena. But in any case I am not outstepping the limits of my proper province: my business is to get at the truth, respecting such questions at all risks; and if you tell me that one of these two results is a corrupting doctrine, I can only say that I perceive the intended reproach conveyed by the observation, but that I fail to recognise its relevance. If the doctrine is true, its social septic or antiseptic properties are not my affair. My business as a biologist is with physiology, not with morals.'

This plea of justification strikes me as complete; whence, then, the following outbreak of angry eloquence?—

The arrogant attempt to dispose of the deepest moral truths of human nature on a bare physical or physiological basis is almost enough to justify the insurrection of some impatient theologians against science itself.

'That strain again: it has a dying fall;' nowise similar to the sweet south upon a bank of violets, however, but like the death-wail of innumerable 'impatient theologians' as from the high 'drum ecclesiastic' they view the waters of science flooding the Church on all hands. The beadles have long been washed away; escape by pulpit stairs is even becoming doubtful, without kirtling those outward investments which distinguish the priest from the man so high that no one will see there is anything but the man left.

But Mr. Harrison is not an impatient theologian—indeed, no theologian at all, unless, as he speaks of 'Soul' when he means certain bodily functions, and of 'Future life' when he means personal annihilation, he may make his master's *Grand être suprême* the subject of a theology; and one stumbles upon this well-worn fragment of too familiar declamation amongst his vigorous periods, with the unpleasant surprise of one who finds a fly in a precious ointment.

There are people from whom one does not expect well-founded statement and thoughtful, however keen, argumentation, embodied in precise language. From Mr. Harrison one does. But I think he will be at a loss to answer the question, if I pray him to tell me of any representative of physical science who, either arrogantly or otherwise, has ever attempted to dispose of moral truths on a physical or physiological basis. If I am to take the sense of the words literally, I shall not dispute the arrogance of the attempt to dispose of a moral truth on a bare, or even on a covered, physical or physiological basis; for, whether the truth is deep or shallow, I cannot conceive how the feat is to be performed. Columbus's difficulty with the egg is as nothing to it. But I suppose what is meant is, that some arrogant people have tried to upset morality by the help of physics and physiology. I am sorry if such people exist, because I shall have to be much ruder to them than Mr. Harrison is. I should not call them arrogant, any more than I should apply that epithet to a person who attempted to upset Euclid by the help of the Rigveda. Accuracy might be satisfied, if not propriety, by calling such a person a fool; but it appears to me that it would be the height of injustice to term him arrogant.

Whatever else they may be, the laws of morality, under their scientific aspect, are generalisations based upon the observed phenomena of society; and, whatever may be the nature of moral approbation and disapprobation, these feelings are, as a matter of experience, associated with certain acts.

The consequences of men's actions will remain the same, however far our analysis of the causes which lead to them may be pushed: theft and murder would be none the less objectionable if it were

possible to prove that they were the result of the activity of special theft and murder cells in that 'grey pulp' of which Mr. Harrison speaks so scornfully. Does any sane man imagine that any quantity of physiological analysis will lead people to think breaking their legs or putting their hands into the fire desirable? And when men really believe that breaches of the moral law involve their penalties as surely as do breaches of the physical law, is it to be supposed that even the very firmest disposal of their moral truths upon 'a bare physical or physiological basis' will tempt them to incur those penalties?

I would gladly learn from Mr. Harrison where, in the course of his studies, he has found anything inconsistent with what I have just said in the writings of physicists or biologists. I would entreat him to tell us who are the true materialists, 'the scientific specialists' who 'neglect all philosophical and religious synthesis,' and who 'submit religion to the test of the scalpel or the electric battery;' where the materialism which is 'marked by the ignoring of religion, the passing by on the other side and shutting the eyes to the spiritual history of mankind,' is to be found.

I will not believe that these phrases are meant to apply to any scientific men of whom I have cognisance, or to any recognised system of scientific thought—they would be too absurdly inappropriate—and I cannot believe that Mr. Harrison indulges in empty rhetoric. But I am disposed to think that they would not have been used at all, except for that deep-seated sympathy with the 'impatient theologian' which characterises the Positivist school, and crops out, characteristically enough, in more than one part of Mr. Harrison's essay.

Mr. Harrison tells us that 'Positivism is prepared to meet the theologians.' I agree with him, though not exactly in his sense of the words—indeed, I have formerly expressed the opinion that the meeting took place long ago, and that the faithful lovers, impelled by the instinct of a true affinity of nature, have met to part no more. Ecclesiastical to the core from the beginning, Positivism is now exemplifying the law that the outward garment adjusts itself, sooner or later, to the inward man. From its

founder onwards, stricken with metaphysical incompetence, and equally incapable of appreciating the true spirit of scientific method, it is now essaying to cover the nakedness of its philosophical materialism with the rags of a spiritualistic phraseology out of which the original sense has wholly departed. I understand and I respect the meaning of the word 'soul,' as used by Pagan and Christian philosophers for what they believe to be the imperishable seat of human personality, bearing throughout eternity its burden of woe, or its capacity for adoration and love. I confess that my dull moral sense does not enable me to see anything base or selfish in the desire for a future life among the spirits of the just made perfect; or even among a few such poor fallible souls as one has known here below.

And if I am not satisfied with the evidence that is offered me that such a soul and such a future life exist, I am content to take what is to be had and to make the best of the brief span of existence that is within my reach, without reviling those whose faith is more robust and whose hopes are richer and fuller. But in the interests of scientific clearness, I object to say that I have a soul, when I mean, all the while, that my organism has certain mental functions which, like the rest, are dependent upon its molecular composition, and come to an end when I die; and I object still more to affirm that I look to a future life, when all that I mean is, that the influence of my sayings and doings will be more or less felt by a number of people after the physical components of that organism are scattered to the four winds.

Throw a stone into the sea, and there is a sense in which it is true that the wavelets which spread around it have an effect through all space and all time. Shall we say that the stone has a future life?

It is not worth while to have broken away, not without pain and grief, from beliefs which, true or false, embody great and fruitful conceptions, to fall back into the arms of a half-breed between science and theology, endowed, like most half-breeds, with the faults of both parents and the virtues of neither. And it is unwise by such a lapse to expose oneself to the temptation of holding with the hare

and hunting with the hounds—of using the weapons of one progenitor to damage the other. I cannot but think that the members of the Positivist school in this country stand in some danger of falling into that fatal error; and I put it to them to consider whether it is either consistent or becoming for those who hold that 'the finest spiritual sensibility' is a mere bodily function, to join in the view-halloo, when the hunt is up against biological science—to use their voices in swelling the senseless cry that 'civilisation is in danger if the workings of the human spirit are to become questions of physiology.'

LORD BLACHFORD.

Mr. Harrison is of opinion that the difference between Christians and himself on this question of the soul and the future life 'turns altogether on habits of thought.' What appears to the Positivist flimsy will, he says, seem to the Christian sublime, and *vice versa*, 'simply because our minds have been trained in different logical methods,' and this apparently because Positivism 'pretends to no other basis than positive knowledge and scientific logic.' But if this is so, it is not, I think, quite consistent to conclude, as he does, that 'it is idle to dispute about our respective logical methods, or to put this or that habit of mind in a combat with that.' As to the combatants this may be true. But it surely is not idle, but very much to the purpose, for the information of those judges to whom the very act of publication appeals, to discuss habits and methods on which, it is declared, the difference altogether turns.

I note therefore *in limine* what, as I go on, I shall have occasion to illustrate, one or two differences between the methods of Mr. Harrison and those in which I have been trained.

I have been taught to consider that certain words or ideas represent what are called by logicians substances, by Mr. Harrison, I think, entities, and by others, as the case may be, persons, beings, objects, or articles. Such are air, earth, men, horses, chairs, and tables. Their peculiarity is that they have each of them a separate, independent, substantive existence. They *are*.

There are other words or ideas which

do not represent existing things, but qualities, relations, consequences, processes, or occurrences, like victory, virtue, life, order, or destruction, which do but belong to substances, or result from them without any distinct existence of their own. A thing signified by a word of the former class cannot possibly be identical or even homogeneous with a thing signified by a word of the second class. A fiddle is not only a different thing from a tune, but it belongs to another and totally distinct order of ideas. To this distinction the English mind at some period of its history must have been imperfectly alive. If a Greek confounded *κτίσις* with *κτίσμα*, an act with a thing, it was the fault of the individual. But the English language, instead of precluding such a confusion, almost, one would say, labors to propagate it. Such words as 'building,' 'announcement,' 'preparation,' or 'power,' are equally available to signify either the act of construction or an edifice—either the act of proclaiming or a placard—either the act of preparing, or a surgical specimen—either the ability to do something, or the being in which that ability resides. Such imperfections of language infuse themselves into thought. And I venture to think that the slight superciliousness with which Mr. Harrison treats the doctrines which such persons as myself entertain respecting the soul is in some degree due to the fact that positive 'habits of thought' and 'logical methods' do not recognise so completely as ours the distinction which I have described as that between a fiddle and a tune.

Again, my own habit of mind is to distinguish more pointedly than Mr. Harrison does between a unit and a complex whole. When I speak of an act of individual will, I seem to myself to speak of an indivisible act proceeding from a single being. The unity is not merely in my mode of representation, but in the thing signified. If I speak of an act of the national will—say a determination to declare war—I speak of the concurrence of a number of individual wills, each acting for itself, and under an infinite variety of influences, but so related to each other and so acting in concert that it is convenient to represent them under the aggregate term 'nation.' I use a term which sig-

nifies unity of being, but I really mean nothing more than cooperation, or correlated action and feeling. So, when I speak of the happiness of humanity, I mean nothing whatever but a number of particular happinesses of individual persons. Humanity is not a unit, but a word which enables me to bring a number of units under view at once. In the case of material objects, I apprehend, unity is simply relative and artificial—a grain of corn is a unit relatively to a bushel and an aggregate relatively to an atom. But I, believing myself to be a spiritual being, call myself actually and without metaphor—one.

Mr. Harrison, who acknowledges the existence of no being but matter, appears either to deny the existence of any real unity whatever, or to ascribe that real unity to an aggregate of things or beings who resemble each other, like the members of the human race, or cooperate towards a common result, like the parts of a picture, a melody, or the human frame, and which may thus be conveniently viewed in combination, and represented by a single word or phrase.

I think that the little which I have to say will be the clearer for these preliminary protests.

The questions in hand relate first to the claim of the soul of man to be treated as an existing thing not bound by the laws of matter; secondly, to the immortality of that existing thing.

The claim of the soul to be considered as an existing and immaterial being presents itself to my mind as follows:

My positive experience informs me of one thing percipient—myself; and of a multitude of things perceptible—perceptible, that is, not by way of consciousness, as I am to myself, but by way of impression on other things—capable of making themselves felt through the channels and organs of sensation. These things thus perceptible constitute the material world.

I take no account of percipients other than myself, for I can only conjecture about them what I know about myself. I take no account of things neither percipient nor perceptible, for it is impossible to do so. I know of nothing outside me of which I can say it is at once percipient and perceptible. But I inquire whether I am myself so—whether the

existing being to which my sense of identity refers, in which my sensations reside, and which for these two reasons I call 'myself,' is capable also of being perceived by beings outside myself, as the material world is perceived by me.

I first observe that things perceptible comprise not only objects, but instruments and media of perception—an immense variety of contrivances, natural or artificial, for transmitting information to the sensitive being. Such are telescopes, microscopes, ear-trumpets, the atmosphere, and various other media which, if not at present the objects of direct sensation, may conceivably become so—and such, above all, are various parts of the human body—the lenses which collect the vibrations which are the conditions of light; the tympanum which collects the vibrations which are the conditions of sound; the muscles which adjust these and other instruments of sensation to the precise performance of their work; the nerves which convey to and fro molecular movements of the most incomprehensible significance and efficacy. Of all these it is, I understand, more and more evident, as science advances, that they are perceptible, but do not perceive. Ear, hand, eye, and nerves are alike machinery—mere machinery for transmitting the movement of atoms to certain nervous centres—ascertained localities which (it is proper to observe in passing), though small relatively to ourselves and our powers of investigation, may—since size is entirely relative—be *absolutely* large enough to contain little worlds in themselves.

Here the investigation of things perceptible is stopped, abruptly and completely. Our inquiries into the size, composition, and movement of particles, have been pushed, for the present at any rate, as far as they will go. But at this point we come across a field of phenomena to which the attributes of atoms, size, movement, and physical composition are wholly inapplicable—the phenomena of sensation or animal life.

Science informs me that the movements of these perceptible atoms within my body bear a correspondence, strange, subtle, and precise, to the sensations of which I, as a percipient, am conscious; a correspondence (it is again proper to observe in passing) which extends not

only to perceptions, as in sight or hearing, but to reflection and volition, as in sleep and drunkenness. The relation is not one of similarity. The vibrations of a white, black, or grey pulp are not in any sensible way similar to the perception of color or sound, or the imagination of a noble act. There is no visible—may I not say no conceivable?—reason why one should depend on the other. Motion and sensation interact, but they do not overlap. There is no homogeneity between them. They stand apart. Physical science conducts us to the brink of the chasm which separates them, and by so doing only shows us its depth.

I return then to the question, What am I? My own habits of mind and logical methods certainly require me to believe that I am something—something percipient—but am I perceptible? I find no reason for supposing it. I believe myself to be surrounded by things percipient. Are they perceptible? Not to my knowledge. Their existence is to me a matter of inference from their perceptible appendages. Them—their very selves—I certainly cannot perceive. As far as I can understand things perceptible, I detect in them no quality—no capacity for any quality like that of percipience, which, with its homogeneous faculties, intellect, affections, and so on, is the basis of my own nature. Physical science, while it develops the relation, seems absolutely to emphasise and illuminate the ineradicable difference between the motions of a material and the sensations of a living being. Of the attributes of a percipient we have, each for himself, profound and immediate experience. Of the attributes of the perceptible we have, I suppose, distinct scientific conceptions. Our notions of the one and our notions of the other appear to attach to a different order of being.

It appears therefore to me that there is no reason to believe, and much reason for not believing, that the percipient is perceptible under our present conditions of existence, or indeed under any conditions that our present faculties enable us to imagine.

And this is my case, which of course covers the whole animal creation. Perception must be an attribute of something, and there is reason for believing

that this something is imperceptible. This is what I mean when I say that I have, or more properly that I am, a soul or spirit, or rather it is the point on which I join issue with those who say that I am not.

I am not, as Mr. Harrison seems to suppose, running about in search of a 'cause.' I am inquiring into the nature of a being, and that being myself. I am sure I am something. I am certainly not the mere tangible structure of atoms which I affect, and by which I am affected after a wonderful fashion. In reflecting on the nature of my own operations I find nothing to suggest that my own being is subject to the same class of physical laws as the objects from which my sensations are derived, and I conclude that I am not subject to those laws. The most substantial objection to this conclusion is conveyed, I conceive, in a sentence of Mr. Harrison's: 'To talk to us of mind, feeling, and will continuing their functions in the absence of physical organs and visible organisms, is to use language which, to us at least, is pure nonsense.'

It is probably to those who talk thus that Mr. Harrison refers when he says that argument is useless. And in point of fact I have no answer but to call his notions anthropomorphic, and to charge him with want of a certain kind of imagination. By imagination we commonly mean the creative faculty which enables a man to give a palpable shape to what he believes or thinks possible: and this, I do not doubt, Mr. Harrison possesses in a high degree. But there is another kind of imagination which enables a man to embrace the idea of a possibility to which no such palpable shape can be given, or rather of a world of possibilities beyond the range of his experience or the grasp of his faculties; as Mr. John Mill embraced the idea of a possible world in which the connection of cause and effect should not exist. The want of this necessary though dangerous faculty makes a man the victim of vivid impressions, and disables him from believing what his impressions do not enable him to realise. Questions respecting metaphysical possibility turn much on the presence, or absence, or exaggeration of this kind of imagination. And when

one man has said 'I can conceive it possible,' and another has said 'I cannot,' it is certainly difficult to get any farther.

To me it is not in the slightest degree difficult to conceive the possible existence of a being capable of love and knowledge without the physical organs through which human beings derive their knowledge, nor in supposing myself to be such a being. Indeed I seem actually to exercise such a capacity (however I got it) when I shut my eyes and try to think out a moral or mathematical puzzle. If it is true that a particular corner of my brain is concerned in the matter, I accept the fact not as a self-evident truth (which would seem to be Mr. Harrison's position), but as a curious discovery of the anatomists. But having said this I have said everything, and as Mr. Harrison must suppose that I deceive myself, so I suppose that in his case the imagination which finds itself on experience is so active and vivid as to cloud or dwarf the imagination which proceeds beyond or beside experience.

Mr. Harrison's own theory I do not quite understand. He derides the idea, though he does not absolutely deny the possibility, of an immaterial entity which feels. And he appears to be sensible of the difficulty of supposing that atoms of matter which assume the form of a grey pulp can feel. He holds accordingly, as I understand, that feeling, and all that follows from it, are the results of an 'organism.'

If he had used the word 'organisation,' I should have concluded unhesitatingly that he was the victim of the Anglican confusion which I have above noticed, and that, in his own mind, he escaped the alternative difficulties of the case by the common expedient of shifting, as occasion required, from one sense of that word to the other. If pressed by the difficulty of imagining sensation not resident in any specific sensitive thing, the word organisation would supply to his mind the idea of a thing, a sensitive aggregate of organised atoms. If, on the contrary, pressed by the difficulty of supposing that these atoms, one or all, thought, the word would shift its meaning and present the aspect not of an aggregate bulk, but of orderly arrangement—not of a thing, or collection of things, but of a state of things.

But the word 'organism' is generally taken to indicate a thing organised. And the choice of that word would seem to indicate that he ascribed the spiritual acts (so to call them) which constitute life to the aggregate bulk of the atoms organised or the appropriate part of them. But this he elsewhere seems to disclaim. 'The philosophy which treats man as man simply affirms that *man* loves, thinks, acts, not that ganglia, or the sinews, or any organ of man loves, and thinks, and acts.' Yes, but we recur to the question, what is man? If the ganglia do not think, what is it that does? Mr. Harrison, as I understand, answers that it is a *consensus* of faculties, an harmonious system of parts, and he denounces an attempt to introduce into this collocation of parts or faculties an underlying entity or being which shall possess those faculties or employ those parts. It is then not after all to a being or aggregate of beings, but to a relation or condition of beings, that will and thought and love belong. If this is Mr. Harrison's meaning, I certainly agree with him that it is indeed impossible to compose a difference between two disputants, of whom one holds, and the other denies, that a condition can think. If my opponent does not admit this to be an absurdity, I do not pretend to drive him any further.

With regard to immortality, I have nothing material to add to what has been said by those who have preceded me. I agree with Professor Huxley that the natural world supplies nothing which can be called evidence of a future life. Believing in God, I see in the constitution of the world which He has made, and in the yearnings and aspirations of that spiritual nature which He has given to man, much that commends to my belief the revelation of a future life which I believe Him to have made. But it is in virtue of His clear promise, not in virtue of these doubtful intimations, that I rely on the prospect of a future life. Believing that He is the author of that moral insight which in its ruder forms controls the multitude and in its higher inspires the saint, I revere those great men who were able to forecast this great announcement, but I cannot and do not care to reduce that forecast to any logical process, or base it on any conclusive

reasoning. Rather I admire their power of divination the more on account of the narrowness of their logical data. For myself I believe because I am told.

But whether the doctrine of immortality be true or false, I protest, with Mr. Hutton, against the attempt to substitute for what at any rate is a substantial idea, something which can hardly be called even a shadow or echo of it.

The Christian conception of the world is this. It is a world of moral as of physical waste. Much seed is sown which will not ripen, but some is sown that will. This planet is a seat, among other things, of present goodness and happiness. And this our goodness and happiness, like our crime and misery, propagate or fail to propagate themselves during our lives and after our deaths. But, apart from these earthly consequences, which are much to us and all to the Positivist, the little fragment of the universe on which we appear and disappear is, we believe, a nursery for something greater. The capacities for love and knowledge which in some of us attain a certain development here, we must all feel to be capable, with greater opportunities, of an infinitely greater development; and Christians believe that such a development is in fact reserved for those who, in this short time of apprenticeship, take the proper steps for approaching it.

This conception of a glorious and increasing company into which the best of men are continually to be gathered to be associated with each other (to say no more) in all that can make existence happy and noble, may be a dream, and Mr. Harrison may be right in calling it so. In deriding it he cannot be right. 'The eternity of the tabor' he calls it! Has he never felt, or at any rate is he not able to conceive, a thrill of pleasure at a sympathetic interchange of look, or word, or touch with a fellow-creature kind and noble and brilliant, and engaged in the exhibition of those qualities of heart and intellect which make him what he is? Multiply and sustain this—suppose yourself surrounded by beings with whom this interchange of sympathy is warm and perpetual. Intensify it. Increase indefinitely the excellence of one of those beings, the wonderful and attractive character of his operations, our own capacities of affection and in-

tellect, the vividness of our conception, the breadth and firmness of our mental grasp, the sharp vigor of our admiration; and to exclude satiety, imagine if you like that the operations which we contemplate and our relations to our companions are infinitely varied—a supposition for which the size of the known and unknown universe affords indefinite scope—or otherwise suppose that sameness ceases to tire, as the old Greek philosopher thought it might do if we were better than we are (*μεταβολή πάντων γλυκύτατον διὰ πονηρίαν τινά*), or as it would do, I suppose, if we had no memory of the immediate past. Imagine all this as the very least that may be hoped, if our own powers of conception are as slight in respect to the nature of what is to be as our bodies are in relation to the physical universe. And remember that if practical duties are necessary for the perfection of life, the universe is not so small but that in some corner of it its Creator might always find something to do for the army of intelligences whom He has thus formed and exalted.

All this, I repeat, may be a dream, but to characterise it as 'the eternity of the tabor' shows surely a feebleness of conception or carelessness of representation more worthy of a ready writer than of a serious thinker. And to place before us as a rival conception the fact that some of our good deeds will have indefinite consequences—to call this scanty and fading chain of effects, which we shall be as unable to perceive or control as we have been unable to anticipate—to call this a 'posthumous activity,' 'an eternity of spiritual influence,' and a 'life beyond the grave,' and finally, under the appellation of 'incorporation into the glorious future of our race,' to claim for it a dignity and value parallel to that which would attach to the Christian's expectation (if solid) of a sensible life of exalted happiness for himself and all good men, is surely nothing more or less than extravagance founded on misnomer.

With regard to the promised incorporation, I should really like to know what is the exact process, or event, or condition which Mr. Harrison considers himself to understand by the incorporation of a consensus of faculties with a glorious future; and whether he arrived at its

apprehension by way of 'positive knowledge,' or by way of 'scientific logic.'

Mr. Harrison's future life is disposed of by Professor Huxley in a few words: 'Throw a stone into the sea, and there is a sense in which it is true that the wavelets which spread around it have an effect through all space and time. Shall we say that the stone has a future life?'

To this I only add the question whether I am not justified in saying that Mr. Harrison does not adequately distinguish between the nature of a fiddle and the nature of a tune, and would contend (if consistent) that a violin which had been burnt to ashes would, notwithstanding, continue to exist, at least as long as a tune which had been played upon it survived in the memory of any one who had heard it—the *consensus* of its capacities being, it would seem, incorporated into the glorious future of music.

HON. RODEN NOEL.

Death is a phenomenon; but are we phenomena?

The question of immortality seems, philosophically speaking, very much to resolve itself into that of personality. Are we persons, spirits, or are we things? Perhaps we are a loose collection of successive qualities? That seems to be the latest conclusion of Positive, and Agnostic biological philosophy. The happy thought which, as Dr. Stirling suggests, was probably thrown out in a spirit of persiflage by Hume has been adopted in all seriousness by his followers. Mr. Harrison is very bitter with those who want to explain mental and moral phenomena by physiology. But, as Professor Huxley remarks, he seems in many parts of his essay to do the same thing himself. What could Buchner, or Carl Vogt say stronger than this? 'At last, the prick of a needle, or a grain of mineral, will in an instant lay to rest for ever man's body and its unity, and all the spontaneous activities of intelligence, feeling, and action, *with which that compound organism was charged.*' Again, he says the spiritual faculties are 'directly dependent on physical organs'—'stand forth as functions of living organs in given conditions of the organism.' Again 'At last the man Newton dies, that is, the body is dispersed into gas and dust.' Mr. Harrison then, though a Positivist, bound to

know only successive phenomena, seems to know the body as a material entity possessed of such functions as conscience, reason, imagination, perception—to know that Newton's body thought out the Principia, and Shakespeare's conceived Hamlet. Indeed, Agnosticism generally, though with a show of humility, seems rather arbitrary in its selection of what we shall know, and what we shall not: we must know something; so we shall know that we have ideas and feelings, but not the personal identity that alone makes them intelligible, or we shall use the word, and yet speak as if the idea were a figment; we shall know qualities, but not substance; 'functions' and 'forces,' but not the some one or something, of which they must be functions and forces to be conceivable at all. Yet *naturam expellas furcæ &c.* Common sense insists on retaining the fundamental laws of human thought, not being able to get rid of them; and hence the haphazard, instead of systematic and orderly fashion in which the new philosophy deals with universal convictions, denying even that they exist out of theology and métaphysique.

Thus (in apparent contradiction to the statements quoted) we are told that it is 'man who loves, thinks, acts; not the ganglia, or sinuses, or any organ' that does so. But perhaps the essayist means that all the body together does so. He says a man is 'the consensus, or combined activity of his faculties.' What is meant by this phraseology? It is just this 'his,' this '*consensus*,' or '*combined acting*' that is inconceivable without the focus of unity, in which many contemporaneous phenomena, and many past and present meet to be compared, remembered, identified as belonging to the same self; so only can they be known phenomena at all. Well, do we find in examining the physical structure of man's body as solid, heavy, extended, divisible, or its living organs and their physical functions, or the rearrangement of molecules of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, &c., into living tissue, or its oxidation, anything corresponding to the consciousness of personal moral agency, and personal identity? We put the two classes of conception side by side, and they seem to refuse to be identified—man as one and the same conscious

moral agent—and his body, or the bumps on his skull; or is man indeed a function of his own body? Are we right in talking of our bodies as material things, and of ourselves as if we were not things, but persons with mights, rights, and duties? We ought perhaps to talk—theologies and philosophies being now exploded—not of our having bodies, but of bodies having us, and of bodies having rights or duties. Perhaps Dundreary was mistaken, and the tail may wag the dog after all.

Mr. Harrison says: 'Orthodoxy has so long been accustomed to take itself for granted, that we are apt to forget how very short a period of human history this sublimated essence' (the immaterial soul) 'has been current. There is not a trace of it in the Bible in its present sense.' This reminds one rather of Mr. Matthew Arnold's contention, that the Jews did not believe in God. But really it does not much signify what particular intellectual theories have been entertained by different men at different times about the nature of God or of the soul: the question is whether you do not find on the whole among them all a consciousness or conviction, that there is a Higher Being above them, together with a power of distinguishing themselves from their own bodies, and the world around them—in consequence of this, too, a belief in personal immortality. Many in all ages believe that the dead have spoken to us from beyond the grave. But into that I will not enter. *Are we our bodies?* that seems to be the point. Now I do not think Positivism has any right to assume that we are, even on its own principles and professions.

Mr. Harrison has a very forcible passage, in which he enlarges upon this theme: that 'the laws of the separate functions of body, mind, or feeling, have visible relations to each other; are inextricably woven [in with each other, act and react.]' 'From the summit of spiritual life to the base of corporeal life, whether we pass up or down the gamut of human forces, there runs one organic correlation and sympathy of parts. Touch the smallest fibre in the corporeal man, and in some infinitesimal way we may watch the effect in the moral man. When we rouse chords of the most glori-

ous ecstasy of the soul, we may see the vibrations of them visibly thrilling upon the skin.' Here we are in the region of positive facts as specially made manifest by recent investigation. And the orthodox schools need to recognise the significance of such facts. The close interdependence of body and soul is a startling verity that must be looked in the face; and the discovery has, no doubt, gone far to shake the faith of many in human immortality, as well as in other momentous kindred truths. It has been so with myself. But I think the old dictum of Bacon about the effect of a little and more knowledge will be found applicable after all. Let us look these facts very steadily in the face. When we have thought for a long time, there is a feeling of pain in the head. That is a feeling, observe, in our own conscious selves. Further, by observation and experiment, it has been made certain that some molecular change in the nervous substance of the brain (to the renewal of which oxygenated blood is necessary), is going on, while the process of thinking takes place—though we are not conscious of it in our own case, except as a matter of inference. The thought itself seems, when we reflect on it, partly due to the action of an external world or kosmos upon us; partly to our own 'forms of thought,' or fixed ways of perceiving and thinking, which have been ours so long as we can remember, and which do not belong to us more than to other individual members of the human family; again partly to our own past experience. But what *is* this material process accompanying thought, which conceivably we might perceive if we could, see the inside of our own bodies? Why it too can only seem what it seems by virtue of our own personal past experience, and our own human as well as individual modes of conceiving. Is not that 'positive' too? Will not men of science agree with me that such is the fact? In short, our bodies, on any view of them, *science herself has taught us*, are *percepts and concepts of ours*—I don't say of the 'soul,' or the mind, or any *bête noire* of the sort, but of *ourselves*, who surely cannot be altogether *bêtes noires*. They are as much percepts and concepts of ours as is the material world outside them. Are they colored? Color, we

are told, is a sensation. Are they hard or soft? These are our sensations, and relative to us. The elements of our food enter into relations we name living; their molecules enter into that condition of unstable equilibrium; there is motion of parts fulfilling definite intelligible and constant uses, in some cases subject to our own intelligent direction. But all this is what appears to our intelligence, and it appears different, according to the stages of intelligence at which we arrive; a good deal of it is hypothesis of our own minds. Readers of Berkeley and Kant need not be told this; it is now universally acknowledged by the competent. The atomic theory is a working hypothesis of our minds only. Space and time are relative to our intelligence, to the succession of our thoughts, to our own faculties of motion, motion being also a conception of ours. Our bodies, in fact, as Positivists often tell us, and as we now venture to remind *them*, are *phenomena*, that is, *orderly appearances to us*. They further tell us generally that there is nothing which thus appears, or that we cannot know that there is anything beyond the appearance. What then, according to Positivism itself, is the most we are entitled to affirm with regard to the dead? Simply that there are *no appearances to us* of a living personality *in connection with* those phenomena which we call a dead body, any more than there are in connection with the used-up materials of burnt tissues that pass by osmosis into the capillaries, and away by excretory ducts. But are we entitled to affirm that the *person* is extinct—is dissolved—the one conscious self in whom these bodily phenomena centred (except so far as they centred in us), who was the focus of them, gave them form, made them what they were; whose thoughts wandered up and down through eternity; of whom, therefore, the bodily, as well as mental and spiritual functions were functions, so far as this body entered into the conscious self at all? We can, on the contrary, only affirm that probably the person no longer perceives, and is conscious, *in connection with this form* we look upon, wherein so-called chemical affinities now prevail altogether over so-called vital power. But even in life the body is always changing and decomposing—foreign substances are always be-

coming a new body, and the old body becoming a foreign substance. Yet the Person remains one and the same. True, Positivism tries to eliminate persons, and reduce all to appearances; but this is too glaring a violation of common sense, and I do not think from his language Mr. Harrison quite means to do this. Well by spirit, even by 'soul,' most people, let me assure him, only mean *our own conscious personal selves*. For myself, indeed, I believe that there cannot be appearances without something to appear. But seeing that the material world is in harmony with our intelligence, and presents all the appearance of intelligent cooperation of parts with a view to ends, I believe, with a great English thinker, whose loss we have to deplore (James Hinton), that all is the manifestation of life—of living spirits or persons, not of dead inert matter, though from our own spiritual deadness or inertness it appears to us material. Upon our own moral and spiritual life in fact depends the measure of our knowledge and perception. I can indeed admit with Mr. Harrison that probably there must always be to us the phenomenon, the body, the external; but it may be widely different from what it seems now. We may be made one with the great Elohim, or angels of Nature who create us, or we may still grovel in dead material bodily life. We now appear to ourselves and to others as bodily, as material. Body, and soul or mind, are two opposite phenomenal poles of one Reality, which is self or spirit; but though these phenomena may vary, the creative informing spirit, which underlies all, of which we partake, which is absolute, divine, this can never be destroyed. 'In God we live, move, and have our being.' It is held indeed by the new philosophy that the temporal, the physical, and the composite (elements of matter and 'feeling') are the basis of our higher consciousness: on the contrary, I hold that this is absurd, and that the one eternal consciousness or spirit must be the basis of the physical, composite, and temporal; is needed to give unity and harmony to the body. One is a little ashamed of agreeing with an old-fashioned thinker, whom an old-fashioned poet pronounced the 'first of those who know,' that the spirit is organising vital

principle of the body, not *vice versa*. The great difficulty, no doubt, is that apparent irruption of the external into the personal, when, as the essayist says, 'impair a man's secretions, and moral sense is dulled, discolored, depraved.' But it is our spiritual deadness that has put us into this physical condition; and probably it is *we* who are responsible in a fuller sense than we can realise now for this effect upon us, which must be in the end too for purposes of discipline; it belongs to our spiritual history and purpose. Moreover, this external world is not so foreign to us as we imagine; it is spiritual, and between all spirit there is solidarity.

Mr. Hinton observes (and here I agree with him rather than with Mr. Harrison), that the defect and falseness of our knowing must be in the knowing by only part of ourselves. Whereas sense had to be supplemented by intellect, and proved misleading without it, so intellect, even in the region of knowledge, has to be supplemented by moral sense, which is the highest faculty in us. We are at present misled by a false view of the world, based on sense and intellect only. Death is but a hideous illusion of our deadness—

Death is the veil which those who live call life:

We sleep, and it is lifted.

The true definition of the actual is that which is true for, which satisfies the whole Being of humanity. We must ask of a doctrine: does it answer in the moral region? if so, it is as true as we can have it with our present knowledge; but, if the moral experiment fails, it is not true. Conscience has the highest authority about knowledge, as it has about conduct. Now apply this to the negations of Positivism, and the belief Comte would substitute for faith in God, and personal immortality. Kant sufficiently proved that these are postulates required by Practical Reason, and on this ground he believed them. I am not blind to the beauty and nobleness of Comte's moral ideal (not without debt to Christ's) as expounded by himself, and here by Mr. Harrison. Still I say: the moral experiment fails. Some of us may seek to benefit the world, and then

desire rest. But what of the maimed and broken and aimless lives around us? What of those we have lost, who were dearer to us than our own selves, full of fairest hope and promise, unaware annihilated in earliest dawn, whose dewy bud yet slept unfolded? If they were *things*, doubtless we *might* count them as so much manure, in which to grow those still more beautiful, though still brief-flowering human aloe, which Positivism, though knowing nothing but present phenomena, and denying God, is able confidently to promise us in some remote future. But alas! they *seemed* living spirits, able to hope for infinite love, progressive virtue, the beatific vision of God Himself! And they really *were*—so much manure! Why, as has already been asked, are such ephemerals worth living for, however many of them there may be, whose lives are as an idle flash in the pan, always promising, yet failing to attain any substantial or enduring good? What of these agonising women and children, now the victims of Ottoman blood-madness? What of all the cramped, unlovely, debased, or slow-tortured, yet evanescent lives of myriads in our great cities? These cannot have the philosophic aspirations of culture. They have too often none at all. Go proclaim to them this gospel, supplementing it by the warning that in the end there will remain only a huge block of ice in a 'wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!' I could believe in the pessimism of Schopenhauer, not in this jaunty optimism of Comte.

Are we then indeed orphans? Will the tyrant go ever unpunished, the wrong ever unredressed, the poor and helpless remain always trampled and unhappy? Must the battle of good and evil in ourselves and others hang always trembling in the balance, for ever undecided; or does it all mean nothing more than we see now, and is the glorious world but some ghastly illusion of insanity? When 'the fever called living is over at last,' is all indeed over? Thank God that through this Babel of discordant voices modern men can still hear His accents who said: 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'—*The Nineteenth Century*.

THE LABOR WAR IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

AMERICANS appear to be satisfied, and we think they have reason to be satisfied, with the manner in which the Labor War has been treated by the English Press. As a rule, the right view has been taken of these events, and there have been no unjust reflections on the political institutions of the United States. Still, in some quarters, political inferences have been drawn; and we can hardly doubt that a sinister effect will be produced in France, where the fear of industrial anarchy is the stalking horse of reaction, and where a little weight may now turn the wavering balance and give a fatal issue to a struggle on which the destinies of European society depend far more than on that which is raging, in a form more outwardly impressive, upon the battle-fields of the East.

A quarrel between employer and employed in a particular industry, of a kind not peculiar to the United States, has there broken into flame, and has set fire to a quantity of other combustible matter which lay around, and which was so far from being peculiar to the United States, that a great part, and probably the worst part of it, was entirely foreign both to the country and its institutions; such we believe to be a fair general description of the events which have been filling with grief and shame every friend of labor as well as every friend of the Republic.

That quarrels between employer and employed are not peculiar to the United States, and that it is not in that country alone that they have at times assumed the form of violence, we need be at no pains to prove. From the times of the Jacquerie, the insurrection of Wat Tyler, and the Peasants' War, downwards, the industrial history of Europe is full of these convulsions. Englishmen hardly past fifty remember disturbances almost as serious as those in the United States; they remember the wild outrages of the Luddites; they remember the midnight sky reddened by the light of farms fired by insurgents against threshing machines; they remember Bristol in flames, and at the mercy of a mob, like Pittsburg. In

France, the rising of the Commune itself was in great measure a labor war, the materials of which had been accumulated under the Empire and by the policy of the Saviours of Society, though the explosion occurred in the interregnum following their fall. The American Labor War itself extended to part of Canada, happily not in its worst form, and it had been heralded some months before by a strike on the Grand Trunk Railway, in which the strikers had used violence, and, on the whole, had triumphed. Apart from any ultrademocratic sentiment, it may fairly be said that the sense of self-government, and of power to obtain redress of any wrongs by the legal use of the suffrage, has a tendency to make those who have been really trained under free institutions keep within the bounds of law.

In proportion to the magnitude of the industries there has probably been less of organized conflict between employer and employed in America than in other industrial countries. Before the Civil War there had, we believe, been only one strike of much importance, and this, like the one which took place the other day, was among the men on the railroads. The Legal Tender Act by disturbing wages, as well as everything else that could be affected by the fluctuating value of the currency, bred altercation and strife between the payer of wages and the receiver. The country is too vast and the population is too shifting to admit of very compact organization either on the side of the employers or on the side of the employed; and those who have been actively employed in the formation of the unions in this country bear witness to their comparative looseness and instability in the United States. Even on the late occasion the movement seems to have spread more by contagion than by organization; and to some districts, notably in New England, it did not extend at all. Though in America the government is not so strong as those of despotic or aristocratic countries, the community is stronger, and shows its collective energy

when special interests attempt encroachment. A shoemakers' union in Massachusetts was baffled some time ago, in an attempt to extort exorbitant wages, by the spirit of the people, who supported the employers in breaking down the monopoly of the "Crispins" by the introduction of Chinese. A printers' strike at Boston, which threatened to suspend the publication of the newspapers, was in the same way defeated by assistance lent in all quarters to the publishers, even a judge, it was said, bearing a hand in setting type. The attempt to get up a separate working man's party in politics, though made with considerable persistency, has hitherto completely failed. It is now apparently about to be renewed; and, under the influence of the present excitement, it may assume more alarming proportions: but we believe that its fate in the end will be the same.

In the United States the industrial conflict is not so much aggravated as it is in some other countries by social antagonism between the classes. The distinction between wealth and poverty of course cannot fail to exist, and to be sometimes a source of bitterness; but the ascent of the employed into the employing class is so frequent, and so many of those who are at the top began with their feet on the lowest round of the industrial ladder, that a very sharp line of social division is hardly possible. On the other hand it is truly remarked by a writer in the *Daily News* that the migratory habits of the working man in the United States preclude, as a rule, the formation of any personal bond between him and his employers, so that the relation must generally be one merely of the hard commercial kind. In this respect England has the advantage; she had it in a still greater degree when the master lived among his men instead of living, as under the changed habits of society he now does, apart from them in a villa outside the manufacturing town.

Some years ago, when labor outrages were going on in the mining country of Pennsylvania, curiosity led the writer of this paper to visit the disturbed district. He found something like an industrial reign of terror apparently prevailing. But he satisfied himself beyond doubt that the men were not Americans but foreigners,

probably restless spirits, many of whom had been actively engaged in the labor wars of Europe and had carried the instinct of industrial strife and violence with them to their new country. In many cases they appeared to be not even settled in Pennsylvania, but to have merely alighted there while on the wing for wilder scenes of mining adventure in the West. Such was the testimony of a Welshman who, having been disabled by an accident, had himself been bound to the spot, and had seen many flights of these wanderers come and go.

Industrial demagogism is of course not wanting in the United States any more than its political counterpart; and it appears to have shown its worst features on this occasion. Nor has the light of economic science as yet entirely dissipated the dark illusions of self-interest on that side of the water any more than on this. If legislatures pass Legal Tender Acts, and financiers advocate inflation of the currency, the mechanic may be forgiven for not clearly apprehending the fact that he cannot have more for his labor than at the time and under the circumstances it is worth. He may be forgiven if he fails fully to understand that, though he receives his wages from the hand of his master, his real employer is the community, which will refuse and cannot possibly be compelled to give a higher price for the product of his labor than it can afford; that he, as a member of the community and an employer in his turn, offers for every product of labor which he purchases the market price and no more; and that, if he persists in acting on the opposite principle where his own work is concerned, instead of enforcing an exceptional privilege, he will ruin his own trade.

It might have been safely predicted that if the peace of the industrial world in the United States was disturbed, the object of the attack would be the Companies, or, as they are there called, the Corporations. The exaggerated prejudice against Companies as impersonal and morally irresponsible powers, "without bodies to be kicked or souls to be damned," is not confined to this side of the water; we have ourselves, if we mistake not, seen justice defeated by a rhetorical appeal to it in an American court of law. But of

all the Companies, the most obnoxious are the Railroads; and it cannot be said that the feeling against them is wholly undeserved. Even in this country their power and their aggressiveness have sometimes given umbrage and excited alarm; but here they are happily under the control of the national Legislature and of a government department. In the United States, the intersecting barriers of State right, reared in days when railways and the state of things produced by them could not be foreseen, have hitherto precluded anything effective in the way of national control. The Railroad Companies have sometimes acted as powerful and uncontrolled interests are apt to act; in small States such as New Jersey, their political power has been overweening, and has been freely exerted; and they have even come to be regarded by alarmists as one of the great political dangers of the future. Matters were of course not mended by the occasional appearance of such pirate kings as Fisk. In the West a war has recently been raging, on the subject of charges for freight, between the railways and the Grangers; and however untenable the demands of the Grangers may have been, the result was of course an angry state of relations between the Railroad Companies and a large body of the people. Not only, therefore, were the Companies likely to be the first object of attack, but, even when they were the victims of manifest outrage, the force of the community was sure to be put forth more tardily and less zealously in their defence than in defence of any other special body of employers.

Materials of discontent and disturbance had been only too amply provided by a period of distress which is said to have thrown two millions of persons out of employment; which has, at all events, been fearfully severe, but the pressure of which has no doubt been especially galling to the emigrants who had left their own country for what they had been led to believe was a land of perennial plenty. In an old and crowded country, want, though painful, is deemed natural, and is borne as a dispensation of Providence; but it is easy to understand the astonishment and exasperation of the working man who, landing in the working man's Republic, finds himself without bread.

It is not surprising that, in his ignorance, he should accuse, not the accidents of the times, but the malignity of the powers that be, and listen to the evil promptings of those who tell him that to extort justice he must resort to force. The distress, however, as we have too good reason to know, is not confined to the United States; it extends to all manufacturing and mining countries. A principal cause of it everywhere, no doubt, is the termination of railway enterprise by the general completion of the railways, and the consequent suspension of the ancillary industries, of which Pittsburgh is the great American seat. Nor are the Railway Companies themselves free from responsibility for the previous inflation and the sudden contraction of the enterprise on which so many depend for bread. But, in addition to the causes of commercial depression operating in all countries alike, the American Republic is now meeting the tremendous bill drawn on the resources of the future by the expenditure of the Civil War.

It has been suggested that the disappointment of hopes founded on Mr. Tilden's election to the Presidency, and the conviction that his defeat had been brought about by unfair means, added a drop to the cup of bitterness. Probably it was a drop and no more. But commercial men, if we mistake not, are beginning to perceive that these contests stir up everything that is dangerous, bring all perilous questions to a head, and are in every way injurious to the great commercial interests of the country. Some day perhaps a practical moral may be drawn.

The Companies appear to have combined to reduce wages. The reduction was unquestionably necessary, and the combination may have been so. But combination on one side both suggests and justifies combination on the other. An unbalanced power of combination on the side of the masters would in fact be injurious not only to the interests of the men, but to those of the community at large, as any one who takes the pains to work out the economical problem will admit. The men had a right, by united action, to resist the new rate of payment which the Companies were endeavoring, by united action, to enforce. But they went beyond the bounds of right—they

placed themselves in opposition to economical law and to the interests of the community—when they proceeded to prevent other workmen from taking the employment which they had themselves declined, still more when they proceeded to stop the trains, to take forcible possession of the stations and other property of the Companies, and to offer armed resistance to the representatives of the law.

Further than this the railway strikers themselves, who belong to a respectable class, do not seem as a rule to have gone, at least till they were attacked by the militia and an armed conflict had begun. The worst outrages—the savage destruction of the railways, the incendiarism, and the pillage—appear to have been mainly the work of mobs unconnected with the railway service, and containing, in different proportions, elements more or less alien to the Republic. The mob of Baltimore has long been renowned under the attractive name of "Pluguglies," and its character is traceable, we believe, in some measure to the influence of slavery in that which was socially as well as geographically a border State. The "Pluguglies" sympathized with the rebellion, and were a source of alarm to the loyal party in Baltimore during the war. Pittsburgh is the seat of industries which are sure to employ a large proportion of emigrants, as well as a special scene of the suffering caused by the depression in trade; much of the disorder there is no doubt attributable to sheer hunger and the desperation which hunger breeds. In Chicago and the other cities of the West to which the disturbance extended German emigrants and other foreign nationalities abound; and here the mob was largely communistic. Among the ringleaders who were captured at Chicago we are told there were many with foreign names. In San Francisco a totally distinct train of disorder was fired; the European workmen, catching the contagion of violence, fell on their hated competitors the Chinese.

For the communistic elements of the riot not American institutions, but the maladies of European society and the shortcomings of European Governments, are responsible. Communism is not a native product of the United States, nor, when brought thither from the Old

World, has it ever taken deep root. The attempt of the International to extend its operations to America proved a total failure. Considering the entire absence of repression, there can be no more conclusive proof of the general soundness of American society. The little social Utopias which from time to time have sprung up in the United States, such as the Rappites, or the Oneida community, are not instances of communism in the European sense: they are simply experiments more or less fantastic in cenobitic living, from which their organizers may expect some general results, but results to be obtained by the peaceful progress of opinion, not by political intrigue, much less by any violent means. Their own property is held as a common stock, but they do not threaten with subversion the principle of property, or any of the relations of industrial life.* It would be unjust to mention Owen's socialistic enterprises in the same connection with the French Commune; but such as they were, they all came to nothing. In the midst of the late riots, the authorities of New York, feeling themselves masters of the situation, ventured to illustrate the difference between the policy of American and that of French Governments by allowing a mass meeting of Communists to be held. New York is full of foreigners; it is said, we believe, to be the fourth or fifth German city in the world; yet the result was a demonstration of the utter weakness of Communism, such as could not fail perfectly to reassure American society on that subject.

As the distress was almost universal, the insurrection was sure to spread. It spread to the Pennsylvanian miners, of whose character we have already spoken, and who had recently been exasperated by the execution of some "Molly Maguires;" it spread to the boatmen on some canals; it spread to some of the

* We may observe in passing that these eccentricities, whether social or spiritual, bear a far smaller proportion to the bulk of American society than those whose imaginations have been filled with the lively pictures drawn in the popular works of Mr. Hepworth Dixon may be led to believe. They occupy hardly a more important place than the Agapemones, and other eccentricities of the kind in England. Mormonism itself has its chief recruiting ground, not in America, but in Europe.

factory hands; but, on the whole, its extension was much less than under circumstances so untoward might reasonably have been feared; and it was soon confronted by the better and wiser spirit of the working classes, even among the railway employes themselves, some of whom said, in answer to the solicitation of the rioters, that if they fought at all it should be for the Company.

New England seems to have almost entirely escaped the war; and by New England, Republican institutions, political and social, may fairly claim to be judged. It is there that Republican training has been most thorough, and that the Republican spirit most completely prevails. Whether New York, the West, and the South, now that it is reclaimed from slavery, may not contain richer elements of future greatness, is another question. To the political and social condition of New England, Republicanism must at present appeal when it "speaks with its enemies in the gate."

The destruction of property seems to have been frightful; the loss is stated to amount to five millions sterling, though an exact estimate can hardly as yet have been formed. The loss of life in fighting was also most serious. But from the accounts before us we do not gather that there was any massacre of non-combatants; in that respect, at all events, the character even of the worst American mobs appears to be less fiendish than that of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

President Hayes and his Cabinet appear to have done their duty in this appalling crisis as courageously and as well as it was possible for any Government to do it. Sweeping aside all constitutional technicalities, they at once firmly grasped and vigorously acted on the obviously correct principle that the railways were national, and that the destruction of them by bodies of armed rioters was an insurrection against the nation. It may be hoped that the conduct of the President on this occasion will strengthen his hands in dealing with other national evils with which he is called upon to do battle. The taint of the Louisiana frauds unhappily adheres to his election; but otherwise there seems every reason for believing that his accession to power is likely to mark a happy epoch in the history of the country. Among the State

Governors, only one is seriously accused of criminal weakness in the performance of his duty. There are more complaints of the conduct of mayors and other subordinate functionaries. It may be charitably surmised that some of these failures were due to confusion of mind or nervousness about constitutional law; but with most of them, we fear, demagogic habits, contracted in the service of faction, must have had a good deal to do.

Both the police and the regular troops, when the troops came upon the ground, appear to have been everywhere perfectly staunch. The troops evidently deserved the highest praise. The encomium may be extended to the New York militia; but, as a rule, the militia is said to have failed. In Virginia, where it was first tried, not only was it disaffected to the cause of order, partly perhaps from causes traceable to the Civil War, but it was brought on the field in inadequate numbers. Experience seems to show that a militia is not a good force to be used in the suppression of a riot. The men, however brave, are imperfectly disciplined, and are therefore apt to lose their presence of mind and their self-control; the first conditions of success in dealing with a mob are the perfect presence of mind and self-control which discipline alone inspires. Moreover, the social and political relations of the militiamen to the mob are generally such as to preclude their being, what all troops employed in the repression of civil disturbance ought to be, impassive ministers of the law. If the militiaman is at all in sympathy with the rioter, he is untrustworthy; if, on the contrary, there is a strong antipathy between them, to array the militiaman against his political or social enemy is to give the signal for civil war. In the Irish disturbances of days now happily past, the worst barbarities were committed not by the regulars, but by the Orange militia, which from want of sufficient troops, the Government had been compelled to let loose upon the people.

Owing probably to the unpopularity of the Railway Companies, of which we have already spoken, public opinion seems to have been somewhat less prompt than it would otherwise have been in pronouncing against the violators of the

law. But in the end it left little to be desired either in point of vigor or of unanimity. The voices which counselled compromise were not many, and were soon drowned in the loud and general utterance of a worthier resolution. The leading organs of the press seem to have been perfectly staunch; nothing could be more staunch, for instance, than the *New York Tribune*, which has certainly never been wanting in kindly feeling towards the working class, or even in sympathy for their more visionary aspirations.

It must be borne in mind that the form which the insurrection took, that of a general obstruction of the railways, by suspending all communication, was the most calculated to prevent the combined action of the friends of order as well as the transmission of troops, and to paralyze resistance of every kind. Each place had to organize a defence, not only on the spur of the moment, but by itself.

For some time past the wealthier classes in the United States, or those portions of them with whom English visitors come most into contact, have been pervaded by an uneasy feeling that they were living over a mine of social and industrial discontent, with which the power of Government, under American institutions, was wholly inadequate to deal; and that some day this mine would explode and blow society into the air. The mine has exploded; it has exploded under the most perilous circumstances of industrial distress, and in the hour of the Government's weakness, the bulk of the troops being engaged against the Indians of the West. The effects of its explosion have been terrible enough; but we see how far it has been from blowing society or any considerable portion of it into the air. It may be hoped, therefore, that any Americans who may have allowed themselves, under the influence of social alarm, to toy with the idea of Imperialism or of any other organic change, will henceforth dismiss such imaginations, with the vague terror which gave birth to them, and devote their energies to the good and, under the present Government, hopeful work of administrative reform. The French Empire, to which at one time a few wistful eyes were turned, especially among Americans who had undergone the influence of Paris, kept

on foot, or at least paid for keeping on foot (for the administrative corruption was ten times worse than in the States), an army of eight hundred thousand men, besides a vast police and a pestilent swarm of spies. A comparison between this force (setting down a fair proportion of the army to the account of internal repression) and the force ordinarily used for repressive purposes by Government in the United States, will give an approximate measure of the comparative soundness of society under the two sets of institutions.

Perhaps the part of the insurrection most fraught with menace for the future is that which from its isolated and subordinate character has attracted least notice. We mean the outbreak at San Francisco. The relations between the European and Mongolian races on the Pacific coast are, if we mistake not, about the darkest cloud on the horizon of the Republic. Other visible danger to its unity, now that slavery is abolished, there is none. It is unfortunately true that society in the Southern States, so long as the negro exists there, will still be somewhat different in character from society at the North. It will be more or less aristocratic, consisting of a superior and an inferior race; but the difference will hardly amount to antagonism, as it did while slavery existed; and nothing short of social antagonism can counter-vail the forces, geographical, political, and economical, which make for union. But the Mongolian is utterly alien; he belongs to another social world; to assimilate him seems beyond the power even of those institutions by which so many foreign elements have been absorbed. Yet he will come.

We are far from denying, however, that these events convey important warnings.

In the first place, it will probably be acknowledged that the time has come for committing to the national Government the guardianship and control of the railways, canals, and telegraphs, as well as of the postal service of the nation. We are hearty adherents of State right, and thoroughly believe it to be essential not only to the political health of the Republic, but to its unity, since the territory is far too large, and comprehends local characters and interests too varied,

to be embraced by one centralized Government, while to the possibility of extension on the Federal principle there is no assignable limit. But it cannot be alleged that a Federal guardianship of the great highways of the Federation need in any way interfere with what is reasonable and valuable in State right. A certain increase of patronage in the hands of the central Government would, no doubt, be involved, and this in itself is an evil; but it is an evil which must be endured in order to avert one which is infinitely greater; and it would cease to be an evil at all if the nation would resolutely press the Government to initiate, and support it in carrying against any "machinist" opposition, effective measures of administrative reform. We can hardly doubt what the framers of the constitution would have done, had the railways existed in their time, especially if the necessity of Federal guardianship had been impressed on them by a railway insurrection, suspending the commercial life of the whole Union, and threatening part of it with dearth. It is true that in the Civil War, the integrity of the nation being in peril, the central Government was naturally led, with the general consent of the people, to assume somewhat extraordinary powers, and that there was an almost inevitable tendency to prolong the exercise of these powers when the occasion for them had passed away. It is true also that the struggle for the Union inevitably developed the sentiment of nationality somewhat to the prejudice of that of State right. But the time has come when the disturbing influences of the Civil War may be put aside, and the relations of the State and Federation may be adjusted so far as they need adjustment on the footing of reason and of the common good.

In the second place it would seem that, till the existing military force of the United States can be spared from the wretched work of fighting the Indians, in which so many noble lives have been ingloriously lost, some addition will have been made to the army, for the purpose of enabling the Government to maintain order. An addition to the army of the American Republic for the purpose of maintaining order, no doubt, has an ominous sound. But the people from whom

the danger of disorder arises are not Republicans; they are not the offspring of Republican institutions trained to render free homage to the law; they are either emigrants, perhaps refugees, from European monarchies, imperfectly acquainted with any authority but that of force, or nationalities like the Irish, destitute of the traditions of self-government, and subject to anti-republican influences of a special kind. It is useless to ignore the presence of these elements, or to blink the necessity of adapting the political system to them, so far as to place them under provisional restraint till they can be fully trained to self-government, and themselves become, like the mass of native American citizens, a force on the side of law and order. The fathers of the Republic had no such elements to deal with; they legislated for a perfectly homogeneous body of self-governing English citizens. Happily, the conduct of the officers of the regular army, during the Civil War, at its close, and throughout their subsequent action in aid of the civil power in the South, affords the strongest assurance that they are good citizens as well as good soldiers, and that their strength might be moderately increased without exposing the country to any danger from their military ambition. The intervention of the military is always a great evil; and the way to avoid that evil is to let law-breakers feel that adequate means of repression will always be at hand.

It may certainly be said of some of the States, and we believe of all, that though there is a police in the cities, there is no rural police of a regular kind. The general security, and the respect of the people for the law in the country, have hitherto been such that the constable has sufficed. If a gang of brigands, horse-stealers, express-robbers, or plundering roughs, comes down into a rural district, the people are obliged to take arms in their own defence, and thus an appearance of lawlessness is created, when, in point of fact, the absence of a strong police testifies to the general ascendancy of law. A moderate force of central police, maintained by each State, would enable the State Government at once to furnish local authorities with the means of repressing any local disorder, and would diminish, though it would not

entirely obviate, the necessity of augmenting the Federal army. The history of the mounted constabulary in Ireland shows how trustworthy and efficient such a force may be.

It has apparently been suggested in some quarters that the Government should try to prevent industrial wars for the future by undertaking itself to arbitrate between the employers and the employed. We can hardly suppose that such a suggestion will be seriously entertained. Any Government, but especially an elective Government such as that of the United States, if it attempted to discharge a function so much beyond its proper sphere, would soon find itself involved in the most fatal complications. The American Government is blessed above most others in having nothing to do with religious opinion; but to be entangled in the disputes of the labor market would be ten times worse than being entangled in the controversies of Churches. Government cannot properly lend its authority to any arrangement which it cannot undertake to enforce, and no Government can undertake to enforce a given rate of wages. Voluntary arbitration, with arbiters trusted by both classes, such as Mr. Mundella and Mr. Thomas Hughes, has been of great use in this country, and, if men like these can be found, may be of equal use in the United States.

It is more likely that the just resentment aroused by what are deemed to be unionist outrages may lead to a legislative crusade against trade unions. But this also, we venture to submit, would be a mistake. Unionism has not in America the political justification which it has in England; because in America political power has never been monopolized by the employer class and used by that class in its own interest. No combination laws have been passed by the legislature of the United States, and therefore no collective effort of the working class has been needed to repeal them. But combination—combination of the employers on one side, and of the employed on the other—is a thing of which no legislation can get rid, especially since the facilities of mutual intelligence and consultation among the members of a trade have been so greatly increased. In England, industrial quarrels have,

since the organization of the Unions, been gradually assuming a less violent character: before, they were riots or insurrections, now they are at worst strikes; and the leadership of the working men has unquestionably fallen into better hands. The Sheffield outrages, on which the enemies of the unions still harp, belonged clearly to the old state of things; they were stale when they were brought to light; and nothing like them has since occurred. Rattening and minor outrages generally are on the decline. That the unions have sometimes gone wrong, and injured their own trades, no economist can doubt; but there is every reason to believe that they would have done worse had they remained in their old uncovenanted condition. That they have greatly diminished the productiveness of English labor is an allegation which may fairly be met by the statistics of British exports, and by the fact that the sum of British wealth has all the time been rising "by leaps and bounds." Not against combination, but against monopoly, the efforts of society ought to be directed. The great safeguard against the abuses of unionism is the effective protection of the rights of the non-unionist. When the unionists agree among themselves to refuse what they think too low a rate of wages, they do what they have a perfect right to do, and what they could not be prevented from doing without a plain dereliction of the principles of liberty; when they try to keep the rate of wages above the market level by deterring non-unionists from working, they do what they have no right to do, and what society cannot endure. This is the direction, we venture to think, that legislation, if it is needed at all, should take. An attempt to prohibit peaceable combination will only turn combination into conspiracy, and may possibly lead to something worse. These disturbances have been unionist in form, at least so far as the railway strikers are concerned; but the worst excesses were committed, apparently, by a mob unconnected with the unions, and the primary cause of the outbreak was not combination but distress. The only sure pacification will be the revival of trade.

Such are the remarks which have been suggested to us by the accounts of the

Labor War transmitted to this country. We offer them with all possible deference to the opinion of Americans and of other observers on the spot.

The youth of the American Republic is over; maturity, with its burdens, its difficulties, and its anxieties, has come. The era of expansion that seemed boundless, of careless expenditure, of lavish draughts upon an inexhaustible future, and of the social and political security belonging to this material condition has closed; want has shown its face in the land of plenty, and has brought with it the necessity of thrift and, at the same time, of carefully studying political and social problems analogous to those which tax the statesmanship of the Old World.

That these problems will find a happier solution in the New World than they have ever found in the Old, is still our firm belief. We have confidence in the Republic, provided only that her people can get rid of party, for which since the abolition of slavery there has been no rational basis or pretext, and confront the perils of the future with a Government supported by the nation. There seems reason to hope that this Labor War, in which the friends of order of all parties must have rallied round the Government, may help to give public feeling a permanent turn in the right direction. If it does, the calamity will not have been unmixed.—*Contemporary Review*.

DR. CARPENTER ON SPIRITUALISM.*

BY ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE.

THE two lectures which Dr. Carpenter gave last year at the London Institution were generally reported by the press and led to some controversy. They were then published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and they are now republished with what are considered to be *pièces justificatives* in an appendix. We may therefore fairly assume that the author has here said his best on the subject—that he has carefully considered his facts and his arguments—and that he can give, in his own opinion at least, good reasons for omitting to notice certain matters which seem essential to a fair and impartial review of the whole question.

Dr. Carpenter enjoys the great advantage, which he well knows how to profit by, of being on the popular side, and of having been long before the public as an expounder of popular and educational science. Everything he writes is widely read; and his reiterated assurances that nobody's opinion and nobody's evidence on this particular subject is of the least value unless they have had a certain *special early training* (of which, it is pretty generally understood, Dr. Carpenter

is one of the few living representatives) have convinced many people that what he tells them must be true, and should, therefore, settle the whole matter. He has another advantage in the immense extent and complexity of the subject and the widely scattered and controversial nature of its literature. By ranging over this wide field and picking here and there a fact to support his views and a statement to damage his opponents, Dr. Carpenter has rendered it almost impossible to answer him on every point, without an amount of detail and research that would be repulsive to ordinary readers. It is necessary, therefore, to confine ourselves to the more important questions, where the facts are tolerably accessible and the matter can be brought to a definite issue; though, if space permitted, there is hardly a page of the book in which we should not find expressions calling for strong animadversion, as, for example, the unfounded and totally false general assertion at page 6, that "Believers in spiritualism make it a reproach against men of science that they entertain a prepossession in favor of the ascertained and universally admitted laws of Nature." Vague general assertions of this kind, without a particle of proof offered or which can be offered, are alone sufficient to destroy the judicial or scientific claims of the work; but

* "Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc., historically and scientifically considered. Being Two Lectures delivered at the London Institution, with Preface and Appendix." By William B. Carpenter, C.B., M.D., F.R.S., etc. etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

we have no intention of wasting space in further comment upon them.

Dr. Carpenter lays especial stress on his character of historian and man of science in relation to this inquiry. He parades this assumption in his title-page and at the very commencement of his preface. He claims, therefore, to review the case as a judge, giving full weight to the evidence on both sides, and pronouncing an impartial and well-considered judgment. He may, indeed, believe that he has thus acted—for dominant ideas are very powerful—but any one, tolerably acquainted with the literature and history of these subjects for the last thirty years, will most assuredly look upon this book as the work of an advocate rather than of a judge. In place of the impartial summary of the historian he will find the one-sided narrative of a partisan; and, instead of the careful weighing of fact and experiment characteristic of the man of science, he will find loose and inaccurate statements, and negative results set up as conclusive against positive evidence. We will now proceed to demonstrate the truth of this grave accusation, and shall in every case refer to the authorities by means of which our statements can be tested.

The first example of Dr. Carpenter's "historical" mode of treating his subject which we shall adduce, is his account (pp. 13-15) of the rise of mesmerism in this country, owing to the successful performance of many surgical operations without pain during the mesmeric trance. Dr. Carpenter writes of this as not only an admitted fact, but (so far as any word in his pages shows) as a fact which was admitted from the first, and which never went through that ordeal of denial, misrepresentation, and abuse by medical men and physiologists, that other phenomena are still undergoing from a similar class of men. Yet Dr. Carpenter was in the thick of the fight and must know all about it. He must know that the greatest surgical and physiological authorities of that day—Sir Benjamin Brodie and Dr. Marshall Hall—opposed it with all the weight of their influence, accused the patients of imposture, or asserted that they might be "naturally insensible to pain," and spoke of the experiments of Dr. Elliotson and others as "trumpery," and as "polluting the tem-

ple of science." He must know, too, that Dr. Marshall Hall professed to demonstrate "physiologically" that the patients were impostors, because certain reflex actions of the limbs, which he declared ought to have occurred during the operations, did not occur. The medical periodicals of the day were full of this, and a good summary may be found in Dr. Elliotson's "Surgical Operations without Pain," etc., London, 1843. Dr. Carpenter tells us how his friends, Dr. Noble and Sir John Forbes, in 1845 accepted and wrote in favor of the reality of the facts; but it was hardly "historical" to tell us this as the whole truth when, for several years previously, the most violent controversy, abuse, and even persecution, had raged on this very matter. Great physiological authorities were egregiously in the wrong then, and the natural inference to those who know the facts is, that other physiological authorities, who now deny equally well-attested facts, may be no more infallible than their predecessors.

Dr. Carpenter persistently denies that there is any adequate evidence of the personal influence of the mesmerizer on the patient independent of the patient's knowledge and expectation, and he believes himself to be very strong in the cases he adduces, in which this power has been tested and failed. But he quite ignores the fact that all who have ever investigated the higher phases of mesmerism—such as influence at a distance, community of sensation, transference of the senses, or true clairvoyance—agree in maintaining that these phenomena are very uncertain, depending greatly on the state of body and mind of the patient, who is exceedingly susceptible to mental impressions, the presence of strangers, fatigue, or any unusual conditions. Failures continually occur, even when the mesmerizer and patient are alone or when only intimate friends are present; how, then, can the negative fact of a failure before strangers and antagonists prove anything? Dr. Carpenter also occupies his readers' attention with accounts of hearsay stories which have turned out exaggerated or incorrect, and lays great stress on the "disposition to overlook sources of fallacy" and to be "imposed on by cunning cheats," which this shows. This may be admit-

ted; but it evidently has no bearing on well-authenticated and carefully observed facts, perfectly known to every student of the subject. Our author maintains, however, that such facts do not exist, and that "the evidence for these higher marvels has invariably broken down when submitted to the searching tests of trained experts." Here the question arises, Who are "trained experts"? Dr. Carpenter would maintain that only skeptical medical men and professed conjurers deserve that epithet, however ignorant they may be of all the conditions requisite for the study of these delicate and fluctuating phenomena of the nervous system. But we, on the contrary, would only give that name to inquirers who have experimented for months or years on this very subject, and are thoroughly acquainted with all its difficulties. When such men are also physiologists, it is hardly consistent with the historical and scientific method of inquiry to pass their evidence by in silence. I have already called Dr. Carpenter's attention to the case of the lady residing in Prof. Gregory's own house, who was mesmerized at several streets' distance by Mr. Lewis, without her knowledge or expectation. This is a piece of direct evidence of a very satisfactory kind, and outweighs a very large quantity of negative evidence; but no mention is made of it except the following utterly unjustifiable remark: "His (Mr. Lewis's) utter failure under the scrutiny of skeptical inquirers, obviously discredits all his previous statements, except to such as (like Mr. A. R. Wallace, who has recently expressed his full faith in Mr. Lewis's self-asserted powers) are ready to accept without question the slenderest evidence of the greatest marvels" ("Mesmerism, Spiritualism," etc., p. 24). Now, will it be believed that this statement, that I "place full faith in Mr. Lewis's self-asserted powers," has not even the shadow of a foundation? I know nothing of Mr. Lewis or of his powers, self-asserted or otherwise, but what I gain from Prof. Gregory's account of them; and in my letter to the *Daily News*, immediately after the delivery of Dr. Carpenter's lectures, I referred to this account. I certainly have "full faith" in Prof. Gregory's very careful narrative of a fact en-

tirely within his own knowledge. This may be "the slenderest evidence" to Dr. Carpenter; but, slender or not, he chooses to evade it, and endeavors to make the public believe that I, and others, accept the unsupported assertions of an unknown man. It is impossible adequately to characterize such reckless accusations as this without using language which I should not wish to use. Let us pass on, therefore, to the evidence which Dr. Carpenter declares to be fitly described as "the slenderest." M. Dupotet, at the Hôtel de Dieu, in Paris, put a patient to sleep when behind a partition, in the presence of M. Husson and M. Recamier, the latter a complete sceptic. M. Recamier expressed a doubt that the circumstances might produce expectation in the patient, and himself proposed an experiment the next day, in which all the same conditions should be observed, except that M. Dupotet should not come till half an hour later. He anticipated that the "expectation" would be still stronger the second time than at first, and that the patient would be mesmerized. But the result was quite the reverse. Notwithstanding every minute detail was repeated as on the previous day when the operator was in the next room, the patient showed no signs whatever of sleep, either natural or somnambule (Teste's "Animal Magnetism," Spillan's translation, p. 159). The commission appointed by the Académie Royale de Médecine in 1826 sat for five years, and investigated the whole subject of animal magnetism. It was wholly composed of medical men, and in their elaborate report, after giving numerous cases, the following is one of their conclusions:

"14. We are satisfied that it (magnetic sleep) has been excited under circumstances where those magnetized could not see and were entirely ignorant of the means employed to occasion it."

These were surely "trained experts;" yet they declare themselves satisfied of that, the evidence for which Dr. Carpenter says, has always broken down when tested.

Baron Reichenbach's researches are next discussed, and are coolly dismissed with the remark that "it at once became apparent to experienced physicians that the whole phenomena were subjective,

and that 'sensitives' like Von Reichenbach's can feel, see, or smell anything they were led to believe they *would* feel, see, or smell." His evidence for this is, that Mr. Braid could make his subjects do so, and that Dr. Carpenter had seen him do it. One of them, for instance—an intellectual and able Manchester gentleman—"could be brought to see flames issuing from the poles of a magnet of any form or color that Mr. Braid chose to name." All this belongs to the mere rudiments of mesmerism, and is known to every operator. Two things, however, are essential: the patient or sensitive must be, or have been, mesmerized, or electro-biologized as it is commonly called, and the *suggestion* must be actually made. Given these two conditions, and no doubt twenty persons may be made to declare that they see green flames issuing from the operator's mouth; but no single case has been adduced of persons in ordinary health, not subject to any operation of mesmerism, etc., being all caused to see this or any other thing in agreement, by being merely brought into a dark room and asked to describe accurately what they saw. Yet this is what Von Reichenbach did, and much more. For, in order to confirm the evidence of the "sensitives" first experimented on, he invited a large number of his friends and other persons in Vienna to come to his dark room, and the result was that about *sixty persons*, of various ages and conditions, saw and described exactly the same phenomena. Among these were a number of literary, official, and scientific men and their families, persons of a status fully equal to that of Dr. Carpenter and the Fellows of the Royal Society—such as Dr. Nied, a physician; Prof. Endlicher, Director of the Imperial Botanic Garden; Chevalier Hubert von Rainer, barrister; Mr. Karl Schuh, physicist; Dr. Ragsky, Professor of Chemistry; Mr. Franz Kollar and Dr. Diesing, Curators in the Imperial Natural History Museum, and many others. There was also an artist, Mr. Gustav Anschutz, who could see the flames, and drew them in their various forms and combinations. Does Dr. Carpenter really ask his readers to believe that his explanation applies to these gentlemen?—that they all quietly submitted to be told *what* they were to see, submissively

said they saw it, and allowed the fact to be published at the time, without a word of protest on their part from that day to this? But a little examination of the reports of their evidence shows that they did not follow each other like a flock of sheep, but that each had an individuality of perceptive power, some seeing one kind of flame better than another; while the variety of combinations of magnets submitted to them rendered anything like suggestion as to what they were to see quite impossible, unless it were a deliberate and wilful imposture on the part of Baron von Reichenbach.

But again, Dr. Carpenter objects to the want of tests, and especially his pet test of using an electro-magnet, and not letting the patients know whether the electric circuit which "makes" and "unmakes" the magnet was complete or broken. How far this test, had it been applied, would have satisfied the objector, may be imagined from his entirely ignoring all the tests, many of them at least as good, which were actually applied. The following are a few of these: Test 1. Von Reichenbach arranged with a friend to stand in another room with a stone wall between him and the patient's bed, holding a powerful magnet, the armature of which was to be closed or opened at a given signal. The patient detected, on every occasion, whether the magnet was opened or closed. Test 2. M. Baumgartner, a professor of physics, after seeing the effects of magnets on patients, took from his pocket what he said was one of his most powerful magnets, to try its effects. The patient, to Von Reichenbach's astonishment, declared she found this magnet, on the contrary, very weak, and its action on her hardly more perceptible than a piece of iron. M. Baumgartner then explained that this magnet, though originally very powerful, had been as completely as possible deprived of its magnetism, and that he had brought it as a test. Here were *suggestion* and *expectation* in full force, yet they did not in the least affect the patient. (For these two tests, see "Ashburner's Translation of Reichenbach," pp. 39, 40.) Test 3. A large crystal (placed in a new position before each patient was brought into the dark room) was always at once detected by means of its light, yellower and red-

der than that from magnets (*loc. cit.*, p. 86). Test 4. A patient confined in a darkened passage held a wire which communicated with a room in which experiments were made on plates connected with this wire. As these plates were exposed to sunlight or shade, the patient described corresponding changes in the luminous appearances of the end of the wire (*loc. cit.*, p. 147). Test 5. The light from magnets, etc., was thrown on a screen by a lens, so that the image could be instantly and noiselessly changed in size and position at pleasure. Twelve patients, eight of them healthy and new to the inquiry, saw the image, and described its alterations of size and position as the lens or screen was shifted in the dark (*loc. cit.*, p. 585). Dr. Carpenter's only reply to all this is, that "Baron Reichenbach's researches upon 'Odyle' were discredited a quarter of a century ago, alike by the united voice of scientific opinion in his own country, and by that of the medical profession here." Even if this were the fact, it would have nothing to do with the matter, which is one of experiment and evidence, not of the belief or disbelief of certain prejudiced persons, since to *discredit* is not to *disprove*. The painless operations in mesmeric sleep were "discredited" by the highest medical authorities in this country, and yet they were true. But Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Ashburner, and others, accepted Reichenbach's discoveries; and some of the Vienna physicians even, after seeing the experiments with persons "whose honor, truthfulness, and impartiality they could vouch for," also accepted them as proved.

The fact of the luminosity of magnets was also independently established by Dr. Charpignon, who, in his "Physiologie, Médecine, et Métaphysique du Magnétisme," published in 1845—the very same year in which the account of Von Reichenbach's observations first appeared—says: "Having placed before the somnambulists four small bars of iron, one of which was magnetized by the loadstone, they could always distinguish this one from the others, from its two ends being enveloped in a brilliant vapor. The light was more brilliant at one end (the north pole) than at the other. I could never deceive them; they always recognized the nature of the poles, al-

though when in their normal state they were in complete ignorance of the subject." Surely here is a wonderful confirmation. One observer in France and another in Germany make the same observation about the same time, and quite independently; and even the detail of the north pole being the more brilliant agrees with the statement of Reichenbach's sensitives ("Ashburner's Trans.," p. 20).

Our readers can now judge how far the historic and scientific method has been followed in Dr. Carpenter's treatment of the researches of Von Reichenbach, not one of the essential facts here stated (and there are hundreds like them) being so much as alluded to, while "suggestion," "expectation," and "imposture," are offered as fully explaining everything. We cannot devote much time to the less important branches of the subject, but it is necessary to show that *in every case* Dr. Carpenter misstates facts, and sets negative above positive evidence. Thus, as to the magnenometer* and odometer of Mr. Rutter and Dr. Mayo, all the effects are imputed to expectation and unconscious muscular action, and we have this positive statement: "It was found that the constancy of the vibrations depended entirely upon the operator's watching their direction, and, further, that when such a change was made *without the operator's knowledge* in the conditions of the experiment, as *ought*, theoretically, to alter the direction of the oscillations, no such alteration took place." Yet Mr. Rutter clearly states: 1. That the instrument can be affected through the hand of a *third* person with exactly the same result (Rutter's "Human Electricity," App., p. 54). 2. That the instrument is affected by a crystal on a *detached stand* brought close to the instrument, but without contact (*loc. cit.*, p. 151). 3. That many persons, however "expectant" and anxious to succeed, have no power to move the instrument. 4. That substances *unknown to the operator*, and even when held by a third party, caused correct in-

* The magnenometer is a delicate pendulum, which, when its support is touched by certain persons, vibrates in a definite direction, the direction changing on the motion suddenly stopping when different substances are touched at the same time by the operator.

dications, and that an attempt to deceive by using a substance under a wrong name was detected by the movements of the instrument (*loc. cit.*, Appendix, p. lvi.). Here, then, Mr. Rutter's positive testimony is altogether ignored, while the negative results of another person are set forth as conclusive. Next we have the evidence for the divining-rod similarly treated. Dr. Mayo is quoted as supporting the view that the rod moved in accordance with the "expectations" of the operator, but on the preceding page of Dr. Mayo's work other cases are given in which there was no expectation; and the fact that Dr. Mayo was well aware of this source of error, and was a physiologist and physician of high rank, entitles his opinion as to the reality of the action in other cases to great weight. Again, we have the testimony of Dr. Hutton, who saw the Hon. Lady Milbanke use the divining-rod on Woolwich Common, and who declares that it turned where he knew there was water, and that in other places where he believed there was none it did not turn; that the lady's hands were closely watched, and that no motion of the fingers or hands could be detected, yet the rod turned so strongly and persistently that it became broken. No other person present could voluntarily or involuntarily cause the rod to turn in a similar way (Hutton's "Mathematical Recreations," ed. 1840, p. 711). The evidence on this subject is most voluminous, but we have adduced sufficient to show that Dr. Carpenter's supposed demonstration does not account for all the facts.

We now come to the very interesting and important subject of clairvoyance, which Dr. Carpenter introduces with a great deal of irrelevant matter calculated to prejudice the question. Thus, he tells his readers that "there are at the present time numbers of educated men and women who have so completely surrendered their 'common sense' to a dominant prepossession as to maintain that any such monstrous fiction (as of a person being carried through the air in an hour from Edinburgh to London) ought to be believed, even upon the evidence of a single witness, if that witness be one upon whose testimony we should rely in the ordinary affairs of life!" He offers no proof of this statement, and we venture

to say he can offer none, and it is only another example of that complete misrepresentation of the opinions of his opponents with which this book abounds. At page 71, however, we enter upon the subject itself, and at once encounter one of those curious examples of ignorance (or suppression of evidence) for which Dr. Carpenter is so remarkable in his treatment of this subject. We have been already told (p. 11) of the French Scientific Commission which about a hundred years ago investigated the pretensions of Mesmer, and decided, as might have been anticipated, against him. Now we have the statement that "it was by the French Academy of Medicine, in which the mesmeric state had been previously discussed with reference to the performance of surgical operations, that this new and more extraordinary claim (*clairvoyance*) was first carefully sifted, in consequence of the offer made in 1837 by M. Burdin of a prize of 3,000 francs to any one who should be found capable of reading through opaque substances." The result was negative. No clairvoyant succeeded under the conditions imposed. The reader unaccustomed to Dr. Carpenter's historical method would naturally suppose this statement to be correct, and that *clairvoyance* was first carefully sifted in France after 1837, though he might well doubt if offering a prize for reading under rigid conditions was an adequate means of sifting a faculty so eminently variable, uncertain, and delicate, as *clairvoyance* is admitted to be. What, then, will be his astonishment to find that this same "Académie Royale de Médecine" had appointed a commission of eleven members in 1826, who inquired into the whole subject of mesmerism for five years, and in 1831 reported in full, and in favor of the reality of almost all the alleged phenomena, including *clairvoyance*? Of the eleven members, nine attended the meetings and experiments, and all nine signed the report, which was therefore unanimous. This report, being full and elaborate, and the result of personal examination and experiment by medical men—the very "trained and skeptical experts" who are maintained by Dr. Carpenter to be the only adequate judges—is wholly ignored by him. In this report we find among the conclusions: "24. We have seen two

somnambulists distinguish, with their eyes shut, objects placed before them; name cards, read books, writing, etc. This phenomenon took place even when the opening of the eyelids was accurately closed by means of the fingers."* Is it not strange that the "historian" of mesmerism, etc., should be totally ignorant of the existence of this report, which is referred to in almost every work on the subject? Yet he must be thus ignorant, or he could never say, as he does in the very same page quoted above (p. 71), "that, in every instance (so far as I am aware) in which a thorough investigation has been made into those 'higher phenomena' of mesmerism, the supposed proof has completely failed." It cannot be said that investigation by nine medical men, carried on for five years with every means of observation and experiment, and elaborately reported on, was not "thorough;" whence it follows that Dr. Carpenter must be ignorant of it, and our readers can draw their own inference as to the value of his opinion, and the dependence to be placed on his scientific and historical treatment of this subject.

More than twenty-five pages of the book are occupied with more or less detailed accounts of the failures and alleged exposures of clairvoyants, while not a single case is given of a clairvoyant having stood the test of rigid examination by a committee, or by medical or other experts, and the implication is that none such are to be found. But every inquirer knows that clairvoyance is a most delicate and uncertain phenomenon, never to be certainly calculated on, and this is repeatedly stated in the works of Lee, Gregory, Teste, Deleuze, and others. How, then, can any number of individual failures affect the question of the reality of the comparatively rare successes? As well deny that any rifleman ever hit the bull's-eye at one thousand yards, because none can be sure of hitting it always, and at a moment's notice. Several pages are devoted to the failure of Alexis and Adolphe Didier under test-conditions in England, ending with the sneering remark, "Nothing, so far as I am aware, has ever been since heard of

this *par nobile fratrum*." Would it (to use an established formula) surprise Dr. Carpenter to hear that these gentlemen remained in England a considerable time after the date he alludes to, that they have ever since retained their power and reputation, and that both still successfully practise medical clairvoyance, the one in London and the other in Paris? To balance the few cases of failure by Alexis, Dr. Lee has given his personal observations of ten times as many successes, some of them of the most startling kind ("Animal Magnetism," pp. 255-277). We can only find room here for two independent and complete tests. The first is given by Sergeant Cox, as witnessed by himself. A party of experts was planned to test Alexis. A word was written by a friend in a distant town and enclosed in an envelope, *without any of the party knowing what the word was*. This envelope was inclosed successively in six others of thick brown paper, each sealed. This packet was handed to Alexis, who placed it on his forehead, and in three minutes and a half wrote the contents correctly, imitating the very handwriting. ("What am I?" vol. ii., p. 167.) Now, unless this statement by Sergeant Cox is absolutely false, a thousand failures cannot outweigh it. But we have, if possible, better evidence than this; and Dr. Carpenter knows it, because I called his attention to it in the *Daily News*. Yet he makes no allusion to it. I refer to the testimony of Robert Houdin, the greatest of modern conjurers, whose exploits are quoted by Dr. Carpenter, when they serve his purpose (p. 76, iii.). He was an absolute master of card-tricks, and knew all their possibilities. He was asked by the Marquis de Mirville to visit Alexis, which he did twice. He took his own new cards, dealt them himself, but Alexis named them as they lay on the table, and even named the trump before it was turned up. This was repeated several times, and Houdin declared that neither chance nor skill could produce such wonderful results. He then took a book from his pocket and asked Alexis to read something eight pages beyond where it was opened, at a specified level. Alexis pricked the place with a pin, and read four words, which were found at the place pricked nine pages

* "Archives Générales de Médecine," vol. xx.; also in Lee's "Animal Magnetism," pp. 13-29.

on. He then told Houdin numerous details as to his son, in some of which Houdin tried to deceive him, but in vain; and when it was over Houdin declared it "stupefying," and the next day signed a declaration that the facts reported were correct, adding, "The more I reflect upon them, the more impossible do I find it to class them among the tricks which are the object of my art." The two letters of Robert Houdin were published at the time (May, 1847) in *Le Sicle*, and have since appeared in many works, among others in Dr. Lee's "Animal Magnetism" (pp. 163 and 231).

One of the supposed exposures made much of by Dr. Carpenter is that of Dr. Hewes's "Jack," which is suggestive as showing the complete ignorance of many experimenters thirty years ago as to the essential conditions of the manifestation of so delicate and abnormal a faculty as clairvoyance—ignorance shared in by believers and skeptics alike. According to Dr. Carpenter (whose account he informs me is taken from an article by Dr. Noble in the *British and Foreign Medical Review* of April, 1845), Jack's eyes were "bound down by surgeons with strips of adhesive plaster, over which were folds of leather, again kept in place by other plasters." Jack then read off, *without the least hesitation*, everything that was presented to him. But a young Manchester surgeon had his eyes done up in the same manner, and by *working the muscles of his face till he had loosened the plasters*, was enabled to read by *looking upward*. The conclusion was immediately jumped at that this was the way Jack did it, although no *working of the muscles of the face* had been observed, and no *looking upward* described. Instead, however, of repeating the experiment under the same conditions, but more watchfully, it was proposed that the *entire eyes should be covered up with a thick coating of shoemaker's wax!* The boy objected and resisted, and it was put on by force; and then, the clairvoyant powers being annihilated, as might have been anticipated, there was great glorification among the skeptics; and Dr. Carpenter indulges himself in a joke, telling us that Jack now "plainly saw, even with his eyes shut, that his little game was up." To any one who considers this case, even as related by Dr. Carpenter, it will be evi-

dent that the boy was a genuine clairvoyant. Adhesive plaster, properly applied by a medical man on a passive subject, is not to be loosened by imperceptible working of the muscles; and it is too great a demand upon our credulity to ask us to believe that this occurred undetected by the acute medical skeptics watching the whole procedure. We have, however, fortunately, another case to refer to, in which this very test was carried out to its proper conclusion by examining the state of the plaster *after the clairvoyance*, when the alleged looseness could be instantly detected. A clairvoyant boy at Plymouth was submitted to the examination of a skeptical committee, who appear to have done their work very thoroughly. First his eyes were examined, and it was found that the balls were so turned up that, even were the eyelids a little apart, ordinary vision was "impossible." Then he was closely watched, and, while the eyelids were seen to be perfectly closed, he read easily. Then adhesive plaster was applied, carefully warmed, in three layers, and it was watched to see that the adhesion was perfect all round the edges. Again the boy read what was presented to him, sometimes easily, sometimes with difficulty. At the end of the experiments the plaster was taken off strip by strip by the committee, and it was found to be perfectly secure, and the eyelids so completely glued together that it was a work of some difficulty to get them open again. This case is recorded, with the names of the committee, in the "Zoist," vol. iv., pp. 84-88; and I call the reader's attention to the *completeness* of the test here, and its demonstration of the reality of clairvoyance, as compared with the loose experiment and hasty jumping-to-a-conclusion in the case which Dr. Carpenter thinks alone worthy of record.

Dr. Carpenter, next comes to the work of Prof. Gregory ("Letters on Animal Magnetism"), and devotes several pages to assertions as to the professor's "credulity," the "reprehensible facility" with which he accepted Major Buckley's statements, the "entire absence of de-

* This is a constant feature of the true mesmeric trance, but "Jack's" accusers seem to have known nothing about it.

tail" as to "precautions against tricks," and his utter failure to find a clairvoyant to obtain Sir James Simpson's bank-note. "And yet," he says, referring especially to myself, "there are even now men of high scientific distinction who adduce Prof. Gregory's testimony on this subject as unimpeachable!" Readers who have accompanied me so far, will at least hesitate to accept Dr. Carpenter's dictum on this point, till they have heard what can be said on the other side. To give full details would occupy far too much space; I must, therefore, refer my readers to Prof. Gregory's book for some cases, and give merely a brief outline of others. At page 394 (Case 29) is given in detail a most remarkable test-case, in which Prof. Gregory sent some handwriting from Edinburgh to Dr. Haddock's clairvoyant at Bolton, who gave in return a minute description of the writer, her appearance, dress, house, illness, medical treatment, etc. At page 401 another test of the same kind is described. At page 403 a number of such cases are summarized, and one very completely given in detail. At page 423 is an account of a clairvoyant boy at the house of Dr. Schmitz, rector of the High School at Edinburgh. This boy described Prof. Gregory's house accurately, and the persons at that time in the dining-room (afterward ascertained to be correct). As a further test, Dr. Schmitz was asked to go into another room with his son and do anything he liked. The boy then described their motions, their jumping about, the son going out and coming in again, and the doctor beating his son with a roll of paper. When Dr. Schmitz returned, Prof. Gregory repeated all the boy had said, which the doctor, much astonished, declared to be correct in every particular. At page 445 (Case 42) is an account of another clairvoyant, a mechanic, who described Prof. Gregory's house in detail, and saw a lady sitting in a particular chair in the drawing-room reading a new book. On returning home the professor found that Mrs. Gregory had, at the time, been sitting in that particular chair, which she hardly ever was accustomed to use, and was reading a new book which had been sent to her just before, but of which the professor knew nothing. At page 405 is a most remarkable case of the recovery of

a stolen watch, and detection of the thief in London by Dr. Haddock's clairvoyant at Bolton. The letters all passed through Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, who showed them to Prof. Gregory. At page 407 are the particulars of the extraordinary discovery of the locality of travellers by means of their handwriting only, sent from the Royal Geographical Society to Sir C. Trevelyan in Edinburgh, and by him to Bolton, he himself not knowing either the names of the travellers, or where they were. Many more cases might be referred to, but these are sufficient to show that there is not that "total absence of detail," and of "precautions," in Prof. Gregory's experiments, which is Dr. Carpenter's reason for entirely ignoring them. In addition to this we have the account of Dr. J. Haddock, a physician practising at Bolton, of the girl Emma, who for nearly two years was under his care, and residing in his house. Many of Prof. Gregory's experiments, and those of Sir Walter Trevelyan, were made through this girl, and a full account of her wonderful clairvoyant powers is given by Dr. Haddock in the appendix to his "Somnolism and Psychism." She could not read, and did not even know her letters. The discovery of the stolen cash-box and identification of the entirely unsuspected thief are given in full by Dr. Haddock, and are summarized in my "Miracles and Modern Science," page 64. Again, Dr. Herbert Mayo gives unexceptionable personal testimony to clairvoyance at pages 167, 172, and 178, of his book on "Popular Superstitions."

Dr. Carpenter is very severe on Prof. Gregory for his belief in Major Buckley's clairvoyants reading mottoes in nuts, etc., but Major Buckley was a man of fortune and good position, who exercised his remarkable powers as a magnetizer, for the interest of it, and there is not the slightest grounds for suggesting his untrustworthiness. We have beside the confirmatory testimony of other persons, among them of Dr. Ashburner, who frequently took nuts purchased by himself, and had them correctly read by the clairvoyants before they were opened. ("Ashburner's Philosophy of Animal Magnetism," p. 304.) Dr. Carpenter also doubts Prof. Gregory's commonsense in believing that a sealed letter

had been read unopened by a clairvoyant when it might have been opened and resealed; but he omits to say that the envelopes were expressly arranged to prevent their being opened without detection, and that the professor adds, "I have in my possession one of the envelopes thus read, which has since been opened, and I am convinced that the precautions taken precluded any other than lucid vision."^{*}

Still more important, perhaps, is the testimony of many eminent physicians to the existence of these remarkable powers. Dr. Rostan, Parisian Professor of Medicine, in his article "Magnétisme," in the "Dictionnaire de Médecine," says (as quoted by Dr. Lee): "There are few things better demonstrated than clairvoyance. I placed my watch at a distance of three or four inches from the occiput of the somnambulist, and asked her if she saw anything. 'Certainly,' she replied, 'it is a watch; ten minutes to eight.' M. Ferrus repeated the experiment with the same successful result. He turned the hands of his watch several times, and we presented it to her *without looking at it*; she was not once mistaken." The Commissioners of the Royal Académie de Médecine applied the excellent test of holding a finger on each eyelid, when the clairvoyant still read the title of a book, and distinguished cards. (Quoted in Dr. Lee's "Animal Magnetism," p. 22.) Dr. Esdaile had a patient at Calcutta who could hear and see through the stomach. This was tested by himself with a watch, as in the French case quoted above. ("Zoist," vol. viii., p. 220.) Dr. Teste's account of the clairvoyance of Madame Hortense is very suggestive. She sometimes read with ease when completely bandaged, and when a paper was held between her eyes and the object; at other times she could see nothing, and the smallest fatigue or excitement caused this differ-

ence. This excessive delicacy of the conditions for successful clairvoyance renders all public exhibitions unsatisfactory; and Prof. Gregory "protests against the notion that it is to be judged by the rough experiments of the public platform, or by such tests as can be publicly applied." For the same reason direct money-tests are always objected to by experienced magnetizers, the excitement produced by the knowledge of the stake or the importance of the particular test impairing or destroying the lucidity. This is the reason why gentlemen and physicians like Prof. Gregory, Major Buckley, and Dr. Haddock, who have had the command of clairvoyants, have not attempted to gain the bank-notes which have at various times been offered. Dr. Carpenter was very irate because I suggested at Glasgow—not as he seems to have understood that there *was* no note in Sir James Simpson's envelope—but that the clairvoyants themselves, if they heard of it, might very well be excused if they thought it was a trick to impose upon them. I find now that in the other case quoted by Dr. Carpenter—the note for one hundred pounds publicly stated to have been inclosed by Sir Philip Crampton in a letter, and placed in a bank in Dublin, to become the property of any clairvoyant who should read the *whole of it*—this was actually the case. After six months the letter was opened, and the manager of the bank certified that it contained no note at all, but a blank check! The correspondence on the subject is published in the "Zoist," vol. x., p. 35. Dr. Carpenter's indignation was therefore misplaced; for, as a medical knight in Ireland did actually play such a trick, the mere supposition, on my part, that ignorant clairvoyants might think that a medical knight in Scotland was capable of doing the same, was not a very outrageous one.

We now come to the last part of Dr. Carpenter's lecture—table-turning and spiritualism—and here there is hardly any attempt to deal with the evidence. Instead of this we have irrelevant matters put prominently forward, backed up by sneers against believers, and false or unproved accusations against mediums. To begin with, the old amusement of table-turning of fifteen or twenty years ago, with Faraday's proof that it was of-

^{*} Dr. Carpenter says that "the unsealing of letters and the resealing them so as to conceal their having been opened" are practised in Continental post-offices. No doubt this can be done with an ordinary letter, but it is no less certain that there are many ways of securing a letter which absolutely preclude its being done undetected, and Dr. Carpenter omits to state that such precautions are here expressly mentioned by Prof. Gregory as having been used in these experiments.

ten caused by unconscious muscular action, is again brought to the front. Table-tilting is asserted to be caused in the same way, and an "indicator" is suggested for proving this; and the whole matter is supposed to be settled because no one, so far as Dr. Carpenter is aware, "has ever ventured to affirm that he has thus demonstrated the *absence* of muscular pressure," and, "until such demonstrations shall have been given, the tilting—like the turning—of tables may be unhesitatingly attributed to the unconscious muscular action of the operators." We suppose Dr. Carpenter will shield himself by the "thus" in the above sentence, though he knows very well that a far more complete demonstration of the absence of muscular pressure than any indicator could afford has been repeatedly given, by motion, both turning and tilting, of the table occurring *without any contact whatever*. Thus, in the Report of the Committee of the Dialectical Society, we have (p. 378), Experiment 13, nine members present; all stood quite clear of the table, and observers were placed under it to see that it was not touched, yet it repeatedly moved along the floor, often in the direction asked for. It also jerked up from the floor about an inch. This was repeated when all stood two feet from the table. Experiment 22. Six members present, the same thing occurred under varied conditions. Experiment 38 (p. 390). Eight members present; the conditions were most rigid; the chairs were all turned with their backs to the table at a foot distant from it; every member present knelt on his chair *with his hands behind his back*; there was abundance of light, yet, under these test-conditions, the table moved several times in various directions, visible to all present. Finally, the table was turned up and examined, and found to be an ordinary dining-table with no machinery or apparatus of any kind connected with it. Similar movements without contact have been witnessed elsewhere and recorded by Sergeant Cox and by Mr. Crookes, as well as by many other persons; yet the man who comes before the public as the "historian" of this subject tells his audience and his readers that "he is not aware that any one affirms that he has demonstrated the absence of muscular pres-

sure!" How are we to reconcile this statement with Dr. Carpenter's references to each of the books, papers, or letters, containing the facts above quoted or referred to? But we have evidence of a yet more conclusive character (from Dr. Carpenter's own point of view), because it is that of a medical man who has made a special study of abnormal mental phenomena. Dr. Lockhart Robertson, for many years an editor of the *Journal of Mental Science*, and Superintendent of the Hayward's Heath Asylum, declares that his own heavy oak dining-table was lifted up and moved about the room, and this not by any of the four persons present. Writing was also produced on blank paper which the medium "had not the slightest chance of touching" ("Dialectical Report," p. 248). Dr. Carpenter is always crying out for "skeptical experts," but when they come—in the persons of Robert Houdin and Dr. Lockhart Robertson—he takes very good care that, so far as he is concerned, the public shall not know of their existence. What, therefore, is the use of his asking me (in a note at p. 108) whether my table ever went up within its crinoline in the presence of a "skeptical expert"? The very fact that I *secretly* applied tests (see "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," p. 134) shows that I was myself skeptical at this time, and several of my friends who witnessed the experiments were far more skeptical, but they were all satisfied of the completeness of the test. The reason why some skeptical men of science never witness these successful experiments is simply because they will not persevere. Neither Dr. Carpenter nor Prof. Tyndall would come more than once to my house to see the medium through whom these phenomena occurred, or I feel sure they might, after two or three sittings, have witnessed similar phenomena themselves. This has rendered all that Dr. Carpenter has seen at odd times during so many years of little avail. He has had one, or at most two sittings with a medium, and has taken the results, usually weak or negative, as proving imposture, and then has gone no more. Quite recently this has happened with Dr. Slade and Mrs. Kane; and yet this mode of inquiry is set up as against that of men who hold scores of

sittings for months together with the same medium; and, after guarding against every possibility of deception or delusion, obtain results which seem to Dr. Carpenter incredible. Mr. Crookes had a long series of sittings with Miss Kate Fox (now Mrs. Jencken) in his own house, and tested the phenomena in every way his ingenuity could devise. Dr. Carpenter was recently offered the same facilities with this lady and her sister, but as usual had only one sitting. Yet he thinks it fair and courteous to make direct accusations of imposture against both these ladies. He revives the absurd and utterly insufficient theory that the "raps" are produced by "a jerking or snapping action of particular tendons of either the ankles, knees, or toes." The utter childishness of this explanation is manifest to any one who has heard the sounds through any good medium. They vary from delicate tickings to noises like thumpings with the fist, slappings with the hand, and blows with a hammer. They are often heard loudly on the ceiling or on a carpeted floor, and heard as well as felt on the backs or seats of chairs quite out of reach of the medium. One of the skeptical committees in America tested the Misses Fox by placing them barefooted on pillows, when the "raps" were heard as distinctly as before on the floor and walls of the room. Mr. Crookes states that he has heard them on the floor, walls, etc., when Miss Fox was suspended in a swing from the ceiling, and has felt them on his own shoulder. He has also heard them on a sheet of paper suspended from one corner by a thread held between the medium's fingers. A similar experiment was tried successfully by the Dialectical Committee ("Report," p. 383). At a meeting of the same committee raps were heard on a book while in the pocket of a very skeptical member; the book was placed on the table, and raps were again heard; it was then held by two members supported on ivory paper-knives, when raps were still heard upon it ("Report," p. 386).

Again, there is the evidence of Prof. Barrett, an experienced physicist, who entered on this inquiry a complete skeptic. He tells us that he examined the raps or knockings occurring in the presence of a child ten years of age—that in

full sunlight, when every precaution to prevent deception had been taken—still the raps would occur in different parts of the room, entirely out of reach of the child, whose hands and feet were sometimes closely watched, at other times held. The phenomena have been tested in every way that the ingenuity of skeptical friends could devise; and as Prof. Barrett is well acquainted with Dr. Carpenter's writings on the subject and the explanations he gives, we have here another proof of the utter worthlessness of these explanations in presence of the facts themselves.

The Hon. R. D. Owen has heard, in the presence of Miss Fox, blows as if made by a strong man using a heavy bludgeon with all his force, blows such as would have killed a man or broken an ordinary table to pieces; while on another occasion the sounds resembled what would be produced by a falling cannon-ball, and shook the house ("Debatable Land," p. 275); and Dr. Carpenter would really have us believe that all these wonderfully varied sounds under all these test-conditions are produced by "snapping tendons."

But what is evidently thought to be the most crushing blow is the declaration of Mrs. Culver given at length in the appendix. This person was a connection of the Fox family, and she declared that the Misses Fox told her how it was all done, and asked her to assist them in deceiving the visitors; two gentlemen certify to the character of Mrs. Culver. The answer to this slander is to be found in Capron's "Modern Spiritualism," p. 423. Mr. Capron was an intimate friend of the Fox family, and Catharine Fox was staying with him at Auburn, while her sisters were at Rochester being examined and tested by the committee. Yet Mrs. Culver says it was Catharine who told her that "when her feet were held by the Rochester committee the Dutch servant-girl rapped with her knuckles under the floor from the cellar." Here is falsehood with circumstance; for, first, Catharine was not there at all; secondly, the committee never met at the Foxes' house, but in various public rooms at Rochester; thirdly, the Fox family had no "Dutch servant-girl" at any time, and at that time no servant-girl at all. The gentlemen

who so kindly signed Mrs. Culver's certificate of character did not live in the same town, and had no personal knowledge of her; and, lastly, I am informed that Mrs. Culver has since retracted the whole statement, and avowed it to be pure invention (see Mrs. Jencken's letter to *Athenaeum*, June 9, 1877). It is to be remarked, too, that there are several important mistakes in Dr. Carpenter's account. He says the "deposition" of Mrs. Culver was made not more than six years ago, whereas it was really *twenty-six* years ago; and he says it was a "deposition before the magistrates of the town in which she resided," by which, of course, his readers will understand that it was on oath, whereas it was a mere statement before two witnesses, who, without adequate knowledge, certified to her respectability! *

* Since the MS. of this article left my hands, I have seen Dr. Carpenter's letter in the *Athenaeum* of June 16th, withdrawing the charges founded on the declaration of Mrs. Culver, which, it seems, Dr. Carpenter obtained from no less an authority than Mr. Maskelyne! the great conjurer and would-be "exposer" of spiritualism. He still, however, maintains the validity of the explanation of the "raps" by Prof. Flint and his coadjutors, who are said to have proved that persons who have "trained themselves to the trick" can produce an "exact imitation" of these sounds. This "exact imitation" is just what has never been proved, and the fact that a "training" is admitted to be required does not explain the sudden occurrence of these sounds as soon as the Fox family removed temporarily to the house at Hydesville. If Dr. Carpenter would refer to better and earlier authorities than Mr. Maskelyne and M. Louis Figuier, he would learn several matters of importance. He would find that Profs. Flint, Lee, and Coventry, after one hasty visit to the mediums, published their explanation of the "raps" in a letter to the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*, dated February 17, 1851, before making the investigation on the strength of which they issued their subsequent report, which, therefore, loses much of its value, since it interprets all the phenomena in accordance with a theory to which the reporters were already publicly committed. On this scanty evidence we are asked to believe that two girls, one of them only nine years old, set up an imposture which for a long time brought them nothing but insult and abuse, subjected their father to public rebuke from his minister, and made their mother seriously ill; and that they have continuously maintained the same for nearly thirty years, and in all this long period have never once been actually detected. But there are facts in the early history of these pheno-

This is an example of the reprehensible eagerness with which Dr. Carpenter accepts and retails whatever falsehoods may be circulated against mediums; and it will be well to consider here two other unfounded charges which, not for the first time, he brings forward and helps to perpetuate. He tells us that "the 'Katie King' imposture, which had deluded some of the leading spiritualists in this country, as well as in the United States, was publicly exposed." This alleged exposure was very similar to that of Mrs. Culver's, but more precise and given on oath—but the oath was under a false name. A woman whose name was subsequently discovered to be Eliza White declared that she had herself personated the spirit-form at several stated *séances* given by the two mediums Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, she having been engaged by them for the purpose; and she described a false panel made in the back of the cabinet by which she entered at the proper time from a bedroom in the rear. But Colonel Olcott, a gentleman connected with the New York daily press, has proved that many of the particulars about herself and the Holmeses

mena which demonstrate the falsehood of this supposition, but which Dr. Carpenter, as usual, does not know, or, if he knows, does not make public. These facts are, first, that two previous inhabitants of the house at Hydesville testified to having heard similar noises in it; and, secondly, that on the night of March 31, 1848, Mrs. Fox and the children left the house, Mr. Fox only remaining, and that during all night and the following night, in presence of a continual influx of neighbors, the "raps" continued exactly the same as when the two girls were present. This crucial fact is to be found in all the early records, and it is surprising that it can have escaped Dr. Carpenter, since it is given in so popular a book as Mr. R. Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World" (p. 209). Mr. Owen visited the spot, and obtained a copy of the depositions of twenty-one of the neighbors, which was drawn up and published a few weeks after the events. This undisputed fact, taken in connection with the great variety of sounds—varying from taps, as with a knitting-needle, to blows, as with a cannon-ball or sledge-hammer—and the conditions under which they occur—as tested by Mr. Crookes and the Dialectical Committee, completely and finally dispose of the "joint-and-tendon" theory as applicable to the ascertained facts. What, therefore, can be the use of continually trying to galvanize into life this thoroughly dead horse, along with its equally dead brother the table-turning "indicator"?

stated in Mrs. White's sworn declaration are false, and that she is therefore perjured. He has also proved that her former character is bad; that the photograph taken of "Katie King," and which she says was taken from her, does not the least resemble her; that the cabinet used had no such movable panel as she alleged; that the Holmeses' manifestations went on just the same on many occasions when she was proved to be elsewhere; that she herself confessed she was offered a thousand dollars if she would expose the Holmeses; and, lastly, that in Colonel Olcott's own rooms, under the most rigid test-conditions, and with Mrs. Holmes only as a medium, the very same figure appeared that was said to require the personation of Mrs. White. The full details are given in Colonel Olcott's "People from the Other World," pp. 425-478.

Another alleged exposure is introduced in the following terms: "I could tell you the particulars, in my possession, of the detection of the imposture practised by one of the most noteworthy of these lady mediums in the distribution of flowers . . . these flowers having really been previously collected in a basin upstairs and watered out of a decanter standing by—as was proved by the fact that an inquisitive skeptic having furtively introduced into the water of the decanter a small quantity of ferrocyanide of potassium, its presence in the 'dew' of the flowers was afterward recognized by the appropriate chemical test (a per-salt of iron) which brought out Prussian blue."

In his article on the "Fallacies of Testimony," in the *Contemporary Review* of January, 1876, where Dr. Carpenter first gave an account of this alleged exposure, it is stated that "a basinful of these flowers (hollyhocks) was found in a garret with a decanter of water beside it," that the ferrocyanide was mixed with this water, and that all this was not hearsay, but a statement in writing in the hand of the "inquisitive skeptic" himself. It turns out, however, that this part of the statement was wholly untrue, as we know on the authority of a letter written by the lady of the house, and afterward published, and Dr. Carpenter now seems to have found this out himself; but, instead of withdrawing it wholly (as in

common fairness he ought to have done), he still retains it ingeniously modified into an *inference*, but so worded as to look like the statement of a *fact*; "these flowers having *really* been previously collected in a basin," etc.—"as was proved"—not by finding them, but by the chemical test! What an extraordinary notion Dr. Carpenter must have of what is "really" proof! Let us, however, look a little further into this matter, of which more is known than Dr. Carpenter adduces, or than he thinks advisable to make public. Dr. Carpenter's informant was a member of the family in whose house the medium was staying as a guest. He had therefore full knowledge of the premises and command over the servants, and could very easily have ascertained such facts as the bringing of a large bunch of hollyhocks, asters, laurels, and other shrubs and flowers, into one of the visitors' bedrooms, and whether they disappeared from the room when the lady medium left it previous to the *séance*. This would have been direct evidence, and easily attainable by one of the family, but none such is forthcoming; instead of it we have the altogether inconclusive though scientific-looking chemical test. For it is evident that the flowers which appear must be brought from somewhere, and may naturally be brought from the shortest distance. If there are flowers in the house, these may be brought—as a baked apple was actually brought when an apple was asked for, according to one of the reports of this very *séance*; and if a skeptic chooses to put chemicals with such flowers or baked apples beforehand, these chemicals may be detected when the flowers or apples are examined. The wonder of such *séances* does not at all lie in where the flowers are brought from, but in the precautions used. The medium's hands, for instance, are always held (as they were in this instance), yet when thus held the flowers drop on to the table, and even particular flowers and fruits drop close to the persons who ask for them. This is the real fact to be explained when, as in this case, it happens in a private house; and the alleged chemical test has no bearing on this. But here the test itself is open to the gravest suspicion. The person who says he applied it had

struck a light in the middle of the *séance*, and discovered nothing. He was, then, in consequence of some offensive remarks, asked to leave the room, or the *séance* could not go on; and subsequently high words passed between him and the medium. He is, therefore, not an unbiassed witness, and to support a charge of this kind we require independent testimony that the chemical in question was not applied to the flowers *after* they appeared at the *séance*. This is the more necessary as we have now before us the statement in writing by another resident in the house that some of the flowers were sent to a medical man in the town, and that no trace of ferrocyanide of potassium could be detected. The accuracy of the supposed tests is also rendered very doubtful by another fact. In the published account of the affair in the *Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, indorsed by Dr. Carpenter's informant (in a letter now before me) as being by a friend of his and substantially correct, it is stated that the "same authority" who is said to have "demonstrated the presence of potassium ferrocyanide" on the flowers also examined some sand which fell on the table at the same sitting, and found it to contain salt, and therefore to be sea-sand, and to agree microscopically with the sand from a sea-beach near which the medium had been staying a few days before. This reads very like truth, and looks very suspicious, but it happens that another gentleman who was present at the *séance* in question took away with him some of the sand for the purpose of subjecting it to microscopic examination; and from that gentleman—Mr. J. Traill Taylor, editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, and an occasional contributor to other scientific journals—I have received the following note on the subject: "I remember the *séance* to which you have alluded, and which was held on the evening of August 23, 1874, during the Belfast Meeting of the British Association, which I was attending. At that time, among other by-pursuits, I was engaged in the microscopical examination of sand of various kinds, and I omitted no opportunity of procuring samples. During my visit to Ireland I obtained specimens from the sea-coast of Counties Down and Armagh, as well as from the shores of Lough Neagh. When

the shower of sand fell upon the table during the *séance* I appropriated a quantity of it for subsequent examination. The most careful inspection under the microscope satisfied me that it was absolutely identical with some that had been procured from the Antrim coast of Lough Neagh, while it differed in certain respects from that obtained at the sea-coast. Having subsequently seen a communication on this subject in the *English Mechanic* (by a writer who, I believe, had not been present at the *séance*), the purport of which was that the *séance* sand was similar to some obtained from a part of the sea-coast where the medium had been recently residing, I again subjected these various sands to microscopical examination, only to be confirmed in my previous conclusion. I followed this by a chemical test, as follows: I washed each sample of sand in a test tube with distilled water, to which I then added a solution of nitrate of silver. A precipitate of chloride of silver was obtained from all the samples of sea-sand, but no precipitate was formed by that which came from Lough Neagh, nor by that obtained at the *séance*, which last, under this chemical test, behaved in a manner precisely similar to the Lough Neagh sample. I recollect that the result of this test was my feeling sure that the writer to whom I have alluded had not had the same data as those in my possession for arriving at a conclusion. In about a year after that time I threw away over a dozen different samples of sand, including those to which I have referred, as I required for another purpose the boxes in which they were kept."

This clear and precise statement demonstrates the untrustworthiness of the authority on whom Dr. Carpenter relies, even if it does not indicate his disposition to manufacture evidence against the medium in question. At all events, with the more complete account of the whole episode now before them, our readers will, we are sure, admit that the evidence is by no means free from suspicion, and is quite insufficient to justify its being used to support a public charge of deliberate imposture. It also affords another example of how Dr. Carpenter jumps at explanations which are totally inapplicable to the facts in other cases, as, for example, to the production of flowers and

ferns in my own room, as narrated in my "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," page 164, and to that in the house of Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope, as given in the "Dialectical Report," pages 277 and 372, in which case the medium had been carefully searched by Mrs. Trollope before the *séance* began.

We have now only to notice the extraordinary appendix of *pièces justificatives*, which, strange to say, prove nothing, and have hardly any bearing on the main questions at issue. We have, for instance, six pages of extracts on early magic, the flagellants, and the dancing-mania; followed by four pages about Mesmer; then an account of Mr. Lewes's experiments before the Medical School, Aberdeen, which failed; then eight pages on the effects of *suggestion* on hypnotized patients—effects thoroughly known to every operator, but having no bearing on the case of persons never hypnotized or mesmerized, and to whom *no suggestion* was made; after this come ten pages on the planchette, on which no one relies without collateral evidence; and then an account of some foolish clergymen, who thought they had direct proof of Satanic agency; then comes Mrs. Culver's statement (called a "deposition before magistrates" in the text), to which we have already referred; then my own letter to the *Spectator* about Mr. G. H. Lewes's supposed proof of the imposture of Mrs. Hayden; then the oft-told story of Dr. Carpenter's interviews with Foster, from the *Quarterly Review* article; then more of Mr. Braid's "suggestion-and-expectancy" experiments—and that is all. Not one solitary piece of careful investigation or unimpeachable evidence in these forty-two pages of what are announced as *pièces justificatives*!

Let us now summarize briefly the results of our examination of Dr. Carpenter's book. We have given a few examples of how he has misrepresented the opinions of those opposed to his theories. Although he professes to treat the subject historically, we have shown how every particle of evidence is ignored which is too powerful to be explained away. As examples of this we have referred, in more or less detail, to the denial by high authorities of the reality of painless surgical operation during the mesmeric sleep; to the "Report of the

Académie Royale de Médecine," supporting the reality of clairvoyance and the other higher phenomena of mesmerism; to experiments on clairvoyance before French medical skeptics; to the evidence of educated and scientific men in Vienna, as to the truth of Reichenbach's observations; to the personal evidence of Robert Houdin, Prof. Gregory, Dr. Mayo, Dr. Haddock, Dr. Lee, Dr. Ashburner, Dr. Rostan, Dr. Teste, and Dr. Esdaile, as to tests demonstrating the reality of clairvoyance; to the evidence of the Dialectical Committee, of Dr. Lockhart Robertson, Sergeant Cox, Mr. Crookes, and myself, as to motion of solid bodies demonstrably not caused by muscular action; to the evidence of the Dialectical Committee, of the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, Mr. Crookes, and Prof. Barrett, as to raps demonstrably not caused by the muscles or tendons of the medium; to the evidence of Mr. T. A. Trollope and myself as to the production of flowers, demonstrably not brought by the medium—all of which evidence, and everything analogous to it, is totally ignored by Dr. Carpenter. Again, this work, professing to be "scientific," and therefore accurate as to facts and precise as to references, has been shown to be full of misstatements and misrepresentations. As examples, we have the statement that there is no evidence of the mesmerizer's power to act on a patient unconscious of his wish to do so, whereas I have shown that there is good medical evidence of this power; that Reichenbach did not submit his subjects to tests, whereas I have quoted many admirable tests, as well as the independent test-observations of Dr. Charpignon; that Rutter's magnetometer never acted when the operator did not know the substance influencing it, whereas Mr. Rutter states clearly and positively that it did; that the Royal Academy of Medicine first investigated clairvoyance in 1837 and declared it not proved, whereas they first investigated it in 1825, and reported *favorably*; that Prof. Gregory was credulous, and took no precautions against imposture, which I have shown to be not the fact. Again we have numerous errors and misstatements (always against the mediums) in the accounts of the Misses Fox and Mrs. Culver, of the alleged "Katie King" exposure, and of the

flower-*sauce* chemically exposed. And, lastly, we have the statement, repeated under many forms, that when adequate investigation has taken place, and especially when "trained experts" have been employed, trick or imposture has *always* been discovered. But this I have shown to be the grossest of all misstatements. Surely medical men are "trained experts," and we have nine members of the Royal Academy of Medicine investigating for five years, and a large number of French and English medical men devoting years of inquiry to this subject, and deciding that it is *not* imposture. Are not eminent physicists trained experts, so far at least as the purely physical phenomena are concerned? But we have Prof. Hare, Prof. Gregory, and Mr. Crookes, who all devoted years of careful investigation to the subject; Prof. Barrett, who has come to it with a fresh and skeptical mind, stored with all the warnings that Dr. Carpenter can give him, and yet declares it to be reality, and neither imposture nor delusion; while another recent convert from extreme skepticism on this subject is Dr. Carter Blake, Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy at Westminster Hospital, who last year wrote me that, after months of careful examination, he was satisfied that the phenomena called "spiritual" are thoroughly genuine and worthy of scientific examination; that he has arrived at this conclusion very slowly, and, referring to his recent investigations, he says: "Every experiment performed has been under the most rigorous test-conditions, and the dishonest element which some professional mediums have shown has been rigorously eliminated." Yet, again, professional conjurers are surely "trained experts," and Dr. Carpenter has himself often referred to them as such, but the moment they go against him he ignores them. I have adduced, for the second time, the remarkable evidence of Robert Houdin to the reality of the clairvoyance of Alexis; Mr. T. A. Trollope informs us that another celebrated conjurer, Bosco, "utterly scouted the idea of the possibility of such phenomena as I saw produced by Mr. Home being performed by any of the resources of his art;" and, lastly, at Glasgow, last year, Lord Rayleigh informed us that he took with him a professional conjurer to Dr. Slade's,

that the phenomena happened with considerable perfection, while "the conjurer could not form the remotest idea as to how the effects were produced."

We have now concluded what has been a painful task; but in the interests of truth it was necessary to show how completely untrustworthy is the self-appointed guide that the public so blindly follow. By ample references I have afforded to such of my readers as may be so inclined the means of testing the correctness of my charges against Dr. Carpenter; and if they do so they will, I feel convinced, not only lose all faith in his explanations of these phenomena, but will also find how completely ignorant of this, as of most scientific subjects, are those writers in our influential literary press who have, almost without exception, praised this book as a fair and complete exposition of the subject on which it treats.

It also seems to me that an important question of literary morality is here involved. While maintaining as strongly as any one that new or disputed theories should be subjected to the fullest and severest criticism, I yet hold that this should not involve either misrepresentation or what has been termed the "conspiracy of silence." It is, at the best, hard enough for new truths to make their way against the opposing forces of prepossession and indifference; and, bearing this in mind, I would ask whether it is in the interests of human progress and in accordance with right principles, that those who have the ear of the public should put forth, under the guise of impartial history, a thoroughly one-sided and erroneous account of a disputed question. It may be said that errors and misstatements can be exposed, and will only injure the author of them; but, unfortunately, this is not so. The popular view of a subject like this is sure of a wide circulation, and writers in the daily and weekly papers increase its publicity, whereas few read the answer, and the press decline or refuse to make it known.* As the very existence of the

* A striking proof of this statement has been quite recently furnished us. The letter given below was sent by Dr. Slade to Prof. E. R. Lankester. It would seem to exhibit, in a high degree, the characteristics of truth, fairness, and charity. No answer was re-

press depends on popularity, this is inevitable; but it none the less throws a great responsibility on those who possess this popularity if they mislead public opinion by inaccuracy or suppression of facts.

In his article on "Fallacies of Testimony" Dr. Carpenter, quoting Schiller, says that the "real philosopher" is dis-

tinguished from the "trader in knowledge" by his always loving truth better than his system. If our readers will carefully weigh the facts now laid before them, they will be able to decide how far Dr. Carpenter himself belongs to the first or to the second of these categories. —*Quarterly Journal of Science.*

ART IN THE COMMUNITY.*

BY J. THACKRAY BUNCE.

In speaking of Art in the community, we take the community in its widest sense—the nation. It was thus regarded by Benjamin Robert Haydon, the histor-

ceived. The press, moreover, refused to publish it, and the daily press, one and all, *refused to insert it even as an advertisement!*

"Prof. E. R. LANKESTER—

"DEAR SIR: Dr. Slade, having in some measure recovered from his very severe illness, and his engagement to St. Petersburg having been postponed (by desire of his friends there) till the autumn, desires me to make the following offer:

"He is willing to return to London for the express and sole purpose of satisfying you that the slate-writing occurring in his presence is in no way produced by any trickery of his. For this purpose he will come to your house unaccompanied by any one, and will sit with you at your own table, using your own slate and pencil; or, if you prefer to come to his room, it will suit him as well.

"In the event of any arrangement being agreed upon, Slade would prefer that the matter should be kept strictly private.

"As he never can guarantee results, you shall give him as many as six trials, and more if it shall be deemed advisable.

"And you shall be put to no charge or expense whatever.

"You on your part shall undertake that during the period of the sittings, and for one week afterward, you will neither take, nor cause to be taken, nor countenance, legal proceedings against him or me.

"That if in the end you are satisfied that the slate-writing is produced otherwise than by trickery, you shall abstain altogether from further proceedings against us, and suffer us to remain in England, if we choose to do so, unmolested by you.

"If, on the other hand, you are not satisfied, you shall be at liberty to proceed against us, after the expiration of one week from the conclusion of the six or more experiments, if we are still in England. You will observe that Slade is willing to go to you without witnesses of his own, and to trust entirely to your honor and good faith.

ical painter—the first Englishman who pleaded, with intelligence, with earnestness, and even with passion, for national recognition of Art in England. When he began, now fifty-three years ago, the series of appeals which closed only with his lamentable death, the State in its corporate capacity cared nothing about Art. Reynolds and his associates had founded the Academy, under royal encouragement and sanction, but there the national effort had stopped. In his first petition to Parliament, presented in 1823 by Brougham, then a member of the House of Commons, Haydon justly says, "That most of the historical productions painted in this country, by which its reputation has been raised, have been executed, not, as in Italy and Greece, in consequence of encouragement, but in spite of difficulties—that Barry painted the Adelphi for nothing; that Hogarth adorned the Foundling for nothing; that Reynolds offered to grace St. Paul's by his pencil, and yet was refused." And then he urges his especial plea: "That historical pictures, the full size of life, being inadmissible into private houses from the nature of their execution, and

"Conscious of his own innocence, he has no malice against you for the past. He believes that you were very naturally deceived by appearances, which, to one who had not previously verified the phenomena under more satisfactory conditions, may well have seemed suspicious.

"Should we not hear from you within ten days from this date, Slade will conclude that you have declined his offer.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,
J. SIMMONS.

"37 SPUI-STRAAT, THE HAGUE, May 7, 1877."

* This article is addressed particularly to an English audience, but it has wholesome lessons for Americans as well.—ED.

such pictures being the only ones that have given countries their fame where Art has flourished; as the leading authorities of those countries were always the patrons of such productions, and from the expense attendant on their production could alone be so, your petitioner humbly hopes your honorable House will not think it beneath its dignity to interfere, and by a regular distribution of a small part of the public wealth, to place historical painting and its professors on a level with those of the other departments of the Arts." Haydon's demand was modest in amount. He asked only for £4,000 a year, to be expended in pictures for the decoration of public buildings and of the new churches for which Parliament was then about to make a grant of £1,000,000; and he asked, also—in a subsequent petition—that if any National Gallery were established, it should include examples of the works of British artists, deceased and contemporary, as well as of those of the great masters of the foreign schools. At the time when Haydon began to assail Parliament in this fashion and for this purpose there was real need for such exhibitions. The British Museum indeed existed, but it was chiefly a library, and had only just received the famous Elgin Marbles, grudgingly bought by the Government, after a long and discreditable haggle with Lord Elgin about their value as works of Art and about their price. Our public picture collections consisted only of the Dulwich Gallery, the bequest of Alleyn, the player; the Painted Hall at Greenwich; the Soane Museum, containing some of Hogarth's works; and the miscellaneous display at Hampton Court Palace, of which Raffaele's cartoons constituted the main feature of value. There was no national gallery; this was not founded until 1834, when the Angerstein pictures—only forty in all—were first exhibited, and the building in Trafalgar Square was not opened until 1837. No pictures or sculptures had been commissioned for national edifices; this did not occur until 1841, when artists were invited to enter upon the competition for frescoes for the new Houses of Parliament. There was no State Department of Art, no schools of design, no public museum of Industrial Art: these are all of them creations of our own day.

Since the time when, by his petitions, his lectures, and his appeals to ministers, Haydon endeavored to awaken a national interest in Art, we have made progress so great as to be really wonderful. In the comparatively short period of forty years the National Gallery has grown into one of the largest and noblest collections in the world. We have in the Houses of Parliament, notwithstanding admitted defects, a grand series of historical works. In the South Kensington galleries we have an important collection of modern pictures, and an unrivalled accumulation of objects of decorative and of industrial Art. In several of the great towns of the kingdom we have public galleries of some kind. We have also a Department of State which takes charge of Art teaching over the whole country, and this affords the basis of a system which, rightly used, may be made of great benefit to national taste. The £4,000 a year which Haydon asked for has, in late years, in the purchase of works of Art and in grants to schools and galleries, been exceeded by nearly a hundred times the amount he modestly fixed. But the work has not been done in his way, and if he were living now he would probably declaim as heartily as ever against the Academy, against the managers of the National Gallery and the British Museum, against Parliament and ministers, against the neglect of "the grand style;" and in favor of the patronage which is, somehow or other, to bring back the Golden Age of Art by fostering an historical school that obstinately refuses to develop itself in these islands. Something of his spirit, indeed, was displayed lately at the Social Science Meeting at Liverpool, where many gentlemen gathered themselves together in an Art section, took mutually discomforting views of the position and prospects of Art in England, and hungered after national developments by no means clearly explained, and perhaps not distinctly understood even by those who desire them.

In truth, it is not easy to see what more the State can do for Art. After all, however much we may trust to, or wish for, its interference, the range within which this is possible is very limited. The State may provide public galleries and museums in the metropolis—as it

does now; it may see to the decoration and the fitness of national edifices; it may create and assist a national system of Art Instruction. All this it does already—making mistakes no doubt in some directions, and working feebly in others, but still doing the work and laying the foundation for progress hereafter. It may do something more, by seeing that local museums and galleries are helped by loans or gifts from the central stores. Not, indeed, that the great pictures from the national collections can be sent round the country from place to place. They are too precious to be subjected to such a risk, and consequently are better in London, where, at some time or other, most people who care for Art can manage to see them. But some of the drawings, etchings, and engravings, and other works of Art from the British Museum, might safely be lent to the provincial towns, instead of being secluded in rooms which, so far as the facility of public inspection is concerned, might almost as well be private property. Some of the vast number of Turner drawings now deposited in the National Gallery, and never exhibited, might also be lent to local galleries. Once the trustees made up a small collection, and lent it successively to Leeds and to Birmingham, where it excited great attention and served a most useful purpose; but the experiment was a single one, and nobody seems to have thought of repeating it. There are other objects in the national collections—examples which might be removed without being missed, specimens which are now seen only by the curious—which could well be spared, at least for a time, to the provincial museums, according to the method actually adopted in regard to industrial art by the South Kensington department. The Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 may also do something of importance for Art by a wise employment of the great fund in their hands; and it is understood that they are not indisposed to recognise their duty in this respect, as trustees on behalf of the public. In order to stimulate or to support this disposition, a meeting of representatives of provincial corporations was held some time ago in Birmingham; and it is satisfactory to know that the Prince of Wales, as president of the

Royal Commission, has consented to receive a deputation to hear the views of the corporations, as to the disposal of the Commissioners' funds. Beyond the methods above indicated, however, there is little that can be done by the central Government. Some people are desirous that it should reform the Royal Academy, by making it a kind of representative university of Art; but it may be reasonably doubted if the influence that can be exerted by academies is not overrated by the advocates of that scheme. Others again, like Haydon, are eager for the public employment of painters and sculptors who devote themselves to historical art. No doubt it is a good thing to employ artists in public works when they are wanted; but from the example of our French neighbors we may learn the difficulties arising from the employment of artists, not because there is a demand for their work, but simply to encourage the formation of a national school. We do not gain by fostering mediocrity, and accumulating bad pictures which nobody wants, and yet which cannot decently be put into the fire. In the case of an artist whose feebleness and poverty of invention and style afford proof that he has mistaken his business—that indeed his Art is a fancy and not a vocation—there is no reason why he should be petted and helped at the cost of the State, any more than a grocer whose enterprise or intelligence do not suffice to enable him to sell tea and sugar at a profit, or a lawyer who is incompetent to advise his client, or a manufacturer who insists upon making badly articles which are neither ornamental nor useful.

Given the machinery and the means of public Art culture and instruction which already exist, all we can or do require in addition from the State is, that there should be a reasonably fair distribution of the money devoted to these purposes and of the examples to be found in our national collections. The desire of the great provincial towns is easily put into shape. "All we ask," they say, "is that you will give us a fair share of the grants we help to provide. Don't spend all the money upon London. Keep your great national collections there, by all means—your pictures that cannot be replaced, your precious objects that cannot be

safely removed. But let us have for our museums some of the examples which you do not need and cannot use, which crowd your show cases and encumber your walls; and let us also have some of your national grants to buy other examples for ourselves. Whatever you give, we will meet tenfold; but all things must have a beginning, and we must be set going. We do not see the justice of buying what we want for ourselves, and of also helping to buy similar things for the metropolis." There is no desire on the part of the great country towns to reduce the advantages which London enjoys, or to lower the metropolitan dignity which reflects credit upon the country. But the strongest advocate of metropolitan expenditure must admit that London is already pretty well looked after by Parliament and by the Government. Whatever the metropolis possesses in the way of Art and Ornament comes mainly from the national purse. As a community it spends nothing, or next to nothing. The great corporation of the City does nothing for Art—unless occasional gifts of gold boxes to royal personages and of ornamental swords to eminent military commanders may be allowed to come within the designation. With one or two exceptions, the City companies, wealthy beyond expression, do nothing for Art. The Metropolitan Board of Works not only neglects to make London beautiful, but allows railway companies and other speculators to ruin the streets and the river by hideous bridges and viaducts. As to the minor bodies—the vestries and the like—if any one desires to understand the force of derisive laughter, let him ask them to spare their time and money for anything that can make our outward life a little brighter and more picturesque. Yet, despite this absence of corporate effort, London is richly provided for. It has, in abundance, its galleries, museums, statues, pictures, parks, gardens, and palaces—all obtained at the expense of the nation. There are over thirty millions of us altogether, and yet three millions get almost everything; or if a grant is made by chance or accident, or if a department or a museum does lend (they never give) something to a country town, there is a chorus of "reporting" and congratulating all round, as if a new era

had been opened in the history of the empire. It is perhaps an error to say that London gets everything. For some inscrutable reason handsome grants are made to Edinburgh and Dublin, who thus dip into the public purse without being able to show any work as the result of the outlay—for they have no manufactures to which Art can be applied. It is the great manufacturing towns—Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Glasgow, Newcastle, and others, who are politely told that they may have as much Art as they like, only they must find it and pay for it themselves.

Put them on fair terms, and the great provincial towns will accept the responsibility and the duty. They ask only for the means, or for the power of creating them. At present they are practically dependent upon gifts, for they have no State grants, very seldom any corporate funds that can be used for Art purchases, and the rating power intrusted to them by Parliament is miserably limited. No municipality can levy, for the purposes, not merely of Art, but of literature and science as well, a larger rate than one penny in the pound on the rateable value. Some towns would gladly pay more, but the Act of Parliament forbids them to do so. The penny rate has to maintain free libraries, museums, and Art galleries; and as Literature, by means of the libraries, not unnaturally makes the first claim, Art comes off badly. Take Birmingham as an illustration. The penny rate in that town yields something over £5,000. Out of this the corporation has to maintain its great central reference library, and five lending libraries and reading-rooms besides; and even these are scarcely adequate to the needs of the town. It has also, out of the same fund, to pay the interest on building loans for the libraries, and to repay the principal within a fixed term of years. When this is done, what is left for the picture gallery or the museum of Industrial Art? These, it is obvious, must either be enriched by private gifts or loans; and this is in fact the case with Birmingham. Not a specimen of Art has been, or can be, bought for the gallery out of the rate; all its contents have been provided by gifts, or are borrowed from generous collectors, who regard themselves as trustees rather than

as owners of their own Art Treasures. So long as the rating power is limited to a penny this must continue to be the case. But the time has come when the limit may properly be removed. When it was imposed the restriction was necessary, for Parliament and the country were rather afraid than hopeful of the influence of libraries and museums, and if more than a penny in the pound had been asked for by Mr. Ewart, nothing at all would have been conceded. But we have educated the nation to a higher standard of appreciation, and there is now no reason why the rating power should not at least be doubled. If this were done, the great towns might spend something upon Art 'as well as upon Literature. The case of Birmingham is that of other large towns. Some, indeed, are fortunate in the gifts which fall to them, and which help to redress the parsimony of the law. Liverpool, for example, has received priceless donations, such as the Meyer Museum and the Brown Library, and to these is now added the noble Art Gallery which a liberal citizen, Mr. Walker, is building at his own cost. Glasgow, again, is about to enjoy the benefit of a great bequest which will build its free library, and leave the rate free for the purposes of current expenditure. Bristol has provided itself with a college in which, it is hoped, Art may be taught. Newcastle has done the same thing. At Sheffield Mr. Ruskin is doing something, and thanks to Mr. Bragge, an eminent citizen, the town has become possessed of a valuable Museum of Industrial Art. Birmingham itself must not be left out of account; for, besides valuable donations to the Corporation Art Gallery, the noble scheme of the Mason Science College also includes a department of Art, in which the trustees have ample powers, both for teaching and for the purchase of examples.

But the possession of picture galleries and the arrangement of a system of Art instruction is not all that can be done for the promotion of Art in and by the community. The principle which should regulate Art in the family applies also to the community. Art must, so to speak, permeate and suffuse the daily life, if it is to become a real and enduring influence. As in our

dwelling we should have good examples of Art, in the things alike of highest enjoyment and of common use, so in our communities, we should have everywhere about us the same gracious presence—in our streets, our public and private buildings, our churches and halls, our gardens, and parks, and fountains, our monuments, and even in our places of work and business; for there is no reason why a manufactory should be hideous, or an office or a warehouse a mere square or oblong box of brick or stone, with holes for light and air punched into it. Judged by this standard, what are the great towns, as communities, doing for Art in these external ways? Manchester is a great town, one of the richest in the country, full of wealthy people, who might, if they chose, make it as distinguished in regard to public Art as it is already in manufactures, in commerce, and in all forms of remunerative enterprise. Yet the streets of Manchester are by no means lovely; they are dull, and straight, and lined with houses and shops which exhibit few traces of the picturesque, nor indicate on the part of those who live in them any love of it. One thing, however, must be said for Manchester. The great warehousemen there have bestowed much attention upon the design of the buildings in which they conduct their business, and have made palaces of them; and the Corporation, by the magnificent pile of buildings erected for municipal purposes, has given a noble example to the rest of the kingdom, for it has deserted the too familiar classic, and has ventured upon the use of our purely English style of Gothic. In Liverpool, which in some respects has a more imperial aspect than most of our English towns, there is still much room for improvement. For instance, if a little thought had been given to them, it would have been easy to convert the vast ranges of dock warehouses lining the river banks into simple, but very noble, works of architectural Art, and thus to have repeated and rivalled on the Mersey the glories of Venice itself. Sheffield, again, with almost unequalled advantages of site, is a signal illustration of neglected opportunities, the buildings being, for the greater part, poor and mean, and even the best streets being defiled by the cloud of smoke which is

the curse of our large manufacturing towns. Another example is afforded by Newcastle. Here, if they had chosen to use it, the configuration of the town, divided from Gateshead by one of the finest of English rivers—the Tyne—gave the Newcastle people a chance of making one of the most picturesque places in the kingdom. But, as they have used it, the river, which might have been lined with noble buildings, is degraded beyond expression, defiled beyond belief. Low sheds, smoking chimneys, slime and defilement are its characteristics. Its course runs not

“To the golden sand, and the leaping bar,”

but, as Kingsley sings, with expressive sadness, it is

“Dank and foul
By the smoky town in its murky cowl—
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank.”

Take Birmingham as another illustration of what the great towns are, and of what they might have been. Like the rest of its sister towns, Birmingham is afflicted with the twin disease of meanness and uniformity; it has miles upon miles of houses, too small to impress any sense of dignity, too uniform to afford the relief of variety. Its thousands of manufactories and workshops, like its houses, are uninfluenced by Art, either in material or design: the latter due chiefly to the builder, whose mind, as a rule, is not given to beauty; the former, that dull red brick which, under the influence of town smoke, is capable of assuming the dimmest tint on earth, excepting, perhaps, the white brick used so largely in London. As regards public buildings, Birmingham ought to have been the very home and crowning glory of Domestic Gothic, for its undulated surface and its winding streets lend themselves, in a peculiar degree, to the characteristics of that style. But Classic—bad enough when directly copied, worse when adapted by invention—Classic is dominant in Birmingham. The Town-hall is Classic, so is the great Market-hall, so are the Free Libraries and the Midland Institute, so are the corporate buildings, and so also—worst and most dismal specimen of all—is the new Post Office, upon which a Government department has lavished its most cherished traditions of

meanness and ugliness. There are, however, many and most encouraging signs of improvement in Birmingham. The Grammar School is Gothic—very good for its period; the new Mason College is Gothic, and promises well; the new Church of St. Martin, one of the stateliest parish churches in the kingdom, is Gothic; and the new Board Schools, admirable in grouping and design, and planted, wherever possible, in leading thoroughfares, are Gothic too, and constitute most picturesque street features, such as might with advantage be imitated in other towns.

The means by which such an end as we seek can be reached must have their basis and root in a feeling which, though strongly existing in other respects, has not yet been developed in the direction of Art. This is the feeling that every member of the community owes something to the community itself—that in all he does, though he may justly think of personal advantage and profit, he is bound also to think of the common interest as well. When a street is laid out, or a new building erected, or additional powers obtained, or when any considerable work of any kind is to be devised or executed, the true communal feeling and spirit ought to enter into it, and side by side with the benefit of individuals the promotion of the general benefit should be kept in mind. If a spirit like this were nationally cultivated, and if every man thought and worked for the community as well as for himself, there is nothing too great or too difficult for the chief towns of this country to accomplish for themselves. They have a distinct superiority here over the metropolis. London, vast and powerful as it is, is rather a series of towns than a single and united city; an aggregation in which the native population constitutes but a small element; which has no corporate unity, no common means of action, no clear and distinct hold upon, or understanding of, its municipal institutions and municipal life; no manifest exposition, indeed, of such life, excepting in the city, and the population of the city is but one hundred and twenty thousand out of three millions and a half.

It thus happens that London originates none of those great political, social, and religious movements which, from time

to time, sweep through the country, remodel its institutions, and influence the current of its life. Manchester identifies itself with free trade; Birmingham stamps its name upon political reform and upon national education; Oxford gives us a great theological and ecclesiastical revival. The provincial towns are best fitted for such work, because they are true communities, limited, defined, self-contained; with local feeling, and history, and traditions; they are not so large as to exclude the sense of unity and of personal interest; all their leading men are known to each other and to the rest of the citizens; their people feel, by instinct and by habit, that they belong to their own towns in a direct and especial manner. The town, in fact, becomes part of their being, and when severed from it, by time, or distance, or the necessities of labor, they turn fondly to it, keep up their knowledge of its progress, and always, if that be possible, end by coming back to it. A Birmingham man, or a Manchester man, for example, is a Birmingham or a Manchester man still, though he may be in China, or Australia, or New Zealand. The old town always arouses in his mind the keenest emotion; its reputation, influence, and progress are dear to him; his affections cling to it, whatever his new associations may be. One great necessity of our day is to direct this vigorous communal life of England into the channel of public Art. We should not neglect the duties of order and good government, the regulation of public peace and morals, the doing of sanitary works, street-making, drainage, the purification of the air we breathe and the water we drink, the sweetening and cleansing of the dwellings of the poorer classes, and the diffusion of all knowledge that may help us to understand and to apply the natural laws which govern social, physical, and material progress. But while not neglecting these, we should also direct our force to the still higher purpose of developing and sustaining the intellectual and æsthetic faculties of the people. We provide schools and libraries, thus giving the means of learning and reading; the whole range of literature, of history, and of politics is open to the humblest in our communities. It is time now to cultivate their love of Art, and to help this by be-

stowing attention upon the external features of the places in which they dwell.

We must have pure air, to begin with; freedom to breathe; power of seeing, unhindered by clouds of smoke and dust. We must have, also, parks and gardens for open-air recreation. We must have, again, public buildings, ample and stately, and rich enough in their ornament to symbolise and to dignify the corporate life. Then our authorities should have and exercise power to deal with street architecture of all kinds, for this exerts a powerful and constant influence for good or evil upon public taste, and through this upon manners and morals. If Art were thought of as it should be, and if municipal powers were sufficient and were rightly exercised, the character of our streets would undergo a marked and rapid change. We should deny, or limit, the right of an individual to disfigure the main thoroughfares of a great town by monstrosities or basenesses in brick, or stone, or plaster, according to the measure of his ignorance, or vulgarity, or parsimony, or lack of the sense of beauty and fitness. Take, for example, such streets as High Street, Exeter, or High Street, Oxford; no man should have the power—now unrestricted in our intense reverence for the rights of property—to demolish at his caprice their characteristic features, or to improve them by building, say a manufactory or other incongruous edifice upon their exquisitely beautiful lines. The railway companies, again, should be put under severe restraint: the Thames, for example, should not be disfigured by the horrible bridges that are run across it; the view of St. Paul's from Ludgate Hill should not be blotted out or hopelessly ruined by the arch of a viaduct. We want, in such matters, a wholesome tyranny. Of course the convenience of the public must be considered, traffic must be carried on, railways and telegraphs must, somewhere or other, cross our streets. But we need not, as we do now, groan under the tasteless rule of the engineers, and their passion for cast iron, and their detestable invention of the girder style. Necessary though these things may be, they can be made, if not perfectly beautiful, at least somewhat less hideous than they are now. It is a misfortune, in some respects, that we are

proud of being a practical people, for the worship of the practical is a superstition which kills the desire for beauty, and casts out Art, and turns, sooner or later, from all directions to the shrine of the deity who unites ancient and modern mythology in the common adoration of the God of Riches. He has a wide-reaching priesthood, described by the comprehensive name of the Business Man; and when this personage and his supposed necessities come into contact with Art, then, certainly so far as Art interferes with or hinders him, Art has to give way. It is he who lines our streets with uniform warehouse-like houses, propped up on girders, and built as plainly as possible, to save the cost of space in light and shade, and thickness of wall, and variety of line and projection, which are essential to all good and picturesque building. It is he who pulls down the relics of antiquity, let them be ever so venerable or so graceful, because by destroying them he can get more rent out of the sites they occupy. He is the person who hangs hideous bunches of telegraph wires across our public ways; it is he who straightens the curved street lines; it is he who throws a railway bridge—a huge tube, or a couple of lofty iron walls—across such a thoroughfare as the Foregate at Worcester; or who, with another such bridge, shuts out the view of St. Paul's from Ludgate Hill; or who spans the Thames with his girders, and puts up vast black yawning sheds of stations on the river bank. He does all this because he knows or cares nothing about Art, and never thinks that the community may care for it, and because he wants to go straight, to save time. To gain ten minutes he would level St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, or plant a station on the site of Ely, or sweep away Tintern, or turn Valle Crucis into a goods station, or put up a mass of contractor's masonry—as, indeed, he has done—in front of Conway, or cut a railway right through the Lledr Valley, as he is doing now. There are places and occasions on which the business man may, with general advantage, and to his own benefit, if he only knew it, be invited to go round instead of driving right on, through and over everything, and to take his practical ideas, and his straight cuts, and his engineers and their cast-

iron girders, along with him; and this is one of the lessons which an Art-knowing and an Art-loving community has to teach him. Indeed, to put it on the very lowest ground, the lesson is worth learning, even for profit's sake. Dwell for a moment upon our street architecture. Practical-minded people—remember, it is they who assume the designation—are much comforted by the spectacle of so many boxes of brick and stone, ranged in regular order side by side, as close as they can be, with openings to go in by and to look out of, and with bits of carving or moulding (very often in plaster, which peels off in patches) stuck on here and there, and mostly where they ought not to be. These boxes are called houses, the openings are described as doors and windows, the bits and dabs of plaster are spoken of as ornaments, and the whole dismal combination is regarded as being solid, comfortable, practical, unpretentious, and “thoroughly English.” Now, in fact, as Mr. Ruskin showed long ago in his *Stones of Venice*, the so-called practical is really the most absolutely unpractical. “At Venice,” he says, “and the cities grouped around it, Vicenza, Padua, and Verona, the traveller may ascertain, by actual experience, the effect which would be produced upon the comfort and luxury of daily life by the revival of the Gothic school of architecture. He can still stand upon the marble balcony in the soft summer air, and feel its smooth surface warm from the noon-tide, as he leans on it in the twilight; he can still see the strong sweep of the unruined traceries drawn on the deep serenity of the starry sky, and watch the fantastic shadows of the clustered arches shorten in the moonlight on the chequered floor; or he may close the casements fitted to their unshaken shafts against such wintry winds as would have made an English house vibrate to its foundation, and in either case compare their influence on his daily home-feeling with that of the square openings in his English wall. And let him be assured, if he find there is more to be enjoyed in the Gothic window, there is also more to be trusted. It is the best and strongest building, as it is the most beautiful. I am not now speaking of the particular form of the Venetian Gothic, but of the general

strength of the pointed arch as opposed to that of the level lintel of the square window; and I plead for the introduction of the Gothic form into our domestic architecture, not merely because it is lovely, but because it is the only form of faithful, strong, enduring, and honorable building, in such materials as come duly to our hands. By increase of scale and cost, it is possible to build, in any style, what will last for ages; but only in the Gothic is it possible to give security and dignity to work wrought with imperfect means and materials."

Thus, the beautiful and the useful—the true practical work—are united; and if people who build would only build in this way, thinking for others, and for the general good and improvement, as well as of themselves, then, in street architecture—the commonest and most obvious means of expressing taste—we should have a development of Art in the community for which all of us would be the stronger and the better, and in due time the community itself might rise to the dignity of its dwelling-places. Local authorities, surely, might be invested with some control over this matter, and over the materials as well as the design of building. There is a chance now of trying to exercise some such influence, in the new streets which are being made in London and other towns under the Artisans' Dwellings Act. Here the corporations may make themselves owners of the sites, and, in letting them for building, may impose their own conditions on the character, style, and material of the edifices to be erected. They may also secure, what are much needed in all large towns, open spaces, adorned with trees and flower-beds, with fountains and statues: oases in the deserts of brick and stone—places of rest for the aged, and of healthful play for the children, and of recreation and enjoyment for citizens of all classes. This is work which the community, by means of its recognized authorities, may easily do for Art, if it is so minded. It may also take care to see that while public edifices, for the business of the community, are made stately without, they are also made beautiful as well as commodious within. These works of internal decoration may take any range you will, may be simple or elaborate, costly or inexpensive; but

they should always be found wherever the corporate life has to be expressed, or the corporate business to be conducted. Even the roughest elements of the most turbulent popular assemblies are all the better—are, indeed, insensibly educated—by such decoration. Most of our great towns have histories which, with honor and profit, are capable of being recorded in pictorial decorations of their public edifices. Manchester links our modern days with the earliest in our history, for it was a Roman station, and then a fortified place in early English times; and it was for a while the headquarters of the Pretender, when England was last threatened with military revolution. These are events worthy of commemoration, and so are the leading incidents of its later history—the Reform struggles at the beginning of this century; the Anti-Corn Law agitation; the rise and progress of its great textile industry; the eminent men who have conferred lustre upon its annals. Liverpool, a free borough so far back as the thirteenth century, furnishes subjects of illustration in abundance in the development of its magnificent commerce, and the birth of the great system of navigation which constitutes a daily union between the old world and the new. Birmingham might record with honest pride the help its people gave to Simon de Montfort in the great war of the barons, its gallant resistance to Prince Rupert in the civil wars, its powerful demonstrations in the Reform period of 1832, and the contests and victories, greater even than these, endured or won by its most notable citizens—by Priestley over bigotry and prejudice, by Watt and Boulton in the application of steam to industry, and by Murdock in the invention of gas.

There is other work, too, that might be done in the same direction with advantage—the formation of museums of Industrial Art adapted to the staple trades of each community: gold and silver work, jewellery, brass and iron, and arms in Birmingham—thanks to the liberality of the gun trade, the last named is already richly provided in a special museum; cutlery, ancient and modern, in Sheffield; pottery in Stoke, and Hanley, and Burslem (where the Wedgwood Institute has made a good beginning); lace at Nottingham and Norwich; car-

pets at Kidderminster; ribbons and watches at Coventry; cottons at Manchester; and woollen fabrics at Leeds. In such work a revival of the old trade guilds might take an honorable and useful part; no longer confining and restricting trade, but helping to bring together all the best examples of ancient work from which anything has to be learned, and of modern work to illustrate progress, to correct mistakes, and to stimulate honorable rivalry with foreign competitors.

These are some of the means of cultivating Art in the community, and of bringing it home to the minds and hearts of the people. There are others familiar to most of us. Picture exhibitions, for example—not merely great collections, hung closely, good and bad together, and left to tell their own story; but selections of a few great pictures, so hung as to be seen separately, and explained to the less instructed by competent critics, from time to time, in public lectures. Collections, again, of special works—drawings, etchings, engravings—such as those which have been, to their great honor, brought together by the Burlington Fine Arts Club in London, and by the Liverpool Art Club. In the churches, again, and in all places of worship, there is ample scope for effort by covering the walls with suitable pictures, by stained glass in the windows, by carving and other decorations—gifts for which individuals, in the true spirit of sacrifice, might well make themselves responsible. In the theatres, also, Art in the community might be materially helped by care and thought in the production of scenes, painted as works of Art, perfected in detail, and thus conveying solid lessons to those who can be instructed in no better way.

While much might and should be done by corporate effort, or by those whose business is intimately associated with Art, we must, after all, in the present state of our knowledge, and with our present organization, rely to a great extent upon personal and individual effort. The idea of the community should be present to the minds of our richer classes, so that from private stores and accumulations something might be spared for the general benefit. It is lamentable to note the growth and dispersion of a no-

ble collection of pictures—brought together with infinite pains and labor, kept in privacy during the owner's life, and then, at his death, broken up in the sale-room, and scattered throughout the land. It is too much, perhaps, to ask that such collections may be dedicated to the public—though Vernon, and Sheepshanks, and Ellis set admirable examples of such devotion; but, at least, the man who has taken pride in the formation of a gallery might spare some example of a great master for the benefit of his countrymen or his townsfolk. By such means inadequate corporate funds might be helped and supplemented, or set free for use in other ways. When we think of the private wealth of our great towns, of the fortunes made in them, of the millionaires who grow silently, and whose accumulations are revealed to the admiration and envy of the country after their death, we cannot but reflect with sadness upon the rarity of the instances in which any portion of such wealth is devoted to the benefit of the vast numbers of poorer people who have helped to make it. There is no considerable town in England in which there are not some people who, without feeling the loss themselves, or without injuring their families, could build a picture gallery, or give the public some fine work of Art, or decorate a building, or lay out a park or a garden, or endow a library with precious collections, or in numberless other ways—each according to his own taste and power—help to elevate, to brighten, and to dignify the corporate life of the community which has made them rich. Here, then, is a vast field for men of the wealthier class, who can raise themselves to the height of a great duty; who can comprehend the true nature of a community, and the function of each unit of it; who, in all its fulness, can realise the truth expressed by St. Paul—a truth at once sublime and familiar, soaring to the highest range, and descending to the humblest level—the truth that "we are members one of another." In such cases, and especially in the corporate and public recognition of Art as a common means of refining and elevating the community, those who receive such blessings repay them a thousand-fold. They feel and acknowledge in their conduct the influence of a great picture; they stand before it in reverent

admiration ; however dimly understood, they carry with them to their homes and into their lives the lessons it has to teach. The beauty, the imagination, the power of Art exercise a direct and increasing influence upon the mass of the population wherever they are daily presented to inspection. You see this influence in their treatment of such things when they become the common possession. Give the people richly stocked gardens, and they leave the flowers untouched. Give them galleries and museums of Art—palaces in which they may wander at will—and hundreds of thousands pass through them in the year, and yet amongst the vast crowds there is no rudeness of manner, and no touch of harm to the works laid open to their study. Trust them and teach them ; that is what we have to do with the people of our great towns in regard to Art. Give them buildings decorated with incidents from their own history ; improve the design of houses and the architecture of streets ; provide gardens and parks, and libraries, and galleries, and muse-

ums ; let there be open spaces in the towns arranged with regard to beauty as well as to health ; let the community, by its corporate authorities, and by its wealthier members, recognise and promote public Art in every form ; let us, one and all, learn that we are knit together in common tastes, and faculty of enjoyment, and power of appreciation, and capacity of rising into a region higher than that of the petty cares of daily life—and we shall see the reward in a growing intelligence amongst all classes ; a keener perception of beauty in itself and in its application to habit and conduct ; a nobler, better-ordered, brighter, more elevated communal life ; less selfishness in all classes, the enjoyment of pleasures higher than those of sense, less drinking, less brutality, less coarseness of manner ; a purer moral and social tone ; a loftier mental standard ; a true and real community of interest and sympathy ; a municipal life nobler, fuller, richer than any the world has ever seen—a life that would, indeed, be worth living.—*Fortnightly Review.*

MEDITATIONS OF A HINDU, PRINCE AND SCEPTIC.

BY A. C. LYALL.

I

ALL the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod,
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and steps of a God ?
Westward across the ocean, and Northward ayont the snow,
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know ?

II

Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover and swarm
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the gusts of a gathering storm ;
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are seen,
Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the wonders mean ?"

III

A million shrines stand open, and ever the censer swings,
As they bow to a mystic symbol, or the figures of ancient kings ;
And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards, loth to die.

IV

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of the hills.
Above is the sky, and around us, the sound and the shot that kill—
Pushed by a Power we see not, and struck by a hand unknown,
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

V

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns hollow and grim,
And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the twilight dim;
And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain crest,
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a rest?

VI

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the faithful guide?
The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the mountain side.
For ever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted breath
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only death.

VII

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the first of an ancient name,
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who died in flame;
They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits who guard our
race—
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

VIII

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of muttering priests,
The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!
What have they wrung from the Silence? Hath even a whisper come
Of the secret—Whence and Whither? Alas! for the gods are dumb.

IX

Shall I list to the word of the English, who come from the uttermost sea?
"The Secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message to me?"
It is nought but the wide-world story how the earth and the heavens began,
How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity once was man.

X

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers of India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth with a spell,
They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the unknown
main—"
Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is vain.

XI

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break?
Shall it pass, as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone
From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone?

XII

Is there nought in the heaven above, whence the hail and the levin are hurled,
But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world?
The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to silence and sleep
With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting, and voices of women who weep.

POPES AND CARDINALS.

It is one of the penalties of greatness in this world that a man in the position of the Pope has, in his old age, to lie in state—to see his career sketched in newspapers and magazines—to know that he is the subject of protocols, notes, and declarations, that his demise is the topic of discussion in all the chancelleries of Europe—to hear his conduct canvassed, as the *Times* a few years ago canvassed that of a Prime Minister, in the past tense, even before he has perhaps seriously thought of shuffling off this mortal coil, and now and then to have to assist at his own obsequies, to overhear the candid criticism of friends and enemies alike over his grave, their speculations as to who shall take his place when he is gone and what shall be done when he has reached the end of the furrow; and in the case of Pius IX. the criticism and speculation have been particularly free and frank.

There is, or has been till now, a superstition that none of the Popes can outlive St. Peter, and, as far as the history of the Papacy can be traced, no Pope till now has reigned longer than the Apostolic Founder of the Holy See. Pius VI. reigned within three or four months of five-and-twenty years; and till the reign of Pius IX. this was the nearest approach to the alleged pontificate of Peter. The duration of that is said to have been twenty-five years, two months and seven days. Sylvester I. reigned twenty-four years, and Adrian's reign fell short of that only by about ten days. The longest reign next to these is the reign of Pius VII. That was twenty-three years and a half. But Pius IX. is now in the fiftieth year of his Episcopate, in the thirty-first year of his Pontificate, and in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He has, with one or two exceptions, outlived all the Cardinals who took part in his election in the June of 1846, has confuted the old belief embodied in the words *Non videbis annos Petri*, and is to-day, with one exception—that of Queen Victoria—the oldest reigning sovereign in Europe. Her Majesty is the Pope's senior as a sovereign by nearly ten years. But with this exception the Pope has seen every throne in Europe change its

occupant since the triple crown was placed on his brows in St. Peter's, and some of them he has seen refilled more than once.

The Papacy itself is no longer what it was. It is no longer, politically, one of the Powers of Europe. But the throne of St. Peter still stands; St. Peter's successor is still a sovereign, and is still entitled to the pre-eminence of honor accorded to him of old by Catholic sovereigns, although Pius IX. has had to share the common fate of the crowd of grand dukes and duchesses whose rule reproduced in Italy a few years ago the English heptarchy; and to-day he is like the rest of the sovereigns *de jure* in the *Almanach de Gotha*—a king without a kingdom. Time has brought its bitterness even to him. He has survived his own greatness, been shorn of almost all his feathers, and reduced to a palace and a garden, but, like Bacon, the gallant old man "scorns to go out in snuff," and he has done his best to make up for the loss of his princely prerogatives by arrogating to himself the spiritual prerogatives which till now have been vested in general assemblies of the Church, decreeing his own personal infallibility and constituting himself absolute sovereign of the intellect and conscience of Christendom. These things, independently of all political changes, make the pontificate of Pius IX. one of the most notable in the history of the papacy; and the first question that the next conclave will have to ask itself when it assembles will be whether it has anything left to do but to register the last decree that the Cardinal Chamberlain happens to find in the pigeon-holes of the papal *escrittoire*.

Yet, after all, it was only by a mishap that Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti attained the triple crown at all. The popular candidate was Cardinal Gizzi, and the most powerful man in the college itself was Cardinal Lambruschini. Mastai-Ferretti was only one of a crowd, and in the first ballot he hardly seemed to be in the running. Lambruschini had the highest number of votes, and everything seemed to mark him out as the future Pope. But there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip even in a conclave; and

the Italians have a proverb that, in these contests, the favorite never wins. He did not in this case. In the second and third ballot Mastai-Ferretti came more and more distinctly to the front, Gizzi disappeared from the lists, and Lambruschini fell hopelessly into the rear. But if Lambruschini could only have kept open the conclave a few hours longer, he might have displaced his rival, and perhaps have placed the tiara upon his own brows, or, if not there, might at least have placed it upon the brows of his friend Franzoni; for Mastai-Ferretti was in bad odor with the court of Austria on account of his sympathy with the National party of Italy, and when the ballot that made him Pope was taken, the Austrian Plenipotentiary was on his way from Vienna with a veto in his pocket against the Archbishop of Imola, and with Cardinals enough in his train to turn the scale in favor of the Genoese Cardinal. The veto arrived a few hours too late, and the lagging Cardinals, entering the Holy City the day after the fair, found the Romans shouting *vivas* in honor of a sovereign whose name they hardly knew how to pronounce. The telegraph and the railway have put an end to all risk of anything of this kind happening again; for Rome is now within speaking distance of Vienna, Paris, Berlin, and London; and unless the conclave sits, as it is said it will sit, within twenty-four hours of the Pope's death, and, under a dispensing bull, elects his successor in *presenti cadavere*, there will be time between the announcement of the Pope's death and the day usually fixed for the holding of the conclave for all the Cardinals of Europe to reach Rome and to give their votes.

That implies, also, that the Veto Powers will this time be able to make their voices heard, if they wish, in the conclave, and that Prince Bismarck will have an opportunity to assert his right to a veto as well as Austria, Spain, France, and Portugal. At present these are the only powers that possess a veto upon the nomination of a Pope, and it has been challenged in the case of Portugal, although that is the only case in which it is said to rest upon a papal bull. Its origin in the case of France, Spain and Austria is only to be traced conjecturally; but the right itself has never been denied, and it has frequently been exer-

cised. Austria intended to exercise it in the case of Pius IX., and the court of Madrid did exercise it in the case of Cardinal Giustiniani in 1830, and exercised it without assigning a reason, although the reason may possibly be conjectured from the fact that the Cardinal had been Nuncio at the Spanish court, and was apt to be frank in his criticism upon the foibles of persons in high position. The court of France, in 1823, tried to place its veto upon the election of Leo XII., and that veto would have barred his election if the French Cardinals had not been outwitted by the Italians, as the Austrians were outwitted by the Roman party in 1846.

These vetos are the only check upon the absolute power of the College of Cardinals to place any one whom they can agree upon themselves by a vote of two-thirds upon the throne of St. Peter; and, as far as the Roman Catholic Church itself is concerned, the choice of the sacred college is final and binding upon all, whether that choice be ratified by the veto powers or not. The bull of Nicholas II., vesting the power of election in the College of Cardinals, prescribes a form of procedure which is hardly distinguishable from that by which the head of one of our own Oxford colleges is chosen. M. About has put the papal constitution into a sentence: "The Pope elects the Cardinals, and the Cardinals elect the Pope." That is the key to the whole papal system. Yet, except when in conclave, a Cardinal, as such, has no more voice or authority in the government of the Holy See than an acolyte who swings a censer in St. Peter's. He need not even be in orders at all; and that has been the case with some of the most distinguished of the Cardinals. Clement XII., in 1735, made even a child of eight years old—Don Louis of Bourbon—a Cardinal. Sixtus V. paid a similar compliment to one of his nephews, and Paul IV. startled the Sacred College by nominating a lawless and ferocious *condottiere* to the Cardinalate—Carlo Caraffa—one of his own nephews, who, knowing the weak side of the Pope, contrived to be surprised kneeling before a crucifix in an agony of remorse. Leo X. offered the red hat to Raphael, to console him for the loss of Maria di Bibbiena, the niece of one of

Leo's Cardinals, and in the reign of Sixtus IV. Cardinal's hats were bought and sold with as little ceremony as an advowson is now bought and sold in our own Church. This scandal has long since ceased, and I believe there is now an understanding that no more Cardinals shall be created unless they have taken orders; but it is, of course, and can be, nothing more than an understanding, for the creation of Cardinals is a matter appertaining solely to the Pope, and Pius IX. cannot bind Pius X. If Popes could have been controlled in this way they would have been controlled long ago, for the Council of Trent, by one of its decrees, imposed upon Cardinals the same canonical conditions as those imposed upon bishops. But the power which makes a Cardinal can release him from the obligations supposed to be imposed by the Council of Trent, and this dispensing power has been exercised again and again. It was exercised in the case of Albani, and it had been exercised before then in the case of the Archduke Albert. The Archduke never was in orders, and Cardinal Albani only became a sub-deacon in order to sit in the conclave of 1823, and to turn the scale in favor of the Austrian candidate. He had been excused till then on the plea that it might be necessary for him to relinquish the purple and to marry, in order to prevent the extinction of his family; and probably even then Albani would not have taken orders, but that there was no power in the Church to renew his dispensation and to permit him to vote except as a deacon.

There is, apparently, but one real disqualification for the Cardinalate, and that is that a man must not have a wife. A wife is fatal to all hopes of the red hat. He may have been married and still be eligible as a widower; or being a Cardinal he may, under a dispensation of the Pope, relieve himself of the obligation of his position, marry, put away his wife, and return to his old position in the Church. But he cannot keep a wife and wear the purple at the same time, and in strictness he cannot exercise the highest privilege of the Cardinalate—that of voting in conclave for Pope—unless he has taken orders. The Archduke Albert sat in the conclave of Sixtus V., under a special license from the pre-

vious Pope, and sat apparently without protest from the College; but his case, as far as I can find, stands alone. Albani was compelled to take orders, and that is the rule—that unless a Cardinal is in orders he shall not vote, although the Cardinalate in itself is not an ecclesiastical rank, but only a sort of semi-spiritual peerage. It represents a degree in the papal court; that and nothing more. But if a man is in orders the red hat gives him a right, upon the death of the Pope, to take part in the government of the holy city, to sit in the conclave, and to ballot for his successor, or to be a candidate for the papal chair himself. He may be under sentence as a criminal—as a heretic—as a traitor. He may even be under sentence of excommunication. But neither heresy, crime, nor the major excommunication can rob a Cardinal of his right to sit in the conclave and to exercise the highest function of his office—that of taking part in the choice of a Pope.

Till the time of Clement V. many Cardinals had been deprived of their franchise, and conspicuously the Colonna Cardinals by Boniface VIII. But the case of these Colonna Cardinals created so much trouble in the Church, and threatened so many inconvenient consequences, that Clement V. revoked the sentence of Boniface and issued a bull making the right of a Cardinal to vote inviolate; and that is now the rule of the Church. A Cardinal may be fined, may be imprisoned, may be degraded, may be deprived of every privilege appertaining to his rank, except one, but his franchise is indelible—that cannot be touched by either Pope or Council. Several of the Cardinals in the reign of Leo X. conspired against the life of the Pope, were tried, found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment, degradation and death, but in every case except that of Cardinal Petrucci, the sentence was revised—Petrucci was strangled there and then in the castle of St. Angelo, and Cardinal Soderini, even after a second conviction and a second imprisonment, was permitted to take his seat in the conclave, and to vote for the election of Clement VII. Yet the last or almost the last official act of Pope Adrian had been the issue of a Bull ordering that the Cardinal of Vol-

terra should on no condition be released from prison, and the college marked its contempt for this Bull, by selecting Soderini to say the mass when the Cardinals were entering the conclave. But the leading case is that of Cardinal Coscia. He was brought to trial under Clement XII. for fraud, malversation, and peculation. He was found guilty and sentenced to a fine of 200,000 crowns, to ten years' close confinement in St. Angelo, to deprivation of his See of Benevento, and to absolute degradation from the rank and privileges of the Cardinalate. But even in Coscia's case the Pope afterwards wrote a chirograph revoking the sentence of absolute degradation, and when upon the election of Clement's successor, a conclave was convoked, Cardinal Coscia put in his claim to be set free, and that request was 'at once' conceded. He was released for the conclave, and an Ambassador in Rome, returning to his palace after the opening of the conclave, met Coscia in the shut chariot of Cardinal Acquaviva, who had been to fetch him from prison in the Castle of St. Angelo, and was taking him to his cell in the Quirinal, to give his vote with the rest.

The College of Cardinals, when complete, consists of seventy members, representing perhaps in about equal proportions the three orders of the priesthood, although in conclave bishops, priests, and deacons all rank alike and all possess equal privileges. Mazarin, for instance, was a deacon; Richelieu was a priest. But the sacred college recognises none of these distinctions of the hierarchy; and except that one Cardinal may be a Cardinal *in pectore*, and another a Cardinal whose name has been published to the world, or, as it is called, promulgated, all Cardinals are equal. There is, I believe, no limit to the number of Cardinals that the Pope can create *in pectore*, and Pius IX. is said to have exercised his privilege freely; but seventy is with Cardinals the perfect number, and these seventy must be announced to the world before they can take their seats in conclave. Cardinals *in pectore* have several times put in a claim to vote; but that claim has never been recognised, and it was disallowed a few years ago even in a case where the Pope had explained to the college the reasons which rendered it inexpedient

for him to publish the names, and the principle thus emphatically established that a creation to be recognised must be made public.

The creation of a Cardinal is, however, with the Pope, a mere act of mental volition. He creates Cardinals by thought or by a stroke of his pen. Perhaps many men are Cardinals to-day without possessing the slightest knowledge of their own greatness; for all that the Pope has to do is to put down their names and to announce the fact to themselves or to the dean of the college, or, without doing either of these things, to place the list in the pigeon-holes of his desk to be found after his death by the chamberlain of the palace. These men are Cardinals *in pectore*. Their creation is complete, but till their mouths are unsealed and their names published, they are not canonically in a position to enter a conclave. Till the 11th century the college contained only twenty-eight Cardinals; but the Bull of Sixtus V. fixes the number at seventy, and these seventy now legally constitute the consistory. But it is not necessary that all the seventy should be present to constitute a conclave. In 1846 the college had no more than sixty-two names upon its roll, although Gregory had in his lifetime created as many as seventy-five Cardinals, the greatest number probably ever created by a Pope, and of these sixty-two only thirty were in Rome when the great bell of St. Peter's announced that the holy city was without a head, and fifty Cardinals only took part in the conclave which placed the keys of St. Peter in the keeping of Pius IX. That, however, or any less number, is sufficient to constitute a conclave, if ten days shall have elapsed from the announcement of the Pope's death, and if in the conclave the Pope elect secures a vote representing a majority of two-thirds of the Cardinals present.

"You have not seen Rome," it used to be said, "if you have not seen it during a vacation of the See;" and it was in the spirit of this observation that Fra Bacio answered the question of Pope Paul—"Which do you think the finest festival in Rome?" "That which is held when a Pope dies and a new one is being made." All police in the holy city at once collapsed. The army disbanded itself, and generally took to pillage, the

courts of law were closed, the nobles armed their retainers, drew chains across the streets, and kept watch and ward for themselves. Neither court, tribunal, nor chancery was held. Procurator, advocate, and cursors all alike stood with their hands in their girdles. All the prisons except that in the Castle of St. Angelo were thrown open, and the consequence was that riot ran wild till Rome again found herself in the hands of a ruler. The middle classes amused themselves according to their bent in assassination or speculation upon the result of the conclave. The *Banchi Vecchi* and *Nuovi* were turned into an exchange, and probably as much money changed hands upon the chances of this or that man coming out of the conclave Pope as changes hands with us upon the Derby or the Oaks. It is illegal now to make a bet upon a papal election, and the police of Victor Emmanuel will, I suppose, reduce the "delights of the interregnum" to such intrigues as the representatives of France, Italy, and Germany, may be able to carry on with the Cardinals before they are shut up, and to such plots and surprises as the Cardinals themselves may be able to accomplish when shut up in the Vatican or the Quirinal like an English jury in Westminster Hall to find a verdict.

The scene of all recent conclaves has been the Pauline Chapel, in the Palace of the Quirinal; and if the walls of that chapel could tell tales, we should hear many racy anecdotes of Italian wit and Italian craft. A Bull of Gregory X. regulates the ceremonial even to its minutest detail, and that Bull prescribes that the Cardinals entering the conclave with a single attendant, shall be kept in close confinement till they have made a Pope, and if they have not agreed upon a name within three days, that they shall be restricted to one dish each at dinner and supper till the fifth day, and that after the fifth day they shall be reduced to bread, wine, and water. Perhaps I need hardly say that the mode of election is the ballot. The voting takes place in the presbytery, in front of the altar, and the Cardinals are seated within the railings of the presbytery, with all the conveniences for writing. A canopy of green silk marks the stalls of those Cardinals whose creation dates back before the last pontificate. The creations of

the last Pope are distinguished by violet.

The Bull of Gregory XV. recognises three modes of selection—by inspiration, by compromise, and by ballot; but the principal mode in use is that of the ballot. This is taken with the greatest secrecy; and it is seldom known out of the conclave, and not often within it, how the Cardinals individually vote. The electors are strictly forbidden to confer with any one, even with their colleagues; and the voting takes place through sealed papers, that is to say, each Cardinal at the first ballot writes upon a slip of paper the name of his candidate, and in order to identify it if necessary adds a text of scripture at one end of his vote and his name at the other end. These ends are both folded up, and the vote with its open name is placed in the consecrated chalice standing on the altar of the chapel. If in the first ballot any one comes out with two-thirds of the votes, there is an end of the matter—the Pope is made. But if no one has a majority, a second ballot is taken in order to give those who wish an opportunity to accede to the vote of another. This is called voting by access. It is the second form of ballot; and it is generally taken in the afternoon. It is possible that in this way the majority may be produced. But if it is not, the papers are burnt, and the conclave adjourns. The next day the votes are taken afresh, and taken, if necessary, day after day. It is the common process of casting out, and the only restriction upon the voting is that no Cardinal shall vote for himself. This is why the votes are required to be signed, in order, if necessary, to ascertain that the requisite majority, when it is an exact majority, has not been made up by the vote of the candidate himself.

But when Cardinals conspire to carry a man upon whom they have set their hearts they do not resort to clumsy and transparent tricks of this kind. They try bolder and more ingenious plans. The Imperial veto, for instance, has often been turned to account to clear the way for a man who, if proposed at once, would not have the slightest chance of election. A man is put up who is known to be obnoxious to one of the Powers. He receives within a few of the requisite number of votes, and is at once black-balled, by, say, the Austrian representa-

tive. Another candidate, obnoxious to France or Spain, is then put up, voted for apparently, with great spirit, and vetoed by a French or Spanish Cardinal; and the course is thus cleared for the nomination of the man whom the majority of the conclave have set their hearts upon electing, and who has till now, therefore, been kept in the background. The veto can be exercised but once; and the object of these manoeuvres is to draw the sword from its sheath. France in 1823 wished to keep Leo XII. out of the papal chair; but a veto, if it is to be recognised by the conclave, must be put in before the canonical majority has been attained, and the scrutators, knowing the intention of the French Cardinals, and knowing also how the majority of the Cardinals intended to vote, counted in Leo with such adroitness that he was Pope before the representatives of the Veto Power could open their mouths to protest. Innocent X. was elected with a French exclusion over his head. Clement VIII. was excluded in three conclaves by the Spanish veto, and yet elected after all, and, to make his triumph complete, elected over the head of the Spanish nominee. Cardinal Santorio, the Spanish candidate, had, upon paper, the necessary majority of two-thirds of the college. His election was apparently secure. His friends carried him in triumph from his cell to the Pauline Chapel to receive the adoration of the Cardinals. The conclavists plundered his cell. The Pope-elect graciously forgave all his enemies, and selected as his title that of Clement VIII. But his opponents, although in a minority, and apparently in a hopeless minority, detected at the last moment signs of weakness in the ranks of the victorious party, and meeting in the Sistine Chapel, one of the boldest of the Roman nobles, Cardinal Colonna, rose and, in a voice like Jove, declared, "God will not have Sanseverina, neither will Ascanio Colonna." These bold words of Colonna's turned the scale, and when the votes came to be counted, the Cardinal of Sanseverina, instead of having thirty-six votes, had only thirty, and Cardinal Aldobrandino, although only put up as a supernumerary candidate, became Pope, and to emphasize his victory over the Spaniard, took the title which Sanseveri-

na had proclaimed as his own—that of Clement VIII. It requires boldness and address to carry a candidate in the face of a veto and of a majority like this, but if the man is popular with the college, the wit of twenty Italians pitted against that of one generally ends in the defeat of the veto and majority alike.

The keenest struggles are those which take place when the college is divided against itself, and a resolute and politic minority of a third can, by an adroit use of the forms of election, contrive to secure the return of its candidate against the majority. But this of course presupposes division in the ranks of the majority, and even then sometimes, if the representative is to be carried, he must be carried by a stroke of generalship. Cervini's election was carried by a stroke of this kind. The suffrages of the college were divided almost equally between Caraffa, Ferrara, and Cervini; but Ferrara was obnoxious to the Imperial party, although in high favor with the French, and his friends believed that if the sittings could be prolonged four-and-twenty hours, his return might be secured. If Cervini, therefore, was to be carried, he must be carried at once, and carried by surprise; and his friends determined that he should not lose his chance for want of an effort. Two of them, Cardinal Madruzzi and Cardinal Caraffa, stole privately to Cervini's cell to prepare him for anything that might happen, and then, when the college was assembled, and the debate ran high and hot, Cardinal Crispo, one of the confederates, sprang to his feet, and with the exclamation, "Up, and let us be going; I for one will not rebel against the Holy Ghost!" led the way at the head of a crowd of Cardinals to Cervini's cell, hailed him as Pope, and carried him into the Pauline Chapel amid general cheering; for even his opponents, when they saw the game was over, joined in the cheering of his friends, and Cervini was hoisted into the papal chair as Marcellus II. This is what passes in Rome for election by inspiration. It is one of the recognised modes of selecting a Pope, and several have been selected in this way, Gregory VII., for instance, Clement VII., Paul III., Pius IV. and V., and Julius III. It is only fair, however, to add that, strictly, election by inspiration

requires that, spontaneously, without any kind of previous conference, all the electors in the college shall, of one accord, simultaneously proclaim the same individual; and perhaps it is not the fault of the Cardinals that what took place in the case of the Cardinal de' Medicis, and in the case of the Cardinal of Sta. Croce, is the nearest practical approximation to an impracticable theory.

Election by compromise is when after equally long and equally fruitless deliberation, the Cardinals agree to lay aside their own individual preferences, and to leave the nomination of the Pontiff to a Select Committee, or to one among themselves. Gregory X. is said to have been the first Pope elected by compromise, and this plan was adopted upon the suggestion of the famous Franciscan preacher, St. Bonaventura, to put an end to the scandals and inconveniences that arose from the long conclave held at Viterbo to choose a successor to Clement IV. in 1268. That is the longest conclave ever held. It was composed of eighteen Cardinals, and it sat for two years and nine months, and would probably have sat two years longer if the Viterbese had not stripped the palace of its roof, and left the electors at the mercy of the wind and weather. In the end a committee of six Cardinals was appointed to nominate a Pope, the rest agreeing to abide by their selection; and on the first of September, 1271, the choice of the six grand electors fell on Theobald Visconti, Archdeacon of Liège, a man outside the college; and to him the Church owes the rules and regulations by which conclaves have since been governed. Clement V., in 1304, was elected by compromise, and Adrian VI. was put into the chair not because any one particularly wished to see him there—for the Cardinals, it is said, were well-nigh dead with fear when they found they had made a Dutchman Pope—but because they could not agree as to which of themselves ought to be Pope. "My Lords," said Cardinal de' Medici, rising to put an end to a quarrel which seemed fatal to the interests of his house, "I see that none of us who are here met can be Pope. I have proposed three or four to you, and you have rejected them; I, on the other hand, cannot accept of the person proposed by you. We must look

about for some one who is not present here. Take the Cardinal of Tortosa, a worthy man, advanced in life, and held in universal repute for sanctity." Hardly any one in the College knew this Cardinal of Tortosa; but they were all probably caught by the assurance that he was well advanced in life—always an interesting point with the College.

Adrian of Utrecht thus became Pope Adrian VI. And this consideration of age is said to have been the principal reason weighing with the College when Sixtus V. was made Pope. He, like Adrian, was well advanced in years, and his tottering gait, his crutch, his hollow cough, his feeble voice, and his weird eyes apparently gave all the assurance ambitious Cardinals could desire to have, that Cardinal Montalto, if elected, would not long stand in their way. But the instant Montalto found himself head of the College, he dashed away his crutch, drew himself up to his full height, and thundered out a *Te Deum* which made the Cardinals tremble at the miracle they had wrought by their votes. "While I was Cardinal," said the Pope, offering his cheek to Cardinal de' Medici for the first kiss, "my eyes were fixed upon earth, that I might find the keys of Heaven. Now I have found them, I look to Heaven, for I have nothing more to seek on earth." His crutch, his cough, and his ghastly look had all been assumed to throw the College off its guard in placing the triple crown upon his brows; but Sixtus V. vindicated his election by his vigorous and successful administration of the affairs of the Church. There is a tradition that John XXII. owed his seat in the papal chair to his wit in turning the divisions of the college to his own account. He proposed that the Cardinals should leave the nomination in his hands as a perfectly impartial person; and when this was done he nominated himself with all the impartiality that a man could be expected to exercise under the circumstances. The college at once put a check upon this sort of impartiality for the future; but Pius IV. nearly lost his election by a similar manoeuvre on the part of the conclave in attendance on Cardinal Cueva. This man secretly canvassed most of the Cardinals the night before the election, and asked them, as a personal compli-

ment to his master, to give him one vote. There was not the slightest chance, the conclavist said, of Cardinal Cueva's return; but one vote in his favor would be a gratifying distinction for him to recollect, and one vote taken from Pius would not be missed. In this way, Torres, by his address, secured for his master the promise of thirty-two votes out of the thirty-four in conclave, and the trick would have been successful, if one of the Cardinals had not happened to ask his neighbor for whom he was voting, and thus discovered that, like himself, he was about to pay a compliment to Cardinal Cueva at Torres's suggestion. Cardinal Capo di Ferro at once rose and exposed the trick that had been played upon the conclave; and when the votes came to be counted, it was discovered that seventeen had already been given for Cueva, and that in a few minutes more he would have been Pope to his own surprise, as well as to that of the college.

These are a few of the tricks that have been tried to secure the return of a Pope. Perhaps quite as many have been tried to keep men out of the Papacy. But most of these tricks turn upon the use of the veto, and the veto has hardly ever been used against a favorite candidate except to be defeated by some subtle device. In 1829 the names of three Cardinals came out of the urn—Capellari with twelve votes, Gregory with twenty, and Castiglione with thirty-five; and these numbers seemed to be so decisively in favor of Castiglione, that a vote by access was taken at once to complete the work of the conclave. But two of the opposing Cardinals, wishing to defeat Castiglione, dropped votes into the second ballot with mottoes that did not correspond with those on their original votes, and thus vitiated the ballot for the day. But it was only for the day; for Castiglione was returned the next morning by a majority that placed the legality of his election beyond doubt. Urban VIII. was kept in suspense for twenty-four hours by a similar device of the enemy. He polled a majority of the college, and was about to be declared Pope when the scrutators discovered that one of the votes was missing, and it is necessary to the validity of an election that all the electors in the college shall

lodge their votes. One of the Cardinals had slipped the vote up his sleeve! But in this case, as in the case of Pius VIII., the ballot was taken afresh, and the legality of the return placed above suspicion or criticism.

It is said in Rome that there are three roads to the Vatican, that of the Coronari, or Rosary-makers, that of the Silversmiths, and the Long Street; and of course when laymen attain the highest dignity of the papacy, they attain it, as Adrian V. did, because the Cardinals cannot agree upon one of themselves. The Pope has now for many generations been taken from the ranks of the Cardinalate; but canonically there is no restriction of this kind upon the choice of the electors. It is a restriction that rests upon nothing more than custom, for under the canon law, a layman is as eligible as a priest to sit in St. Peter's chair, and two laymen at least have sat in that chair—John XIX. and Adrian V. The case of Adrian V. is a sort of test case, proving that the mere act of election invests a Pope with all the virtues and authority needed for the exercise of the prerogatives of the papacy. He reigned only twenty-nine days, and he died before he had taken orders; but in those twenty-nine days he promulgated decrees, revising the whole system of papal elections, and those decrees were for two or three generations the law of the Church. Urban VI. is the last priest below the rank of a Cardinal who has sat in the papal chair, and he at the time of his election was Archbishop of Bori. But in the conclave which sat in 1758, several votes were put into the chalice in favor of the ex-General of the Capuchins, Barberini, although at the time he was not in the sacred college, and the rule of the Church is understood to be that any one not under canonical impediment, and whether in orders or not, a Cardinal or a sub-deacon, is eligible for the chair of St. Peter. There have been several widowed Popes, at least one Pope with a wife, Popes with sons, Popes with daughters, Popes with mistresses, Popes with illegitimate children, Popes of illegitimate birth themselves. In one instance a father and son have sat in the papal chair in succession, and the father has since been placed in the Kalendar as St. Hormisdas. His son was Pope Silverius. But that, I believe,

is the only instance of the kind on record, although three or four of the Popes have had sons in the ranks of the Cardinalate, and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, in their recently-published *Life of Titian*, notice a curious spectacle in Venice, where, in the time of the Borgia, the son of a Pope, married to a Princess of Navarre, acted as legate *à latere* to his father, and, after high mass, in the robes of a Cardinal offered plenary indulgence to the Venetian people to join in a crusade against the Turks.

It would be throwing away a sentence to speculate on the prospects of this or that Cardinal occupying the chair of St. Peter when the fisherman's ring has been taken from the finger of Pio Nono, and broken in pursuance of the custom which has prevailed from remote antiquity; but it may be worth while to add that it is in the power of the Pope, with the concurrence of the Cardinals, to alter the mode of election in any way that may be deemed necessary in the interests of the Church, to shorten the usual nine days' notice, or to transfer the conclave from Rome to Malta, Avignon, or Paris. There is nothing sacred in the rules and regulations of Gregory, except so far as they are convenient and suited to the circumstances of the Church and of the time. They have been modified and altered time after time, and may of course be modified and altered again. Gregory IX., by a stroke of his pen, suspended every existing regulation on the subject of papal elections, set the Cardinals free from the observance of any obligations they might have sworn to in accordance with prescription, and specially empowered them not merely to meet for election on his decease, whenever it might seem convenient, but to nominate by simple majority. This memorable exercise of papal authority, constituting a true *coup d'état*, stands justified, as Mr. Cartwright says in his interesting work on *Papal Conclaves*, by the approving voice of all ecclesiastical authorities, who have accepted it without one observation conveying an insinuation of usurpation against the Pope for doing what he did on this occasion. He dealt with a special emergency, as the Council of Constance did, by the application of measures drawn from the inspiration of the moment, and fashioned without slavish

deference for precedent, and in both cases the result proved the wisdom of such bold action. A more recent and far more pointed precedent for an instrument such as Pius IX. has been supposed to have secretly made, is furnished in certain provisions taken by Pius VI. to secure the free election of a successor when he found himself exposed to personal violence at the hands of the French Republicans; and Mr. Cartwright adds, on the authority of one who was admitted to Gregory XVI.'s especial confidence, that His Holiness left behind him a document, under his own hand, empowering the Cardinals to proceed to an immediate election on his demise if they saw danger to the free action of conclave in observance of the traditional formalities.

Of course what has been done may be done again, and probably will be done; but the contest will arise this time, if it arises at all, between the civil and the ecclesiastical power, and that contest will turn upon the right of the Imperial Powers to a veto upon the choice of a Pope, if the Pope is to be recognised by the Roman Catholic Powers. This veto is supposed to represent, and does, I believe, represent, the ancient right of the Roman Emperors at Constantinople to be consulted in the election of the Patriarch of the Tiber, because the Pope in primitive times was elected partly by the people and partly by the priesthood of Rome, and till the time of Charlemagne his appointment was not complete till it had been confirmed by the Imperial Power on the Bosphorus. When Charles received from the people of Rome, through the hands of the Patriarch, the crown of the world, he received it in the sandals and chlamys of a Roman noble, and received with it all the rights of the ancient emperors; and this right of veto upon the nomination of the Pope was one of them. The popular mode of election continued till the time of Hildebrand, and the existing constitution of the papacy is his work. It was at his suggestion that the College of Cardinals was erected into an ecclesiastical senate, and that all the electoral rights of the people and priesthood were transferred into their hands. But even Hildebrand had not the audacity to override the rights of the sovereign who had deposed

three Popes, placed St. Peter's ring on his own finger, filled the Papal throne time after time with his own nominees, and compelled Roman deputies to appear at his court, just like ambassadors from other bishoprics, in order to have a successor named to them by imperial authority; and accordingly the Bull decreeing that the election of Popes should in future be held to appertain to the Cardinal Bishops who officiate for the Metropolitan and to the Cardinal clerks, "and that the remainder of the clergy and people tender but their acquiescence in the election," contains a proviso "saving the honor and reverence due to our beloved son Henry, at present king, and who, with God's favor, it is to be hoped will become emperor, as likewise to his successors, who may have personally acquired this right from the Apostolical See." This is the historical foundation of the Veto, or at least the only foundation that I have been able to trace in the published works upon the conclave; and on the principle upon which Henry III. exercised his veto, the Kaiser of to-day will, I presume, claim to exercise a veto too, or to interdict communion between the prelates of Germany and the Bishop of Rome. Of course, if the Kaiser is allowed a veto, the King of

Italy will claim one too, as a Roman Imperium once more resident in Rome, and if that claim is allowed, the independence and freedom of the Cardinals will be as much a figure of speech as the independence of the Pope or of the Porte.

The papacy seeing this, is, it is said, preparing in the coming conclave to ignore the vetos all round, and to appeal to the Catholic powers to defend the See of St. Peter if Germany or Italy challenges the election of the Pope. Prince Bismarck, in a circular note sent out in the spring of 1872, pointed out to the Powers of Europe, that since the Pope claims to be the infallible head of the Church, it is necessary for the states which recognise the Pope to examine for themselves into his person and his election, and in order to do this the Prince contends that the chief Powers of Europe should be invested with some control over the legitimacy of the election, to the extent of deciding whether the elected Pope should be admitted to exercise even his purely ecclesiastical rights. That question was raised again in 1875, and it is likely to be raised once more, and to be raised in a very distinct and perplexing form, when Pio Nono has "run his course and sleeps in blessings."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

LIFE AT BUCHAREST.

BUCHAREST, the metropolis of Roumania, is situated in the centre of the great Wallachian plain, and about forty miles to the north of the Danube. It is a city of comparatively recent date, Tergovisti, a town lying near the Carpathians, having been the capital in former days. The origin of the name—in the national tongue, *Bucuresti*—is doubtful, though it is usually considered to signify "the city of pleasure." Foreigners, sighing after the regular and well-kept streets of their native lands, are often tempted to suggest another and less complimentary etymology in the phrase, "*Boue qui reste*." As is generally the case in similar questions, both parties have much of truth on their side; for the city, no cleaner than its Oriental neighbors, is still remarkably gay at certain seasons of the year, and is inhabited by as happy and contented a folk as any in Europe.

As might be expected, Bucharest has but little to offer to the attention of the antiquary; one or two churches, scarcely mediæval, and a round tower called the "Coltza," said to have been erected by the soldiers of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, after the disastrous defeat at Pultawa, being almost the sole objects of interest.

The city is environed on nearly every side by low hills, which afford it some shelter from the piercing blasts of December and January that sweep down upon it from the frozen Russian steppes and from the lofty Carpathian range. Its appearance, when looked down upon from the summit of one of these hills, is striking, particularly in the month of May, when the trees and bushes in its myriad gardens are putting forth their luxuriant foliage. The sun's rays dance and play upon innumerable roofs which, covered

with white metal plates, reflect them back like the helmets of an army of horse. The round domes of the churches—there are about two hundred here, and every church has two domes—plated like the roofs of the houses, tower amongst them, and inspire the beholder with feelings of wonder and admiration.

But it is here, as with Constantinople, a nearer view is not quite so pleasing. The roads are miserably paved with round stones, where anything of the kind has been attempted; and, as they slant towards the middle of the pavement, an ample gutter is always provided, of which the neighbors are not slow to avail themselves. It is only during the summer months that they may be traversed with anything approaching to comfort, the winter mud and snow rendering them often totally impassable. The houses of the lower orders, though tight enough and fully competent to ward off the rigors of the frosty season, are badly looked after, and their proximity to the mansions of the rich boyards makes their unsightliness still more offensive, through the excessive contrast.

With the exception of those houses purposely intended to be used as shops in a few of the central and more frequented streets, the houses are all detached, lying in a strip of ground, which contains, in the case of the wealthy, courtyard, gardens, stables, and servants' lodgings. Indeed, Bucharest is nothing more than an accumulation of villages grouped each round its own church, from which the spot takes its name. The dwelling-houses are usually one-storeyed, as space is of little importance and earthquakes are not infrequent. Those of the more notable inhabitants are large, and possess sometimes as many as ten *salons* opening one into the other. They are splendidly furnished, everything being at hand that the most fastidious could desire, with only a bathroom, perhaps, conspicuous by its absence. The walls are solid and enormously thick, as they have a double duty to serve, that of shutting out excessive heat and the most biting cold. For Nature favors the inhabitants of the Principalities with an Italian summer and a Russian winter. It is a climate of extremes. After enduring four or five months of the most severe frost, the victim of Arctic snows awakes one morning

to the fact that the sun's heat is beginning to make itself felt. The change is sudden, and anything but agreeable. But this state of things may be tolerated until the first days of June, when no one who can possibly get away will remain in the country. The summers at Bucharest are peculiar—very dry, with but little wind; the nights as close as the days. There is not the frequent change of temperature that is observable at Constantinople, and the climate of Bucharest, if as healthy (which we much doubt), is far less delectable than that of the seven-hilled Queen of the Bosphorus.

The town is amply provided with promenades, parks, and public gardens. The "Chaussée," the grand promenade, lies to the north, and is the beginning of the road leading to the Carpathians, which, though about eighty miles distant, may be distinctly seen therefrom. Day after day magnificent equipages and beautifully appointed sledges, filled with hosts of well-dressed people, may be noticed at different hours, according to the time of the year, coursing up and down, or remaining stationary in lines beneath the rows of trees by which the road is bordered. Driving is indeed the favorite amusement of the townspeople, and many a gallant four-in-hand drag and light mail phaeton, conducted by some dashing officer in the red uniform of the Rouman cavalry, lend a new animation to the scene. Here, too, many a distinguished beauty, in all the bravery of velvets, satins, and lace, deigns to display her peerless charms before the glittering throng. This one, reclining so gracefully in yonder coroneted carriage drawn by those thoroughbred Hungarian bays, which the well-moustached coachman, in picturesque velvet costume relieved by a crimson sash, controls with so much ease, is perhaps the heiress to a name renowned in the annals of the later Greek Empire. That one, mounted on the superb Arab, has perhaps only recently left her home in Moldavia, to settle in the Wallachian capital, to which so many of her fellow-countrymen, though at first somewhat jealous and unwilling, have by degrees found themselves attracted.

This travelling-carriage, the postillions in full dress, is occupied by some country boyard. That enormous dark-blue vehicle, behind which the white plumes

of the *chasseur* are visible, is tenanted by the Prince and Princess themselves; he, dark and handsome, and remarkable for his quiet demeanor; she, fair and blushing, with a smile for every salutation, and the amiability of her disposition evident in every line of her countenance.

There, too, may be seen the young student fresh from Paris; the German tradesman with his *Frau*, gorgeous in ribbons of divers colors; the representative of many a foreign sovereign; the charming *prima donna* who is at this moment the most popular personage in the town. This is the place for rendezvous, of all others; and even the stranger who has but a day to devote to Bucharest should not neglect to visit it.

Opening on the "Chaussée" is the "Podo Mogosoi," a long, rather narrow street, but one by no means to be despised, for it is the most frequented of all, and possesses the best shops and, with a few exceptions, the finest of the public edifices. It takes its name from one of the river-bridges.

In it is the Theatre, a grand building, and one of the most spacious and comfortable in Europe. It is devoted during the winter to the opera, which is always well attended, the boxes being retained by subscription, and the pit-stalls let on very moderate terms. The Roumans are ardent lovers of music. Many of the ladies are splendid pianistes, and give concerts for the benefit of the poor, which would make the fortune of many a professional player.

The French theatre succeeds to the opera. It is also much patronised, as every one with the smallest pretensions to education is well acquainted with the language, and as the manager thoroughly understands the character of the audience and selects the pieces accordingly. The four Carnival *bals masqués* are much relished by the brilliant society of Bucharest. The ladies only wear dominos, the gentlemen being in evening dress. The boxes are well filled with spectators, who do not fail to remark what is going on in every nook and corner of the *parterre*. It is about midnight that the company begin to assemble, and from that hour until three o'clock in the morning the scene is at its best. Everywhere gaiety, flirtation, and intrigue.

There is a smaller theatre, or hall, devoted to the Wallachian stage and to the more ordinary *bals masqués*, which take place two or three times a week in the winter season. This theatre is visited by the less fashionable portion of the community.

The exterior of the Palace, which is situated in this street, is not imposing. It is a long straggling piece of masonry, lying sideways in the thoroughfare. It is faced by a little guardhouse, in which a company of infantry is always located, turning out to salute the princely family whenever it issues forth or returns to its abode. But, within, one is agreeably surprised, for the reception-rooms are vast, and are magnificently fitted up. The etiquette observed at the Court partakes rather of the stiff Prussian manner, but this may perhaps be modified some day, and give place to the easy graceful style of Rouman society.

The River Dumbovitzza, rising in the Carpathians, flows through the city, which it supplies with water. This is a narrow stream, very shallow during the summer months, indeed often not three feet deep in some spots. In the winter it is almost continually frozen over, and the ice must be broken daily to enable the water-carriers to replenish their *saca* or barrel. This barrel, mounted upon wheels, is drawn about the town from morning to night by a single horse, which is not seldom both blind and lame. The water is none of the cleanest, and must undergo a filtering process ere it can be rendered suitable even for washing purposes; yet it is drunk in its natural state by glassfuls at a time, and the inhabitants profess to prefer it to any other fluid, and are fond of repeating the proverb, "*Apa dulce Dumbovitzza*," and of recording instances of foreigners who, having tasted of the river and quitted Bucharest, were but too glad to return to it and to lay their bones by its grassy margin.

In the month of January every year the Dumbovitzza is blessed by the priests. The Prince assists at the ceremony, accompanied by his ministers, the principal functionaries of the municipal board, and many of the officers of the garrison. The ice is broken, sundry fanatics precipitate themselves into the water; any Jew who may be lingering in the neigh-

borhood being seized and, *volens volens*, forced to follow their pious example. Much waste of gunpowder crowns the whole, and the river is left to its fate, and to its grateful duty of poisoning the city till the return of its annual festival. It is extraordinary that nothing should hitherto have been done towards supplying with wholesome water a town where typhus and diphtheria ride rampant, and where fevers are as common as blackberries in autumn, and thus remedying the evil to a certain extent. The amount of water imbibed by many persons in the twenty-four hours is almost fabulous; from twelve to twenty glasses being a not exaggerated average. We have counted five large tumblerfuls of muddy liquid poured down a single throat in the brief space of fifteen minutes! The men smoke almost incessantly, and the hot Turkish tobacco dries and scorches the mouth so unpleasantly that the victim is compelled to moisten his lips again and again.

The favorite refreshment of the Roumans is 'the *dulchatza*, a species of preserve made from fruit or roses. This is served in a small saucer, and, followed by a glass of good iced water, is very agreeable on a warm day, though never out of fashion, even in the depth of winter. Many a man who has been two or three hours exposed to the icy winds in a little sledging expedition through the town and on the *Chaussée* will enter a *café* and order this simple fare, when an Englishman or a Frenchman would need his two or three glasses of hot grog to restore circulation. This excessive temperance may, indeed, be carried too far; yet it is to be regretted that strangers do not dispense with some of their old habits when settling in the East.

Wines, like sherry and port, and strong spirits, are most prejudicial to the health, and should be strictly avoided. Light wines, on the other hand, and wholesome beer may be taken with impunity, though people should be careful in ascertaining that they are pure beverages. Indeed, a proper use of wine is beneficial, even in the East, whatever may be said to the contrary by those whose experience has run rather in the direction of the intemperate few.

Bucharest possesses, likewise, a fine edifice on the grand boulevard, dedicated

to its university, its museum, and one of its parliamentary chambers. The university is in a rising condition, notwithstanding that the great boyards still prefer to send their sons abroad, to Paris, Vienna, Dresden, Geneva, and it is, perhaps, only natural that they should lay some stress on their receiving the same training that they themselves have undergone, and that they should properly appreciate the value of a superior civilisation. Still everything is now improving, both at Bucharest and in the other towns of Rumania, and it is highly probable that the university will prove itself, ere many years have sped by, thoroughly competent to satisfy every ambitious desire. There can be no doubt but that much good would accrue from the union of the young men of all the better classes of society in the pursuit of knowledge, and that much would thereby be gained towards cementing the growing feelings of good-will and patriotism by which they are animated.

It may not be out of place here to mention the generally thriving condition of education at Bucharest. The town abounds in large and well-managed schools for the youth of all ranks. There are French and German schools for young ladies, where many languages are studied and practised with a zeal too seldom to be found in this more favored land. Almost every respectable Rouman living at Bucharest can make himself understood both in French and German. Amongst the upper orders of society these languages are thoroughly learned, and Italian and English are frequently added to the course. Indeed, nearly every one belonging to the patrician class knows something of our tongue; and there are men who read the *Times* daily, and whose acquaintance with our best authors would put not a few of our fellow-countrymen to shame. Thirty years ago modern Greek was exclusively spoken at court and in society. Now French has superseded it, and is cultivated by people of education, who speak and write it more correctly than their own Rouman. But all who have any leisure (and who has not in this Oriental city?) are great readers, and display much energy in the acquirement of languages. Young men even, employed during the day, will devote three evenings

in the week to arduous study with their masters.

The Rouman is a branch of the Romance family, comprising the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages. The groundwork is exclusively Latin, as that of the English is Saxon, but, like our own tongue, it has been enriched with many words derived from foreign sources. Numerous words of Slavonic, Turkish, and Greek origin may be found, not to mention others derived or adapted from the French. It is much to be lamented that, through the constant usage of French, and a certain affectation common to those young men educated at Paris, a great inclination for French words and expressions has by degrees crept into their speech, and so much has this increased of late that these on many occasions actually supersede the original ones, without any advantage to the sentence, and, necessarily, have a tendency to weaken the national tongue. A Wallachian, even of the lowest class, will generally say, *Bon soir, monsieur*, instead of the phrase which should be more familiar to him. And it is amusing to listen sometimes to the painful efforts of two youths, not over-well educated, striving to sustain a conversation in the fashionable language, of which they comprehend but little, when they, unhappy victims of *la mode*, would be far more comfortable on their native ground.

The Rouman language is by no means inharmonious. It reminds the stranger of the Italian bereft of some of its sweetness. The peasantry speak it in its greatest purity, and have preserved original words and phrases, which have long ago died out in the more peopled districts, to which foreigners have had more ready access. These poor unpolished men pay great attention to grammar, and rarely offend the ear by mistakes in concord or gender. Indeed, they can hold their own in this respect with any peasantry in Europe, and, if the tongue is ever to be studied and revived, and used as an organ of literature, it will be to them that the author must turn if he would acquire correctness and vigor of style.

Singularly blessed as Bucharest is in the matter of education, it is also rich in charitable and religious endowments. It possesses several large hospitals splen-

didly built and established, and attended by efficient staffs, composed of some of the first physicians and surgeons in the East. These are open to all comers without distinction of creed or nationality. They are most commodious, and the wards are well cared for. There are about a hundred medical men in the town, some of them being of the highest rank in their profession, and it is from among them that the private Court physicians are chosen.

There are a number of Greek churches at Bucharest. To each church a yard is attached, in which are a few graves, and on the skirts of which the priests' dwellings are located. These consist of low cottages adjoining one another, and occupied by the priests, their wives and families. According to the Greek rule, every man who takes priests' orders must be married, but, should his wife die before him, he is not permitted to wed a second. If a priest lose his wife, he may hope to console himself with a bishopric, the bishops being chosen from among the widower priests. If a man prefer celibacy and would enter the service of the Church, he must become a monk; there is no means of his being received into the priesthood if he remains a bachelor.

The priests here lead peaceful regular lives, and, like the curates in our own country, almost invariably have large families. Still, though their *ménage* is remarkable for no ostentation, they are always comfortably off, and have wherewith to procure for their children a decent position in the world. There are, unhappily, many ignorant men amongst them, for they belong, almost without exception, to the plebeian order; and it is to be regretted that this is the case, as their influence on the aristocracy must necessarily be very limited. Several of them are attached to each church. Their duties are the reverse of onerous, and much of their time is spent in sitting about their churchyards, with their hands crossed over their long sticks, engaged in conversation with some loungers like themselves.

The churches are usually small. They are not divided into aisles or chancels, and are not pewed. On entering the western door one advances into a lofty hall, if it may be so termed. The altar

is, of course, at the opposite end, and, in some of the principal churches at least, is very beautiful. There are pictures on the walls, along which low seats are ranged. The congregation always stands, only a few of the women sitting, or rather crouching, upon these seats. The exteriors of the churches are adorned with paintings depicting the patron and other saints.

The services are not particularly impressive. They are chanted in a droning lazy voice by the priests, in the same style as those of the Jews and Mohammedans. No instrumental music is allowed, and the voices of the choristers strike harshly, and often with something of dissonance, on the ear. The reliques of the saints—and their name is legion—are scrupulously guarded in the churches, and the worship of many appears to be confined to their adoration and to that of the pictures and grand crucifix. For, where superstition is concerned, this Church is not one whit behind, but rather far in advance of, her sister of Rome. Both priests and people are more ignorant, more fanatical than the mass of the Roman Catholics. Amongst the uneducated folk there are many who can enumerate all the saints in the calendar, and garnish their list with many a legend and anecdote; yet, where it is a simple question of Bible knowledge, they inevitably show themselves to be almost totally unacquainted with the same. Saint Demetrius is the grand saint, and his bones are promenaded through highways and byways, escorted by a host of priests, and by a goodly company of the faithful, whenever that fickle element, rain, shows itself too coy or too lavish of its sweets.

There are two Roman Catholic churches at Bucharest, and a convent, founded, curiously enough, by some English ladies, and called to this day *Le Couvent des Dames Anglaises*. The services in this city are more gorgeous than those in our own country, probably in deference to Oriental taste. The German Protestants have a Lutheran church, which the Princess of Roumania frequents; and near it stands a Calvinist church, for the benefit of the Hungarian population. Two large Jewish synagogues may also be seen, one with the

Spanish ritual, the other with the German.

The Roman Catholics at Bucharest naturally adhere to the New Style of reckoning time; but the German Protestants have adopted the Old Style, thus observing feast and fast on precisely the same days as the Greeks. They probably dread the double loss which they would sustain were they to close their shops on both sets of days.

It is curious to notice how trades hang together here. Men of the same trade will occupy twenty shops standing side by side, and the little community are always on the best of terms with one another. There are two reasons for this state of things. A trade or calling is generally followed by men of the same nation, often of the same city. These naturally take an interest in each other, and join company for their mutual welfare and in order to protect themselves from the attacks of strangers.

Then there is no possible ground for jealousy. Business prospers everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the Principalities; there is room for all and to spare. No man underbids his neighbor. Goods are dear, labor is expensive. Orders pour in, and the purchase is always paid for in ready money. This is the tradesman's paradise.

Whose is yonder chariot with the coronet blazoned on its brilliantly varnished panels; coachman and groom decked out in gilded liveries? These nodding plumes, these prancing steeds—whose are they? This handsome dame, this charming pair of vestals decked out in the last glories fresh from Paris—whose hearth do they light up with their beaming smiles? These are the family, these the studs, these the menials of that grocer whose shop-door is embellished with a signboard portrait of that famous Emperor Trajan, the star of whose memory will never pale so long as signboards survive. It is pleasant to note how this pretty custom has been retained. This shop flourishes beneath the sign of the White Cat; over this the Yellow Bear presides; yon glowing Angel guards this chemist's threshold.

Bucharest contains at the present day more than two hundred thousand inhabitants, a great proportion of whom are

strangers. There are, of course, Jews in plenty, as we all know—good Jews, bad Jews, indifferent and uninteresting Jews. There are German Jews, Polish Jews, Wallachian Jews, Spanish Jews. Most of the German tradesmen are Jews, and the majority of the Bucharest tradespeople are undoubtedly German. The Jews are the bankers of the country, the artisans, and were, till recently, almost the sole tobacco and spirit vendors. The Jews are rather an oppressed class in this country. Persecutions on a small scale have sometimes arisen, though their execution has been limited to a few amateurs, and has not spread to the mass of the soldiery or people; and nothing of the kind has occurred of late, spite of the terrific reports which penetrated to our own Imperial Parliament, reports of men and boys falling beneath the avenging sword, of women and girls shamefully misused. It was even stated that men, in hundreds, were saving themselves from certain death by swimming across the Danube to the opposite shore—an assertion too absurd to need refutation, there being probably, in the whole country, no Jew capable of performing such a feat. The real truth is this. The Rouman, so long trampled beneath the heel of the conqueror, has, not unnaturally, inherited a wholesome dislike and suspicion of strangers. Now, as the mass of the foreigners in Roumania are of Jewish origin, these of course come in for the lion's share of his enmity and mistrust. And here we declare, most emphatically and unequivocally, that religion has very little to do with this state of things.

If an English colony, no smaller than the present Jewish one, were planted in the country, a like spirit of dissatisfaction would be soon afloat. It is true that this same spirit is invariably more in the ascendant at the season of the great Passover festival. This we admit at once. But the simple reason is this. The deadly foes of the Jews delight in reviving that bugbear of the Middle Ages, the false report that Christian blood is drunk on that occasion. And it is not by the priests that the train is laid, not by the representatives of religion and piety, but rather by men connected with the extreme patriotic or republican party, by men whose minds would be uninflu-

enced by considerations, in their opinion, so puerile. The fact that the Jews remain a separate people, and do not intermarry or form any connection with the native population, may of course prevent an increase of cordiality, and conduce more or less to the maintenance of their unpopularity. But the Roumans are jealous of forming alliances as well with other foreigners, and of admitting them to free social intercourse with themselves.

An attack was made some time ago on the Prussian colonists at Bucharest, who were banqueting under the auspices of their consul in one of the great public halls of the city. The windows were smashed in and a free fight ensued. Other examples might be enumerated.

It would not be fair to judge the people too severely for this lack of good feeling towards foreigners. As time runs on, they will gradually forget the sufferings they have undergone, and study to discriminate between friend and foe. Let them learn hard incessant toil, and they will soon be in a position to dispense with any colonists whose presence in the land may be distasteful to them. Let the arts be cultivated, an improved system of agriculture introduced, let stern denial be diligently practised, and this fertile region, now rich in its sons, and blessed with a second freedom even more real and more sacred than the first, will respond tenfold to the hopes of its well-wishers—and it has many—and bear abundant fruit, not only for its own gain and profit, but for the regeneration of the nations by which it is surrounded.

There are also many Greeks in the country—descendants of those who came over with the Phanariote princes; or later settlers—merchants, bankers, and men of business. A great proportion of the Rouman aristocracy have Greek blood in their veins. The names of Cantacuzene, Paleologue, Ypsilanti, and Ghica are too celebrated to render any further remark necessary. As has before been noticed, Greek was till lately the fashionable language. It was the Russian officers who, during their occupation of the country, taught the natives to prefer French.

The French are the most popular of all the colonists. France is the land which, of all others, the Rouman most

admires. And this is the case, more or less, everywhere throughout the East. The Frenchman is always liked, whilst the German is usually detested in equal proportion.

During the late war many Rouman officers offered their services to the French government, and concerts and amateur theatricals were got up at the theatre for the raising of subscriptions on behalf of the prisoners and wounded. Roumania loves to call herself the younger sister of France.

The Roumans have done wisely in substituting French for Greek as an additional language. It enables them to converse and make themselves known in print to the peoples of civilised Europe. They are now great travellers, and visit the German baths and other places of fashionable resort every year, thereby learning and noting much, and interesting foreigners in themselves and their land.

The Armenians have a quarter in Bucharest, with a church where the services are performed according to their ritual. There are also a few Russians in the city, who drive the cabs, which, by the way, are excellent, drawn by two horses, and to be had at the rate of two francs an hour. The cabs are open, and therefore somewhat inconvenient in bad weather, but, during the winter, they are replaced by sledges.

The Bulgarians work at the paving of the streets, as the gipsies, male and female, at housebuilding. The *tsigans*, or gipsies, are an interesting class in Eastern Europe. They were, till recently, enslaved; but their condition has greatly improved of late years. To their number belong the *lacutari*, or musicians, who may be found in every town and large village throughout the land. These men, though unable to read a note of music, can play by ear the most difficult and complicated *morceaux*. Their instruments are the fiddle, violin, pan-pipe, and a species of zither or guitar. They play in companies of from six to ten musicians, and display extraordinary skill and ability in the manipulation of their instruments. Their music is of the wildest nature, and must be heard again and again ere it can make any agreeable impression on the listener. But they do not confine themselves to their own com-

positions. They will reproduce the finest operatic music. Their children begin to learn as soon as they can hold a fiddle, and thus is retained an excellence of style and execution peculiar to these people.

The *tsigan* is still despised by the Wallachian, though he is often comfortably off, when he has settled down respectably. Still many of the *tsigans* are migratory, and live about the town in miniature camps with their children and pigs, and many line the great roads.

Bucharest teems with cafés. There are cafés for men of all nationalities, classes, and conditions. These are well provided with chess and backgammon boards, newspapers, card and billiard tables—the cannon game is exclusively played here—and some boast dining and supper rooms to boot. The men are very fond of lounging in the cafés, and are clever at all games of skill. They are great politicians, too, and will argue for hours upon the merits of governments, and the uses and abuses of this or that monopoly.

There are now three monopolies in the hands of the authorities—to wit, that of tobacco, of spirituous liquors, and of funerals. The price of tobacco is now excessive, and the monopoly is not popular with any class of the inhabitants, who pay very highly for an inferior article. Smuggling is of course carried on to a certain extent all along the Danube and over the Carpathians.

The monopoly of spirits was especially directed against the Jews, into whose hands the trade had chiefly fallen. By it ten thousand families were said to have been deprived of the means of subsistence.

The funeral monopoly ought to be profitable, as even the poorer folk pride themselves much on their taste in such matters. One can scarcely move out of doors of an afternoon without meeting several processions escorting the dead to their long homes. This is the funeral of a girl who died two days ago in all the bloom of youth and beauty. Two *gens-d'armes*, in full uniform and well mounted, clear a way for the long line. Ten of the girl's companions, attired in white muslin and wearing white wreaths, plod wearily along through mud and through mire. Cold they are, and splashed from

head to foot, yet they push bravely on. They are followed by a company of priests—the elder men in cabs, the younger on foot and humming a low chant. They are all attired in gorgeous robes, and every church they pass sends forth a sad mourning toll from its glittering belfry. The hearse comes next, adorned with gilded figures of angels, and drawn by four or six sable steeds. Men bearing torches walk on either side of it. The corpse reclines on a bier exposed to the public gaze. It is habited in white, and no pains have been spared to render its appearance as striking as possible. The hair is carefully braided, the pallid cheeks and lips are rouged, a rose-bud being perhaps laid on the latter. The sight is ghastly and painful in the extreme.

What a contrast between all this show and circumstance and the passive shrunken body in whose honor it is done, and which rolls from side to side with every motion of the hearse, jolting now over jagged stones, and anon tottering into some foul gutter! A full regimental band tramps behind, toiling painfully through some excruciating funeral march, and raising notes truly heartrending in their dreary melancholy. Their music may be heard far away, for their trumpets blare as though they would wake the dead. Sometimes the military band is replaced by a gipsy troop with their softer fiddles and pipes. The effect is then less distressing, for there is something solemn and soothing in the sweet refined tones of the poor *tsigan*. The carriages of the relatives and friends of the deceased close the procession. The mourners, the women particularly, usually make great demonstrations of grief, wailing, weeping, and shrieking, and occasionally striving to precipitate themselves from the vehicle. Amongst the women belonging to the poorer classes the scene is sometimes a little ludicrous, as they seem to consider it their bounden duty to raise an extra lugubrious howl the moment that any well-dressed person strikes upon their view.

Until lately the line of demarcation between noble and commoner was very strongly drawn. There was no middle class. But travel and the arrival and settling of strangers in Roumania have tended considerably to mitigate this state

of things, and there has arisen at Bucharest a kind of second society consisting of the foreign merchants and of the *petits boyards*, as they are named. Still, those composing the cream of society do not recognize this supplement, and both classes remain distinct and separate. The society of Bucharest embraces the descendants of former reigning princes, the great Wallachian boyards, the Moldavian nobility who have quitted Jassy and located themselves in the metropolis, the members of the various diplomatic corps stationed at Bucharest, and a few persons whose position in their own country has been ascertained, and who have lived long in the land.

The Wallachian aristocracy are on the most intimate terms with each other, being linked together by marriage and often by the hereditary alliance of centuries. They are most exclusive, and till recently would have nothing to say to any one exercising any profession whatever. There is a certain amount of jealousy and rivalry existing between them and those Moldavians whom the union of the two provinces and the constant sitting of the Parliament at Bucharest have brought to that city. The Moldavians meet at their own houses, the Wallachians at theirs, and foreigners can have no possible cause for complaint so long as these people practise exclusiveness even among themselves.

But the Roumans are not without thought for their dependents, in whose welfare they often greatly interest themselves. The gentlemen are well acquainted with their farmers and peasants, their treatment of these being almost patriarchal. And the ladies are not too delicate to mix with the country girls. Some will even join the merry Sunday evening dance, that may be observed on nearly every village green during the summer and autumn months.

There is a polite respectful air about the plebeian Rouman, which contrasts most agreeably with the uncouth roughness of the lower classes in some more civilised lands. One can immediately perceive that he has been kept under proper control, and has not been caressed and fooled till he no longer knows his right place in the world. He has probably never heard those sublime theories relating to the rights of man, or the effi-

cacy of chronic drunkenness and strikes. Yet his condition is not unenviable. He receives a fair wage for a fair day's work, and, if thrifty and frugal, may lay money by and prosper in his generation. His wants are few and inexpensive. There are public institutions in plenty to help him should he fall ill, and there is no lack of charitable spirits when the winter is unusually protracted or the maize-crop has failed. The very beggar in the streets—and there are not a few of them here—must realise a comfortable income, since none, boyard or priest, shopman or servant, will refuse a small copper coin to the poor and needy.

The Wallachian boyard lives in great style, and with much display. His house is large and commodious, and splendidly furnished. The ceilings here are beautifully painted. He has a host of servants and satellites attached to his mansion—two or three men-cooks, the same number of coachmen, valets, footmen, and maids in battalions. These, sometimes to the number of thirty or forty, all inhabit his house and courtyard, and in many cases the wives and children dwell with them. But the master is good-natured and generous, and makes no objection to a system which would exasperate any one else. He keeps open house, and has a dinner prepared for any friends who may present themselves. It is on record that as many as forty guests have sat down at a table to which none had been previously invited. This would test pretty severely the resources of most establishments, but it affects him not. His *cuisine* is of the most *recherché* order, in fact, a combination of whatever is most excellent in others. Here you have the very best of everything, a mingling of the Eastern and Western modes, that is most piquant. He has lived over and over again at the best hotels in every corner of Europe, and his taste and experience are perfect.

His horses are magnificent, and his stables probably contain some English thoroughbreds. He has his own particular carriages and coachmen, and his wife hers, quite distinct—a very convenient arrangement, it may be remarked, whereby much trouble and annoyance are avoided. For, in this country, woman certainly is in the fullest enjoyment of her rights and privileges, and, as is but

natural, seems determined to make the most of them. She has her own horses and servants, her own suite of apartments, and is thorough mistress of herself, all the livelong day. She may expend a fortune upon her toilette, indulge in any amount of flirtation, and, if she grow weary of her long-suffering husband, she is free to wed another whenever she may fancy so doing.

Divorce is not infrequent in this country, particularly amongst the upper classes of society. The Greek Church allows three divorces, and these are often accorded for the most trivial reasons, such as slight incompatibility of temper, extravagance on the part of the husband, and so forth.

But this passion for divorces seems to be abating a little, for the last generation of married couples live apparently on better terms with one another than the preceding.

It is scarcely a matter for wonder that marriages have not, as a rule, turned out very prosperously, seeing that they are arranged after so eccentric a method. When a girl arrives at a marriageable age, her sire fixes upon her a certain *dot* or dowry, the fame of which is diligently spread abroad by the friends of the family in question, as well as by the professional match-makers. This dowry must prove, in most cases, a most severe and unpleasant drain upon the paternal finances, as the daughter's happiness and worldly success depend in a great measure upon its magnitude. Thus a man blessed with three female olive-branches will not seldom bestow three-quarters of his fortune upon them, and exist contentedly on the remaining quarter. If he have sons, so much the worse for them; they must satisfy their glowing ambition with what they can get, and pay their court in turn to damsels possessed of a goodly heritage. Eligible youths present themselves as suitors for the hand of the fair candidate for Hymen's rites, and a list of their names and qualifications, if any, is handed to the lady, who makes her selection accordingly. Some of these ardent lovers may be personally unknown to her, nay, may even have never beheld those peerless charms by which they are so deeply smitten, yet she may choose one from among them notwithstanding. Of a truth, marriage

is here a lottery, if anywhere, as it always will be; more especially when those most concerned have had few or no opportunities of cultivating each other's acquaintance, and of forming some slight estimate of the merits of their future yoke-fellows.

Nor is duelling a dim shade of the past. It has not died a natural death, in this land at least. There are sometimes three or four duels a week during the Carnival, when balls and dissipation are at their climax. The pistol and the rapier are the usual weapons, for the sword seems to have been resigned to the ruder German by common consent. The results are not always serious, though there are some famous duels on record. The fair sex is naturally the root of this, as of other evils. An accidental stepping on a lady's train, a trifling error in the dance, a casual glance, innocent and unmeaning as a babe's, may sometimes lead to the gravest consequences.

The Church festivals are scrupulously observed at Bucharest, the shops being closed on all those that are more important. The feasts of Christmas and Easter are drawn out to three days, during which period nothing, not excepting bread and tobacco, can be bought.

The lower classes fast most strictly in Lent. Indeed, the year seems to be made up entirely of holidays and penitential days. Men are either feasting or fasting, a régime which does not conduce very greatly to health, and which, sooner or later, must tell on the constitution. This is the case likewise with the Russian peasantry, who are also much weakened thereby.

Visits are always paid 'on saints' days to all who bear the same name. Thus

on St. Demetrius' Day all the Demetriuses are called upon and congratulated. And this is not always easy work, seeing that some names are exceedingly popular with the natives.

Sunday and Thursday are the chief days for outings with the great mass of the inhabitants. They visit, shop, give evening parties, and see the play on these days. Ordinary people stay much at home on the other days and live in true Eastern style, making no toilette, but sitting about in a loose robe from morning till night, and smoking a multitude of Turkish cigarettes. As they will never stir out on foot, and must always be dressed most extravagantly, they probably discover that such expensive tastes cannot be satisfied every day in the week.

It is in the summer, when the aristocracy are abroad, that they most distinguish themselves. The suburb of Vacaresti contains certain mineral springs of which old and young, healthy and sickly, crowd alike to drink in the early dawn during the summer months. There are such displays of equipages and attire as must be seen to be imagined. Some of the fair ones will rise at two o'clock in the morning, and begin the pleasant task of adorning by candlelight, that they may be ready to start at five and take their part in the most pressing business of the day. A comedy, entitled 'The Waters of Vacaresti,' has been written by the great Wallachian actor, M. Milo, to satirise all these proceedings.

On a hot summer's evening the gardens are crowded with fair women walking up and down the paths in the ball-dresses they wore during the winter season.—*Temple Bar.*

YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BACK AGAIN AT THE CASTLE.

THE Squire went home after his game of ducks and drakes in the most curious, bewildered state of mind. The shock of all these recent events had affected him much more than any one was aware, and Randolph's visit and desire to make

sure about "family arrangements," had filled up the already almost overflowing measure of secret pain. It had momentarily recalled, like a stimulant too sharp and strong, not only his usual power of resistance, but a force of excitement strong enough to overwhelm the faculties which for the time it invigorated; and while he walked about his woods after

his first interview with his son, the Squire was on the edge of a catastrophe, his brain reeling, his strained powers on the verge of giving way. The encounter with little Nello on the lake side had exercised a curious arresting power upon the old and worn edifice of the mind which was just then tottering to its fall. It stopped this fall for the moment. The trembling old walls were not perhaps in a less dangerous state, but the wind that had threatened them dropped, and the building stood, shaken to its foundation, and at the mercy of the next blast, but yet so far safe—safe for the moment, and with all the semblance of calm about it. To leave metaphor, the Squire's mind was hushed and lulled by that encounter with the soft peacefulness of childhood, in the most curious, and to himself inexplicable way. Not, indeed, that he tried to explain. He was as unconscious of what was going on in himself as most of us are. He did not know that the various events which had shaken him had anything more than pain in them—he was unaware of the danger. Even Randolph's appearance and the thought of the discussions which must go on when his back was turned, as to the things that would happen after his death—he was not aware that there was more in them than an injury against which his whole spirit revolted. He did not know that this new annoyance had struck at the very stronghold of vitality, the little strength left to him. Which of us does know when the *coup-de-grace* is given? He only knew the hurt—the wound—and the forlorn stand he had made against it, and almost giddy lightness with which he had tried to himself to smile it down, and feel himself superior. Neither did he know what Nello had done for him. His meeting with the child was like the touch of something soft and healing upon a wound. The contact cooled and calmed his entire being. It seemed to put out of his mind all sense of wounding and injury. It did more; it took all distinctness at once from the moral and the physical landmarks round him. The harsher outlines of life grew blurred and dim, and instead of the bitter facts of the past, which he had so long determined to ignore, and the facts of the present which had so pushed themselves upon

him, the atmosphere fell all into a soft confusion. A kind of happiness stole over him. What had he to be happy about? yet he was so. Sometimes in our English summers there is a mist of heat in the air, confusing all the lines of the landscape as much as a fog in winter—in which the hills and lakes and sky are nothing but one dazzle and faint glory of suppressed light and warmth—light confusing but penetrating: warmth perhaps stifling to the young and active, but consolatory to those whose blood runs chill. This was the mental condition in which the Squire was. His troubles seemed to die away, though he had so many of them. Randolph, his middle-aged son, ceased to be an assailant and invader, and dropped into the dark like other troublesome things—not a son to be proud of, but one to put up with easily enough. John? he did not remember much about John; but he remembered very distinctly his old playfellow little Johnny, his little brother. "Eighteen months—only eighteen months between them:" he almost could hear the tone in which his mother said that long ago. If Johnny had lived he would have been—how old would he have been now? Johnny would have been seventy-five or so had he lived—but the Squire did not identify the number of years. There was eighteen months between them, that was all he could remember, and of that he sat and mused, often saying the words over to himself, with a soft dreamy smile upon his face. He was often not quite clear that it was not Johnny himself, little Johnny, with whom he had been playing on the water-side.

This change affected him in all things. He had never been so entirely amiable. When Randolph returned to the assault, the Squire would smile and make no reply. He was no longer either irritated or saddened by anything his son might say—indeed he did not take much notice of him one way or another, but would speak of the weather, or take up a book, smiling, when his son began. This was very bewildering to the family. Randolph, who was dull and self-important, was driven half-frantic by it, thinking that his father meant to insult him. But the Squire had no purpose of any kind, and Mary, who knew him better,

at last grew vaguely alarmed without knowing what she feared. He kept up all his old habits, took his walks as usual, dressed with his ordinary care—but did everything in a vague and hazy way, requiring to be recalled to himself, when anything important happened. When he was in his library, where he had read and written, and studied so much, the Squire arranged all his tools as usual, opened his book, even began to write his letters, putting the date—but did no more. Having accomplished that beginning, he would lean back in his chair and muse for hours together. It was not thinking even, but only musing; no subject abode with him in these long still hours, and not even any consistent thread of recollections. Shadows of the past came sailing—floating about him, that was all; very often only that soft, wandering thought about little Johnny, occupied all his faculties—. Eighteen months between them, no more! He rarely got beyond that fact, though he never could quite tell whether it was the little brother's face or another—his son's, or his son's son's—which floated through this mist of recollections. He was quite happy in the curious trance which had taken possession of him. He had no active personal feelings, except that of pleasure in the recollection and thought of little Johnny—a thought which pleased and amused, and touched his heart. All anger and harm went out of the old man, he spoke softly when he spoke at all, and suffered himself to be disturbed as he never would have done before. Indeed he was far too gentle and good to be natural. The servants talked of his condition with dismay, yet with that agreeable anticipation of something new, which makes even a "death in the house" more or less desirable. "Th' owd Squire's not long for this world," the cook and Tom Gardiner said to each other. As for Eastwood, he shook his head with mournful importance. "I give you my word, I might drop a trayful of things at his side, and he wouldn't take no notice," the man said, almost tearfully, "it's clean again nature that is." And the other servants shook their heads, and said in their turn that they didn't like the looks of him, and that certainly the Squire was not long for this world.

The same event of Randolph's visit had produced other results almost as remarkable. It had turned little Liliass all at once into the slim semblance of a woman, grown-up, and full of thoughts. It is perhaps too much to say that she had grown in outward appearance as suddenly as she had done in mind; but it is no unusual thing in the calmest domestic quiet, where no commotion is, nor fierce, sudden heat of excitement to quicken a tardy growth, that the elder members of a family should wake up all in a moment to notice how a child has grown. She had perhaps been springing up gradually; but now in a moment every one perceived; and the moment was coincident with that in which Liliass heard with unspeakable wrath, horror, shame, pity, and indignation, her father's story—that he would be put in prison if he came back; that he dared not come back; that he might be—executed. (Liliass would not permit even her thoughts to say hanged—most ignominious of all endings—though Miss Brown had not hesitated to employ the word.) This suggestion had struck into her soul like a fiery arrow. The guilt suggested might have impressed her imagination also; but the horrible reality of the penalty had gone through and through the child. All the wonderful enterprises she had planned on the moment are past our telling. She would go to the Queen and get his pardon. She would go to the old woman on the hills and find out everything. Ah! what would she not do? And then had come the weary pilgrimage which Geoff had intercepted; and now the ache of pity and terror had yielded to that spell of suspense which, more than anything else, takes the soul out of itself. What had come to the child? Miss Brown said; and all the maids and Martuccia watched her without saying anything. Miss Brown, who had been the teller of the story, did not identify its connection with this result. She said, and all the female household said, that if Miss Lily had been a little older, they knew what they would have thought. And the only woman in the house who took no notice was Mary—herself so full of anxieties that her mind had little leisure for speculation. She said, yes, Liliass had grown; yes, she was changing. But what time had she to consider Liliass'

looks in detail? Randolph was Mary's special cross; he was always about, always in her way, making her father uncomfortable, talking at the children. Mary felt herself hustled about from place to place, wearied and worried and kept in perpetual commotion. She would not look into the causes of the Squire's strange looks and ways; she could not give her attention to the children; she could scarcely even do her business, into which Randolph would fain have found his way, while her all-investigating brother was close by. Would he but go away and leave the harassed household in peace!

But Randolph for his part was not desirous of going away. He could not go away, he represented to himself, without coming to some understanding with his father, though that understanding seemed as far off as ever. So he remained from day to day, acting as a special irritant to the whole household. He had nothing to do, and consequently he roamed about the garden, pointing out to the gardener a great many imperfections in his work; and about the stables, driving well-nigh out of his wits the steady-going, respectable groom, who now-a-days had things very much his own way. He found fault with the wine, making himself obnoxious to Eastwood, and with the made dishes, exasperating Cook. Indeed there was nothing disagreeable which this visitor did not do to set his father's house by the ears. Finally, sauntering into the drawing-room, where Mary sat, driven by him out of her favorite hall, where his comments offended her more than she could bear, he reached the climax of all previous exasperations by suddenly urging upon her the undeniable fact that Nello ought to go to school. "The boy," Randolph called him; nothing would have induced him to employ any pet name to a child, especially a foreign name like Nello—his virtue was of too severe an order to permit any such trifling. He burst out with this advice all at once. "You should send the boy to school; he ought to be at school. Old Pen's lessons are rubbish. The boy should be at school, Mary," he said. This sudden fulmination disturbed Mary beyond anything that had gone before, for it was quite just and true. "And I know a place—a nice, homely, good sort

of place, where he would be well taught and well taken care of," he added. "Why should not you get him ready at once? and I will place him there on my way home." This was, to do him justice, a sudden thought, not premeditated—an idea which had flashed into his mind since he began to speak, but which immediately gained attractiveness to him, when he saw the consternation in Mary's eyes.

"Oh, thank you, Randolph," she said, faintly. Had not Mr. Pen advised—had not she herself thought of asking her brother's advice, who was himself the father of a boy, and no doubt knew better about education than she did? "But," she added, faltering, "he could not be got ready in a moment; it would require a little time. I fear that it would not be possible, though it is so very kind."

"Possible? Oh, yes, easily possible, if you give your mind to it," cried Randolph; and he pointed out to her at great length the advantages of the plan, while Mary sat trembling, in spite of herself, feeling that her horror of the idea was unjustifiable, and that she would probably have no excuse for rejecting so reasonable and apparently kind a proposal. Was it kind? It seemed so on the outside; and how could she venture to impute bad motives to Randolph, when he offered to serve her? She did not know what reply to make; but her mind was thrown into sudden and most unreasonable agitation. She got up at last, agitated and tremulous, and explained that she was compelled to go out to visit some of her poor people. "I have not been in the village since you came," she said, breathless in her explanations; "and there are several who are ill; and I have something to say to Mr. Pen."

"Oh, yes, consult old Pen, of course," Randolph had said. "I would not deprive a lady of her usual spiritual adviser because she happens to be my sister. Of course you must talk it over with Pen." This assumption of her dependence upon poor Mr. Pen's advice galled Mary, who had by no means elected Mr. Pen to be her spiritual adviser. However, she would not stay to argue the question, but hurried away anxiously with a sense of escape. She had escaped for the mo-

ment; yet she had a painful sense in her mind that she could not always escape from Randolph. The proposal was sudden, but it was reasonable and kind—quite kind. It was the thing a good uncle ought to do; no one would but think better of Randolph that he was willing to take so much trouble. Randolph for his part felt that it was very kind; he had no other meaning in the original suggestion; but when he had thus once put it forth, a curious expansion of the idea came into his mind. Little Nello was a terrible bugbear to Randolph. He had long dwelt upon the thought that it was he who would succeed to Penninghame on his father's death—at first, perhaps, nominally on John's account. But there was very little chance that John would dare the dangers of a trial, and reappear again, to be arraigned for murder, of which crime Randolph had always simply and stolidly believed him guilty; and the younger brother had entertained no doubt that, sooner or later, the unquestioned inheritance would fall into his hands. But this child baffled all his plans. What could be done while he was there? though there was no proof who he was, and none that he was legitimate, or anything but a little impostor: certainly, he was as far from being a lawful and proper English heir—such as an old family like the Musgraves ought to have—such as his own boy would be, as could be supposed. But of course, the best that could be done for him was to send him to school. It was only of Nello that Randolph thought in this way. The little girl, though a more distinct individual, did not trouble him. She might be legitimate enough—another Mary, to whom, of course, Mary would leave her money—and there would be an end of it. Randolph did not believe, even if there had been no girl of John's, that Mary's money would ever come his way. She would alienate it rather, he felt sure—found a hospital for cats, or something of that description (for Mary was nothing but a typical old maid to Randolph, who regarded her as an unmarried woman, with much masculine and married contemptuousness), rather than let it come to his side of the family. So let that pass—let the girl pass; but for the boy! That little, small, baby-faced Nello

—a little nothing—a creature that might be crushed by a strong hand—a thing unprotected, unacknowledged, without either power or influence, or any one to care for him! how he stood in Randolph's way! But he did not at this moment mean him any harm; that is, no particular harm. The school he had suddenly thought of had nothing wrong in it; it was a school for the sons of poor clergymen, and people in "reduced circumstances." It would do Nello a great deal of good. It would clear his mind from any foolish notion of being the heir. And he would be out of the way, and once at school, there is no telling what may happen between the years of ten and twenty. But of one thing, Randolph was quite sure—that he meant no harm, no particular harm, to the boy.

When Mary left him in this hurried way, he strolled out, in search of something to amuse or employ the lingering afternoon. Tom Gardiner now gave him nothing but sullen answers, and the groom began to dash about pails of water, and make hideous noises as soon as he appeared, so that it did not consist with his dignity to have anything more to say to these functionaries; so that sheer absence of occupation, mingled with a sudden interest in the boy, on whose behalf he had thus been suddenly "led" to interfere, induced Randolph to look for the children. They were not in their favorite place at the door of the old hall, and he turned his steps instinctively to the side of the water, the natural attraction to everybody at Penninghame. When he came within sight of the little cove where the boats lay, he saw that it was occupied by the little group he sought. He went towards them with some eagerness, though not with any sense of interest or natural beauty such as would have moved most people. Nello was seated on the edge of the rocky step relieved against the blue water; Liliás placed higher up with the wind ruffling her brown curls, and the slant sunshine grazing her cheek. The boy had a book open on his knees, but was trying furtive ducks and drakes under cover of the lesson, except when Liliás recalled him to it, when he resumed his learning with much demonstration, saying it over under his breath with visibly moving lips. Liliás had got through her

own portion of study. Mr. Pen's lessons were not long or severe, and she had a girl's conscientiousness and quickness in learning. Her book was closed on her knee; her head turned a little towards that road which she watched with a long dreamy gaze, looking for some one; but some one very visionary and far away. Her pensive, abstracted look and pose, and the sudden growth and development which had so suddenly changed Liliás, seemed to have charmed the little girl out of childhood altogether. Was she looking already for the fairy prince, the visionary hero? And to say the truth, though she was still only a child, this was exactly what Liliás was doing. It was the knight-deliverer, the St. George who kills the dragon, the prince with shoes of swiftness and invisible coat, brought down to common life, and made familiar by being entitled "Mr. Geoff," for whom, with that kind of visionary childish anticipation which takes no note of possibilities, she was looking. Time and the world are at once vaster, and vaguer, and more narrow at her age, than at any other. He might come *now*, suddenly appearing at any moment; and Liliás could not but feel vaguely disappointed every moment that he did not appear. And yet there was no knowing when he would come, to-morrow, next year, she could not tell when. Meanwhile she kept her eyes fixed on the distance, watching for him. But Liliás was not thinking of herself in conjunction with "Mr. Geoff." She was much too young for love; no flutter of even possible sentiment disturbed the serenity of her soul. Nevertheless her mind was concentrated upon the young hero as entirely as the mind of any dreaming maiden could be. He was more than her hero; he was her representative, doing for her the work which perhaps Liliás was not old enough or strong enough to do. So other people, grown-up people, thought at least. And until he came she could do nothing, know nothing. Already, by this means, the child had taken up the burden of her womanhood. Her eyes "were busy in the distance shaping things, that made her heart beat quick." She was waiting-already, not for love to come, of which at her age she knew nothing; but for help to come which she would have

given her little life to bestow, but could not, her own hand being too slight and feeble to give help. This thought gave her a pang, while the expectation of help kept her in that woman's purgatory of suspense. Why could not she do it herself? but yet there was a certain sweetness in the expectation which was vague, and had not existed long enough to be tedious. And yet how long, how long it was since yesterday! From daylight to dusk, even in August, what a world of time. Every one of these slow, big round hours, floated by Liliás like clouds when there is no wind, moving imperceptibly; great globes of time never to be done with. Her heart gave a throb whenever anyone appeared. But it was Tom Gardiner, it was Mr. Pen, it was some one from the village, it was never Mr. Geoff; and finally here was some one quite antagonistic, the enemy in person, the stranger whom people called Uncle Randolph. Liliás gave her little brother a note of warning; and she opened her own book again.

When Randolph approached, they had thus the air of being very busily employed: both, Liliás intent upon her book, while Nello, furtively feeling in his pocket for the stones which he had stored there for use, busied himself, to all appearance, with his lesson, repeating it to himself with moving lips. Randolph had taken very little notice of the children, except by talking at them to his sister. He came to a pause now, and looked at them with curiosity—or at least he looked at Nello; for after all, it did not matter about the girl. She might be John's daughter, or she might not; but in any case she was not worth a thought. He did not see the humor of the preternatural closeness of study which the children exhibited; but it afforded a means of opening communications.

"Are these your lessons for Mr. Pennithorne?" he said.

Nello, to whom the question was addressed, made no answer. Was he not much too busy to answer? his eyes were riveted upon his book. Liliás kept silence too as long as politeness would let her; but at last the rudeness of it struck her acutely. This might be an enemy, but children ought not to be rude. She therefore said timidly, "Yes;"

and added, by way of explanation, "Nello's is Latin, but me, it is only English I have."

"Is it hard?" said Randolph, still directing his question to the boy.

Nello gave a glance out of the corner of his eyes at his questioner, but said nothing, only learned harder than ever; and again it became needful, for the sake of courtesy, that Liliás should answer.

"The Latin is not hard," she said; "oh, not near so hard as the English. It is so easy to say; but Mr. Pen does not know how it goes; he says it all wrong; he says it like English. I hope Nello will not learn it that way."

Randolph stared at her, but took no further notice.

"Can't you speak?" he said to Nello, "when I ask you a question? Stop your lesson and listen to me. Shouldn't you like to go to school?"

Nello looked up with round astonished eyes, and equally roundly with all the force of the monosyllable, said "No," as probably he would have answered to any question.

"No? but you don't know what school is; not lessons only, but a number of fellows to play with, and all kinds of games. You would like it a great deal better than being here, and learning with Mr. Pennithorne."

"No," said Nello again; but his tone was less sure, and he paused to look into his questioner's face. "Would Lily come too?" he said, suddenly accepting the idea. For from no to yes is not a very long way at ten years old.

"Why, you don't want to drag a girl with you," said Randolph, laughing; "a girl who can't play at anything, wherever you go?"

This argument secured Nello's attention. He said, "N—no," reddening a little, and with a glance at Liliás, against whose sway he dared scarcely rebel all at once; but the sense of superiority even at such an early age is sweet.

"He must not go without me," cried Liliás, roused. "I am to take care of him *always*! Papa said so. Oh, don't listen, Nello, to this—gentleman! You know what I told you—papa is perhaps coming home. Mr. Geoff said—Mr. Geoff knows something that will make everything right again. Mr. Geoff is going to fetch papa—"

"Oh!" cried Nello, reproachfully, "you said I was not to tell; and there you have gone and told yourself!"

"What is that? what is that?" asked Randolph, pricking up his ears.

But the boy and girl looked at each other and were silent. The curious uncle felt that he would most willingly have whipped them both, and that amiable sentiment showed itself in his face.

"And, Lily," said Nello, "I think the old gentleman would not let me go. He will want me to play with; he has never had anybody to play with for—I don't know how long—never since a little boy called little Johnny: and he said that was my name, too—"

"Oh, Nello! now it is you who are forgetting; he said (you know you told me) that you were never, never to tell!"

Randolph turned from one to another, bewildered. What did they mean? Had they the audacity to play upon his fears, the little foundlings, the little impostors! He drew a long breath of fury, and clenched his fist involuntarily. "Children should never have secrets," he said. "Do you know it is wicked, very wicked? You ought to be whipped for it. Tell me directly what you mean!"

But this is not the way to get at any child's secret. The brother and sister looked at each other, and shut fast their mouths. As for Nello, he felt the edges of that stone in his pocket, and thought he would like to throw it at the man. Liliás had no stone, and was not warlike; but she looked at him with the calm of superior knowledge. "It would be dishonorable," she said, faltering over the pronunciation, but firm in the sentiment, "to tell what we were told not to tell."

"You are going to school with me—on Saturday," said Randolph, with a virulence of irritation which children are just as apt to call forth as their elders. "You will be taught better there; you will not venture to conceal anything, I can tell you, my boy."

And he left them with an angry determination to carry out his plans, and to give over Nello to hands that would tame him effectually, "the best thing for him." The children, though they had secretly enjoyed his discomfiture, were a little appalled by this conclusion. "Oh,

Nello, I will tell you what he is—he is the wicked uncle in the *Babes in the Wood*. He will take you and leave you somewhere, where you will lose yourself and starve, and never be heard of. But I will find you. I will go after you. I will never leave you!" cried Liliás with sudden tears.

"I could ask which way to go," said Nello, much impressed, however, by this view. "I can speak English now. I could ask the way home, or something better! Listen, Lily—if he takes me, when we have gone ten miles, or a hundred miles, I will run away!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A NEW VISITOR.

NOTWITHSTANDING her dislike to have it supposed that Mr. Pen was her spiritual adviser, Mary did make a hurried visit to the vicarage to ask his advice. Not that she had much confidence in the good vicar's advice; but to act in such a case, where experience fails you altogether, entirely on your own judgment without even the comfort of "talking it over" is a hard thing to do. "Talking it over" is always an advantage. The for and against of any argument are always clearer when they are put into words, and made audible, and thus acquire, as it were, though they may be your own words, a separate existence. Thus Mary became her own adviser when she consulted Mr. Pen, and there was no one else at hand who could fulfil this office. They talked it over anxiously, Mr. Pen being, as she knew he would be, entirely on Randolph's side. To him it appeared that it would be a great advantage for Nello to be taken to school by his uncle. It would be "the right thing to do"—better than if Mary did it—better than Mr. Pen himself could do it. Mary could not find any arguments to meet this conventional certainty. She retained her distrust and fear, but she could not say anything against the fact that it was kind of Randolph to propose this, and that it would be injurious and unkind on her part to reject it. She went home dispirited and cast down, but set to work at once with the practical preparations. Saturday

was the day on which Randolph had said he must go—and it was already Thursday—and there was not a moment to lose. But it was not till the Friday afternoon, the eve of separation, that Miss Musgrave could screw her courage to the point of informing the children what lay before them. The afternoon was half over, and the sun beginning to send long rays aslant from the west. She came in from the village where she had gone in mere restlessness, feeling that this communication could be delayed no longer; but she disliked it so much herself that the thought of Nello's consternation and the tears of Liliás was almost more than Mary could bear.

But when she came in sight of the old hall door, a group encountered her which bewildered Mary. A young man on horseback had drawn up at the side of the ascent, and with his hat off, and the sun shining upon his curling hair and smiling countenance, was looking up and talking to little Liliás, who leaned over the low wall, like a lady of romance looking over her battlements. The sun gleamed full upon Liliás, too, lighting up her dark eyes and warmly-tinted cheek, and the hair which hung about her shoulders, and making a pretty picture. Her face was full of earnest meaning, grave and eager and tremulous. Nello, at the hall door, above this strange pair, contemplating them with a mixture of jealousy and wonder. Mary had come upon them so suddenly that she could hear the young man answering something to the eager demands of the little girl. "But you are sure, quite sure? Oh, are you certain, Mr. Geoff?"

"Quite sure," he was saying. "But you must think of me all the time, Lily; you must think of nothing but me—promise me that, and I shall not be afraid."

"I promise!" cried Liliás, clasping her hands. Mary stood and listened altogether confounded, and Nello, from above, bewildered and only half satisfied, looked on. Who was the young man? It seemed to Miss Musgrave that she had seen him before. And what was it that had changed Liliás into this little princess, this small heroine? The heroic, however, gave way before Mary could interfere, and the child murmured something softer, something less unlike the

little girl with all whose ways Mary was familiar.

"But I always think of you," she said; "always! since *that* day."

"Do you, indeed, my little Lily? That makes me happy. You must always keep up so good a custom."

And the young man smiled, with eyes full of tenderness, and took the child's hand and held it in his own. Lilius was too young for any comment or false interpretation, but what did it mean? The spectator behind, besides, was too much astonished to move.

"Good-bye, my Lily; good-bye, Nello," cried the young man, nodding his head to the children. And then he put on his hat, and rode round the corner towards the door.

Lilius stood looking after him, like a little saint in an ecstasy. She clasped her hands again, and looked up to the sky, her lips moving, and tears glittering in her eyes.

"Oh, Nello, don't you think God will help him?" she said, one tear overbrimming suddenly, and rolling down her cheek. She started when Mary, with tones a little sharpened by consternation, called her. Lilius had no sense of shame in her innocent mind, but as there is no telling in what light those curious beings called grown-up people may regard a child's actions, a little thrill of alarm went through her. What might Mary say? What would she think when she knew that Mr. Geoff "had come to set everything right about papa"? Lilius felt instinctively that Geoff's mission would not appear in exactly the same light to Mary as it did to herself. She turned round with a sudden flush of surprise and agitation on her face. It looked like the blush of a maturer sentiment to Mary.

"At twelve years old!" she said to herself. And unconsciously there glanced through her mind a recollection of the first Lily—the child's mother—she who had been the beginning of all the trouble. Was it in the blood?

"Who is that gentleman?" Mary asked, with much disturbance of mind. "Lilius! I could not have expected this of you."

Lilius came in, very still and pale, feeling herself a culprit, though she did not know why. Her hands dropped straight

by her side, after the manner of a creature accused; and she looked up to Mary, with tears full of vague alarm, into which the tears were ready to come at a moment's notice.

"I have not done anything wrong?" she said, turning her assertion into a faltering question. "It was Mr. Geoff."

"Mr. Geoff?—who is Mr. Geoff?"

"He is—very kind—oh, very kind, Mary; he is—some one who knows about papa: he is—the gentleman who once came with two beautiful horses in a carriage (oh, don't you remember, Nello?) to see you."

"Yes," said Nello, with ready testimony; "he said I should ride upon them. They were two bay horses, in one of those high-up funny carriages, not like Mary's carriage. I wonder if I might ride upon his horse now?"

"To see *me*?" Mary was entirely bewildered. "And what do you mean about your father?" she said. "Knows about papa! Lilius! come here, I am not angry. What does he know about papa?"

Lilius came up slowly to her side, half unwilling to communicate her own knowledge on this point. For Mary had not told her the secret, she remembered suddenly. But the confusion of Lilius was interrupted by something more startling and agitating. Eastwood came into the hall, with a certain importance and solemnity. "If you please, ma'am," he said, "my Lord Stanton has just come in, and I've shown him into the library—to my master. I thought you would like to know."

"Lord Stanton—to my father, Eastwood! my father ought not to be troubled with strangers. Lord Stanton!—to be sure it was that boy. Quick, say that I shall be glad to see him up stairs."

"If you please, ma'am, his lordship asked for my master; and my master—he said, 'Yes, certainly.' He was quite smiling like, and cheerful. He said, 'Yes; certainly, Eastwood.' So, what was I to do? I showed his lordship in—and there they are now—as friendly—as friendly, if I may venture to make a comparison: His lordship," said Eastwood, prudently pausing before he committed himself to metaphor, "is, if I may make bold to say so, one of the nicest young gentlemen!"

Mary had risen hastily to interrupt this dangerous interview, which alarmed her. She stood, paying no attention to Eastwood while the man was talking, feeling herself crowded and pressed on all hands by a multitude of thoughts. The hum of them was in her ears, like the sound of a throng of people. Should she go to the library, whatever her father might think of the interruption? Should she stop this meeting at all hazards? or should she let it go on, and that come which would? All was confusion around her, her heart beating loudly in her ears, and a hundred suggestions sounding through that stormy throbbing. But when Eastwood's commonplace voice, to which she had been paying no heed, stopped, Mary's thoughts came to a stop also. She grew faint, and the light seemed to vanish from her eyes.

The Squire had been sitting alone all day. He had seemed to all the servants (the most accurate of observers in such a case) more feeble than usual. His daughter, agitated and full of trouble about other things, had not remarked any change. But Eastwood had shaken his head down stairs, and had said that he did not like the looks of master. He had never been so gentle before. Whatever you said to him he smiled, which was not at all the Squire's way. And though he had a book before him, Eastwood had remarked that he did not read. He would cast his eyes upon his book when any one went in, but it was always the same page. Eastwood had made a great many pretences of business, in order to see how his master was, pretences which the Squire in his usual health would have put a stop to summarily, but which to-day he either did not observe at all, or received smilingly. In this way Eastwood had remarked a great many things which filled him with dismay; for he liked his old master, and the place suited him to perfection. He noticed the helpless sort of way in which Mr. Musgrave sat; his knees feebly leaning against each other, his fingers falling in a heap upon the arm of his chair, his eyelids half covering his eyes. It was half the instinct of obedience, and half a benevolent desire to rouse his master, which made Eastwood introduce the visitor into the library without con-

sulting Miss Musgrave. Judging by his own feelings, the man felt that nothing was so likely to stimulate and rouse up the Squire as a visit from a lord. There were not too many of them about; visitors of any kind, indeed, were not over plentiful at Penninghame; and a nice, cheerful, affable young lordship was a thing to do anybody good.

And Geoff went in, full of the mission he had taken in hand. It was a bold thing to do, after all he had heard of the inexorable old Squire who had shut his heart to his son, and would hear nothing of him, as everybody said. But it seemed to Geoff, in the rash generosity of his youth, that if he, who was the representative of the injured family, were to interfere, the other must be convinced—must yield, at least, to reason, and consent to consider the subject. But he did not expect a very warm reception, and went in with a beating heart.

Mr. Musgrave had risen up to receive him; he had not failed in any of his faculties. He could still hear as well as he did twenty years before, and Lord Stanton's name was unusual enough to call his attention for the moment. He had raised himself from his chair, and stood leaning forward, supporting himself with both hands upon the writing-table before him. This had been a favorite attitude, when he had no occasion for support; but now the feeble hands leaned heavily with all the weight of his frame upon them. He said the name that had been announced to him with a wavering of suspicion in his tone, "Lord Stanton!" then pointed with a tremulous sweep of his hand to a seat, and himself dropped back into his chair. He was not the stern old chief whom Geoff expected to find, in arms against every suggestion of mercy, but a feeble old man, smiling faintly, with a kind of veiled intelligence in his eyes. He murmured something about "an unusual pleasure," which Geoff could not make out.

"I have come to you, sir, about important business. I hope you will not think I am taking too much upon myself. I thought as I was—the chief person on one side, and you on the other, that you might allow me to speak?"

Geoff was as nervous as a child; his color went and came. It awed him, he

could scarcely tell why, to see the feebleness of the old figure, the dreary abstracted look in the old face.

"Surely—surely," said the old man. "Why should you not speak to me? Ours is perhaps a more distinguished race; but yours Mr.— I mean, my Lord Stanton, yours is—"

He half forgot what he was saying, getting slower and slower, and now stopped all at once. Then, after a moment, rousing himself, resumed, with a wave of his hand, "Surely—you must say—what you have to say."

This was worse for Geoff than if he had forbidden him altogether. What could he do to rouse interest in the old man's breast?

"I want to speak, sir," he said, faltering, "of your son."

"My son—ah! yes, Randolph is here. He is too old for me—too old—not like a son. What does it matter who is your father when it comes to that age?"

"It was not Randolph, sir. I did not know him; but it is your other son—your eldest son, I mean—John."

"Eh?" The old man roused up a little. "John—that was my little brother; we called him Johnny—a delightful boy. There is just such another in the house now, I believe. I think he is in the house."

"Oh, sir!" said Geoff, "I want to speak to you—to plead with you for some one who is not in the house—for your son John—John who has been so long away. You know—don't you know whom I mean?—your eldest son, Mr. Musgrave—*John*, who left us, and left everything so many years ago."

A wavering light came over the old man's face. He opened his eyes wide and gazed at Geoff, who, for his part, was too much troubled and alarmed to know what to do.

"Eh!" he said again, with a curious blank stare "my—what? Son? but not Randolph. No more about sons, they are a trouble and a sorrow. To tell the truth I am drowsy rather. I suppose—I have not been very well. Have you seen the little boy?"

"The little boy?—your grandson, sir?"

"Eh! you call him that! He is just such another as little Johnny, my little brother, who was eighteen months

younger than I. You were saying something else, my—my—friend! But to tell the truth, this is all I am good for now. The elders would like to push us from the scene; but the little ones," said the Squire, with a curious sudden break of laughter, which sounded full of tears, "the little ones—are fond of old people; that is all I am good for now—a-days—to play with the little boy—"

"Oh, sir!" said Geoff in his eagerness, "it is something very different that is expected of you. To save the little boy's father—your son—to bring him back with honor. It is honor not shame that he deserves. I who am a stranger, who am the brother of the man who was killed, I have come to entreat you to do John Musgrave justice. You know how he has been treated. You know, to our disgrace, not his, that there is still a sentence against him. It is John Musgrave—John Musgrave we ought to think of. Listen to me—oh, listen to me! your son—"

The old man rose to his feet, and stood wavering, gazing with troubled wide-open eyes, full of the dismal perplexity of an intelligence which feels itself giving way. "John Musgrave!" he said, with pale lips which trembled and dropped apart; and a thrill and trembling came over his whole frame. Geoff sprang up and came towards him in alarm to support him, but the Squire waved him away with both his tremulous hands, and gave a bewildered look round him as if for some other prop. Suddenly he caught sight of the little carved oak cupboard against the wall. "Ah!" he said, with an exclamation of relief. This was what he wanted. He turned and made a feeble step towards it, opened it, and took from it the cordial which he used in great emergencies, and to which he turned vaguely in this utter overthrow of all his forces now. But then ensued a piteous spectacle; all his strength was not sufficient to pour it out. He made one or two despairing efforts, then put the bottle and glass down upon the table with a low cry, and sank back into his chair. He looked at Geoff with the very anguish of feebleness in his eyes. "Ah!" he faltered, "it is true—they are right. I am old—old—and good for nothing. Let them push me away, and take my place." A few sobs,

bitter and terrible, came with the words, and two or three tears dropped down the old man's gray-pale cheeks. The depth of mortal humiliation was in this last cry.

Geoff almost wept too in the profound pity of his generous young soul—it went to his very heart. "Let me help you," he cried, pouring out the cordial with anxious care. It was all the Squire could do to put it to his lips. He laid one of his trembling hands upon Geoff's shoulder, as he gave back the glass, and whispered to him hoarsely, "Not Randolph," he said; "don't let Randolph come. Bring me—do you know?—the little boy."

"Yes, sir, yes," cried Geoff; "I understand."

The old Squire still held him with a hand which was heavy as lead upon his arm. "God bless you, my lad," he said. He did not know who Geoff was; but trusted to him as in utter prostration we trust to any hand held out to us. And a little temporary ease came with the potion. He smiled feebly once more, laid back his head, and closed his eyes. "My little Johnny!" he said; and his hands fell as Eastwood had described them, the fingers crumpled together all in a heap, upon the arms of his chair.

Geoff rushed out of the room with a beating heart, feeling himself all at once thrust into a position of importance in this unknown house. He had never seen death or its approach, and in his inexperience did not know how difficult it was to shuffle off the coils of mortality. He thought the old man was dying. Accordingly, he rushed up the slope to the old hall like a whirlwind, where Mary and the children were. "Come, come," he cried; "he is ill, very ill!" and snatching Nello's reluctant hand, ran back, dragging the child with him, who resisted with all his might. "Come, your grandfather wants you," cried Geoff. Mary followed alarmed and wondering, and—scarcely knowing where she went in her agitation—found herself, behind the young man and the boy, at the door of that sacred library which the children had never entered, and where their very existence was ignored. Her father was lying back in his great chair, Eastwood, whom Geoff had hastily summoned, standing behind. The old man's heavy eyes

were watching the door, his old limbs huddled together in the chair, like something inanimate thrown down in a heap, and lying as it fell. At sight of this awful figure, little Nello gave a loud cry of childish terror, and, turning round, would have fled but for Geoff who stood behind him. At the sound of the child's voice, the old man roused himself feebly; he moved his arms, extending them in intention at least, and his lips with inaudible words. "Go to him, go to him!" cried Geoff in an imperative whisper. Little Nello was not without courage, though he was afraid. Finding the way of escape blocked up, he turned round again, stood irresolute for a moment, and then advanced with the strength of desperation. The old man, with a last effort, put out his arms, and drew the child between his knees. "My little Johnny," he said, with an only articulate outbreak of crying and strange laughter. Then his arms fell powerless; his head drooped on his breast. Nello broke out wildly into crying; but stood fascinated between the feeble knees.

Was he dead? Geoff thought so in his simplicity as he led the child away, and left Mary and the servants, whom he had summoned, in this death-chamber. He led Nello back to the hall, and sat down beside the children and talked to them in low tones. His mind was full of awe and solemn feeling; his own youth, and strength, and happiness seeming a kind of insult to the old and dying. He went back after a while very grave and humble to ask how it was, and what he could do. But the Squire was not dead. He was stricken by that silent *avant-courier* of the great king, who kills the mind before the body dies. It was "a stroke," Eastwood said, in all the awe, yet importance, of so tragic an event. He had seen it coming for weeks before, he said.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN SUSPENSE.

RANDOLPH MUSGRAVE was extremely annoyed at the turn things had taken. On the day of his father's seizure indeed a kind of serene solemnity came over him. He would not have been so indiscreet or indecorous as to admit that he was glad

of the "stroke" which might terminate the Squire's life; such an evil sentiment was far from him. Still if his dear father was indeed in the providence of God to be taken away from this mortal scene, there was a sad satisfaction in having it happen while he was still at the Castle and ready to be of use. As the only male member of the family it was indeed very important that he should be there on such a melancholy occasion. Mary would have enough on her hands with the nursing and the strictly feminine duties, and he was the only one to turn to, the only one who could do anything. He telegraphed to his wife what the sad occasion was that detained him, and went to bed with a comfortable sense that his visit had not been in vain. It was melancholy to think that all might be over before the morning; but yet he could do no good by staying up and wearing himself out. If it should so happen that his own sad prognostications were correct, why then he had occasion for all his strength, for he it would be who must do everything. And no martyr could have contemplated the stake with more elevated resignation and satisfaction than Randolph looked at the labors and troubles he would have to take upon him. He lay down, solemnly going over them in his mind—the details of the funeral, the reading of the will, the taking possession of the estate. He resolved that he would take possession in his brother's name. No one knew where John was; he could not be called at a moment's notice like respectable men. Nor, indeed, would it be kind to think of such a thing as bringing him here to the endangerment of his life. No, he would take possession for his brother. He would put his brother's little son to school. The girl of course would go with Mary, who for her part must, he supposed, have the house on the way to Pennington, which was called the Dower-house, though he did not think an unmarried sister had any real right to a place which was intended for the widow of the previous Squire. But that might pass: Mary had been accustomed to have everything her own way, and she should have the Dower-house by grace at least, if not by right. He fell asleep as he was arranging all these things with a great deal of serious satis-

faction. Of course it was sad: what is there in this vale of tears that is not mixed with sadness? But it was not (he said to himself) as if his father were a young man, or carried off in the midst of his work. He was old, he had lived out the life of man, he had arrived at the time when a man has a right to expect that his day is over, and must know that in the course of nature he ought to give place to his successors. And as things were to take such a serious turn, how well it was that he Randolph should be on the spot to do everything! His satisfaction in this was really the foremost feeling in his mind.

But all was not over in the morning as Randolph had so certainly anticipated. He got up in the same solemnized but resigned and serene condition, and wondered a little to see how late it was. For indeed the turn things had taken, though so serious, had been peace-inspiring, removing anxiety from his mind, and he had slept later than usual in consequence. And it was clear that as yet there had been "no change." Eastwood, who was late too, having stayed up late on the previous night indulging the solemn excitement which was natural to this crisis, came in with profound seriousness and an air as solemn as Randolph's. "Just the same, sir," he said; "the doctor is with him now." Randolph could not help a slight sensation of disappointment. He had made up his mind so distinctly what was to happen, and there are cases in which even good news are out of place. It was with less resignation and more anxiety that he hurried out to hear what the doctor said.

And he was much provoked and annoyed when a week later there was still no progress made, and it became apparent that no such easy solution of all difficulties as he had expected was to be looked for. The Squire was in much the same state on the next Saturday and the next, and it was apparent that the illness was to be a lingering and tedious one—the kind of thing which wears out everybody round. When people are going to die, what a pity that they should not do it speedily, relieving both themselves and others! But nature, so often acting in a manner contrary to all prognostications, was not to be hurried. To jog her gently on, and relieve the sufferer

authoritatively from his troubles, is not yet permissible in England. On the contrary, medical science acts just the other way with questionable mercy, prolonging lives in which there is nothing but suffering, and stimulating the worn-out machinery of the frame to go on a little longer, to suffer a little more, with all that wheezing and creaking of the rusty wheels which bears witness to the unnaturalness of the process. This was what Randolph felt with much restrained warmth of annoyance. It was unnatural; it was almost impious. Two doctors, a professional nurse, and Mary, who was as good, all laboring by every possible invention to keep mere life in their patient. Was it right to do so? Providence had evidently willed to release the old man, but science was forcing him to remain imprisoned in the flesh. It was very hard upon the Squire, and upon Randolph too, especially as the latter could not venture to express his real sentiments on this matter, but was compelled to be glad of every little sign of tenacity and vitality which the patient gave. If it had been recovery indeed, he said to himself, there might have been some reason for satisfaction; but as it was only holding by life, mere existing and nothing more, what ground was there for thankfulness? It would be better for the sufferer himself, better for everybody, that it should be over soon. After this state of things had lasted for a fortnight, Randolph could not bear it any longer. He sent for Mary from the sick-room, and gave her to understand that he must go.

"Had I expected he would last so long," he said, "I should have gone last week. Of course it does not matter for you who have nothing else to do; but my work and my time are of importance. If anything were likely to happen directly, of course I should think it my duty to stay; but so far as I can see nothing is likely to happen," said Randolph in an aggrieved tone. Mary was too sad to laugh and too languid to be angry, but there came a gleam of mingled resentment and amusement into her eyes.

"It is not for us to wish that anything should happen," she said.

"Wish? Did I talk of wishing? I stated a fact. And in the mean time my parish is being neglected and my work

waiting for me. I cannot hang on here for ever. Of course," Randolph added, "if anything should happen, you have only to telegraph, and I will come."

"I don't see that it is necessary, Randolph. My father may rally, or he may linger for months, the doctors say; and whatever happens—of course you shall hear immediately—but so far as I am concerned, it does not seem necessary to disturb your work and unsettle your parish—"

"That is ridiculous; of course I shall come the moment I am summoned. It is quite essential that there should be some man to manage matters. And the boy is all ready," he added; "you had his outfit prepared before my father's attack came on. Let them pack up for him, and on Friday we shall go."

"The boy! How could I send him away now, when my father might recover his consciousness, and want him?"

"My father want him? This is too much," said Randolph—"my father, from whom you concealed his very existence—who never could bear children at any time. My father? What could he possibly want with the boy? He should have gone a fortnight ago. I wrote to enter his name of course, and the money is running on. I can't afford to pay for nothing, whatever you may do, Mary. Let his things be packed up, and let him go with me."

"I think your brother is right," said the vicar, who was present. "Nello is doing no good with me. We have been so much disturbed with all that has taken place; and Emily has been so poorly—you know how poorly she has been—and one feels with one's own children the time can always be made up somehow. That is the worst of lessons at home," said Mr. Pen, with a sigh.

"But my father sent for him—wanted him; how can I send the child away? Mr. Pen, you know, if Randolph does not, that he is the heir, and his grandfather has a right to have him close at hand."

"It is no use arguing with women," said Randolph, white with rage. "I don't understand this nonsense about my father wanting him. I don't believe a word of it. But I tell you this, Mary, if he is the heir I am his uncle, his next friend; and I say he shan't lose his time here and get ruined among a pack of

women. He must go to school. Supposing even that my father did want him (which is absolute absurdity; why, my father pretends not to know of his existence!) would you put a selfish old man's fancy against the boy's good?"

"Randolph! how do you dare when he is so ill," cried Mary, with trembling lips, "to speak of my father so!"

"It is true enough any how," said the undutiful son. "When he is so ill! Why, that is the reason I can speak freely. One would not hurt his feelings if he could ever know it. But he was always known to be selfish. I did not think there was any doubt about that. The boy must not be ruined for an old man's whim, even if it is true."

"It is dreadful to go against you," said the vicar, looking at her with piteous eyes, beseeching her forgiveness; "but Randolph is in the right. Nello is losing his time; he is doing no good; he ought to go to school."

"You too!" cried Mary. She could not but smile, though the tears were in her eyes. And poor Mr. Pen's dissent from her cost the good man so much. He looked at her, his eyes too filling, with deprecating, beseeching, wistful looks, as a dog does. When he thus took part so distinctly against Mary, conscience, it was clear, must have been strong within Mr. Pen. He had tried hard for her sake to overcome the habit of irregular hours, and desultory occupation which had grown upon him, and to give the children their lessons steadily, at the same hours, day by day. But poor Mr. Pen had not known how hard it would be to accomplish this. The idea of being able to make up the failing lessons at any odd moment which made the children at the vicarage so uncertain in their hours, had soon returned after the first bracing up of duty towards Lillias and Nello had come to an end. And then Mrs. Pen had been ill, and could not bear the noise of the children; and then the squire had been ill, upsetting everybody and everything; and then—the vicar did not know what more to say for himself. He had got out of the way of teaching, out of the habit of exact hours, and Emily had been very poorly, and, on the whole, Randolph was right, and the boy ought to go to school.

Several of these discussions, however,

took place before Mary gave way. No one had told Randolph the particulars of the last scene in the library, before the squire had his "stroke." He sincerely believed (though with an uneasy sense of something in it that sounded like truth) that this story was a fabrication to suit a purpose. But, on the other hand, his own intentions were very distinct. The mere fact that such a story had been invented, showed the meaning on the other side. This boy was to be foisted into the place which, for years, he had supposed himself to occupy. John not being possible, who but Randolph could fill that place? Another heir was ridiculous, was shameful, and a wrong to him. He would not suffer it. What right had John, an outlaw and exile, to have a son, if it came to that? He would not allow the child to stay here to be petted and pampered, and made to believe himself the heir. For, in the end, Randolph had made up his mind that the boy could not and should not be admitted to the advantages of heirship without a very different kind of proof of identity from any they possessed. And it would be ruin to the child to be allowed to fill such a false position now. The mere idea of it filled him with suppressed rage. He did not mean the boy any harm—not any real harm. On the contrary, it would be a real advantage to him in any case to be bred up frugally and industriously; and this he would insist upon in spite of every resistance. He would not leave the child to have him wormed into the old man's affections, made a tool of by Mary in John's interests, and to his own detriment. He was determined to get rid of Nello, whatever it cost him: not to do him harm, but to get him out of the way. This idea began to possess him like a mania, to get rid of the child who was more dangerous, a great deal more dangerous, than John himself. And all the circumstances of the house favored his removal at this moment, when the squire's illness occupied everybody's attention. And then it was a great point to have enlisted on his side the reluctant, and abashed, yet conscientious support of Mr. Pen.

As for the children themselves, a subtle discomfort had stolen into their life. The old gentleman's illness, though it

did not affect them, affected the house. The severe and dangerous illness of an important member of any household has always a confusing influence upon domestic life. It changes the centre of existence, so that everything, which once radiated from the cheerful hearth, becomes absorbed in the sick-chamber, making of it the temporary and fictitious centre of the dwelling. In this changed orbit, all the stars of the household firmament shine, and beyond it everything is left cold, and sunless, and neglected. Children are always the first to feel this atmospheric change, which affects them more than it does the watchers and nurses, whose time and minds are absorbed in the new occupation. It was as if the sun had gone out of the sky to the children at Penninghame. They were left free indeed, to go and come as they liked, nobody attempting to hustle them out of the way, to say, "Run, children, some one is coming." All the world might go and come and it did not matter. Neither did it matter to them now where they went, for every room was equally dreary and empty. Mary, who meant home to them, and to whom they carried all their grievances and pleasures, had disappeared from their view; and Miss Brown, who was their directress in minor matters, had become invisible too, swallowed up by that sick-room, which absorbed everything. It was no pleasure to roam about the drawing-room, generally forbidden ground, and even through and through the passages from the hall to the dining-room, though they had so often longed to do it, when nobody was to be found there, either to laugh with them, or to find fault. Even Eastwood was swept up in the same whirlpool; and as for Mary, their domestic divinity, all that was seen of her was when she passed from one room to another, crossing the corridor, disappearing within the door of the mysterious room, where doctors, and nurses, and every sort of medicine, and drinks, and appliances of all kinds were being taken. How could the old gentleman want so much? Twice over a new kind of bed was taken into that strange gulf of a sick-room, and all so silently—Eastwood standing on the stairs, deprecating with voice and gesture, "No noise, no noise!" That was what everybody said. Mary

would smile at them when she met them, or wave her hand from the end of the corridor, or over the stairs. Sometimes she would pause and stoop down and kiss them, looking very pale and worn out. "No, dear, he is no better," she would say. Except for these encounters, and the accounts which the servants gave them of their grandfather's state, how he was lying, just breathing, knowing nobody, not able to speak, accounts which froze the children's blood in their veins, they had no life at all; only dull meals which they ate under this shadow, and dull hours in which, having nothing to do, they huddled together, weary and lonely, and with nothing before them but to go to bed. Out of doors it was not much better. Mr. Pen had fallen into all the old disorder of his ways, out of which he had made a strenuous effort to wake for their benefit. He never was ready for them when they went with their lessons. "I will hear you to-morrow," he would say, looking at them with painful humility, feeling the grave countenance of Lilius more terrible than that of any judge; and when to-morrow came, there were always a hundred excuses. "Go on to the next page and learn the next lesson. I have had such a press of work—and Mrs. Pennithorne is so poorly," the poor man would say. All this shook the pillars of the earth to Lilius and Nello. They were shaken out of everything they knew, and left to blunder out their life as best they could, without any guide.

And this was hardest upon the one who understood it least. Lilius, whose mind was open to everything, and who sat looking out as from a door, making observations, keenly interested in all that went on, and at the same time with a reserve of imagination to fall back upon, was fully occupied at least if nothing more. Every day she watched for "Mr. Geoff," with news of her father. The suspense was too visionary to crush her with that sickening depression which affects elder minds. All had a softening vagueness and confusion to the child. She hoped and hoped, and cried with imaginative misery, then dried her eyes and hoped again. She thought everything would come right if Mr. Geoff would only bring papa; and Mr. Geoff's ability sooner or later to find

and bring papa she never doubted. It was dreadful to have to wait so long—so long; but still every morning, any morning he might come. This hope in her mind absorbed Lillas, and made her silent, indisposed for play. At other times she would talk eagerly, demanding her brother's interest and response to things he did not understand. Children can go on a long time without understanding, each carrying on his or her monologue, two separate streams, which, flowing tranquilly together, feel like something mutual, and answer all the ends of intercourse; and in this way neither of them was aware how far apart they were. But Nello was dull; he had so little to do. He had no pony, he could not play cricket as Johnny Pen did with the village boys. He was small, even for his age, and he had not been educated in the art of knocking about as English boys are. He was even a little timid of the water, and the boats, in which other boys might have found solace. Half of his time he wandered about, listless, not knowing what to make of himself. This was the condition of mind in which Randolph met him on one of these lingering afternoons. The child had strayed out all by himself; he was standing by the waterside at his old amusement, but not enjoying it this time. "What are you doing?" said his uncle, calling out to him as he approached. Randolph was not a favorite with the children; but it was half an amusement to see any one coming near, and to have to answer a question. He said "Nothing," with a sigh. Not a single skip could he get out of those dull slates. The water would not carry them; they would not go; they went to the bottom with a prosaic splash and thud. How different from that day with the old gentleman, when they flew as if they had been alive! Perhaps this new comer might have luck, and do as well as the old gentleman. "Will you have a try?" he said; "here is a good one, it ought to be a good one; but I can't make them go to-day."

"I—have a try?" Randolph was startled by the suggestion. But he was anxious to conciliate the little fellow whom he wanted so much to get rid of. And it was only for once. He took suspiciously (for he was always suspicious)

the stone Nello held out to him, and looked at it as if it might be poison—or it might be an attempt on his dignity got up by somebody. When he had satisfied himself that it was a common piece of slate he took courage, and, with a smile that sat very awkwardly upon his face, threw it, but with the most complete unsuccess.

"Ah! you are not good, like the old gentleman; his skipped seven times! He was so clever at it! I wish he was not ill," said Nello, checking an incipient yawn. It was, perhaps, the first time any one had uttered such a wish. It had been taken for granted, even by his daughter, that the Squire's illness was the most natural thing in the world.

"Did he really come and play with you? But old men are no better than children," said Randolph. "I suppose he had nothing else to do."

"It is very nice to have somebody to play with when you have nothing else to do," said Nello, reflectively. "And he was clever. You—you don't know even how to throw. You throw like a girl—like this. But this is how the old gentleman did," cried Nello, suiting the action to the word, "and so do I."

"Do you know nothing but these baby-games? I suppose you never played cricket?" said Randolph, with, though he was a man, a pleasurable sense of being thus able to humiliate the little creature beside him. Nello colored to the roots of his hair.

"I do not like cricket. Must every one like the same things? It is too hot; and one cannot play by oneself," the boy added with a sigh.

"You ought not to play by yourself, it is not good for you. Have you no one to play with, little boy?"

"Nobody," said Nello, with emphasis; "not 'one person. There is Lily; but what does it matter about a girl? And sometimes Johnny Pen comes. He is not much good; he likes the green best, and all the village boys. Then they say I am too little; and I don't know them," the boy added, with a gleam of moisture in his eyes. The village boys had not been kind to Nello; they had laughed at him for a little foreigner, and made remarks about his hair, which was cut straight across his forehead. "I don't want to know them." This was said

with vehemence; for Nello was sore at the want of appreciation which had been shown him. They did not care for *him*, but they made a great deal of Johnny Pen!

"You should go to school; that is where all boys should go. A boy should not be brought up like a little girl; he should learn to use his hands, and his fists even. Now what should you do if there was a fight——"

"A fight?" Nello grew pale and then grew red. "If it was—some one else, I would walk away; but if it was me—if any one touched me, I should kill him!" cried the child, setting his little white teeth. Randolph ought professionally to have improved the occasion; but he only laughed—that insulting laugh which is offensive to everybody, and specially exasperates a child. "How could you kill him? That is easier said than done, my boy."

"I would get a gun, or a sword; but first," said Nello, calming down, "I would tell him to go away, because I should not *wish* to kill him. I have seen people fighting with guns and swords—have you?"

Here Randolph, being obliged to own himself inferior, fell back upon what was right, as he ought to have done before.

"Fighting is very wrong," he said. "It is dreadful to think of people cutting each other to pieces, like wild beasts; but it is not so bad if you defend yourself with your fists. Only foreigners fight with swords; it is thoroughly un-English. You should never fight; but you would have to defend yourself if you were at school."

Nello looked at his uncle with an agreeable sense of superiority. "But I have seen *real* fighting," he said; "not like children. I saw them fighting the Austrians—that was not wrong. Papa said so. It was to get back their houses and their country. I was little then, and I was frightened. But they won!" cried the boy, with a gleam in his dark eyes. What a little savage he was! Randolph was startled by the sudden reference to "papa," and this made him more warm and eager in his turn.

"Whoever has trained you to be a partisan has done very wrong," he said. "What do you know about it? But look here, my little man. I am going

away on Friday, and you are to come with me. It will be a great deal better for you than growing up like a little girl here. You are exactly like a little girl now, with your long hair and your name, which is a girl's name. You would be Jack if you were at school. I want to make a man of you. You will never be anything but a little lady if you don't go to school. Come; you have only to put on a frock like your sister. Nelly! Why, that's a girl's name! You should be Jack if you were at school."

"I am not a girl!" cried Nello. His face grew crimson, and he darted his little brown fist—not so feebly as his size promised—in his uncle's face. Randolph took a step backwards in his surprise. "I hate you!" cried the child. "You shall never never come here when I am a man. When the old gentleman is dead, and papa is dead, and everything is mine, I will shut up all the doors, I will turn out the dogs, and you shall never come here. I know now it is true what Lily says—you are the bad uncle that killed the babes in the wood. But when I am a big man and grown up, you shall never come here!"

"So!" said Randolph, furious but politic; "it is all to be yours? I did not know that. The castle, and the woods, and everything? How do you know it will be yours?"

"Oh, everybody knows that," said Nello, recovering his composure as lightly as he had lost it; "Martuccia and every one. But first the old gentleman must be dead, and, I think, papa. I am not so sure about papa. And do you think they would teach me cricket at school, and to fight? I don't really care for cricket, not really. But Johnny Pen and the rest, they think so much of it. I should like to knock down all their wickets, and get all the runs; that would teach them! and lick them after!" said the bloodthirsty Nello, with gleaming eyes.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN APPARITION.

THUS Randolph overcame Nello's opposition to school, to his own extreme surprise. Though he had a child of his own, and all the experiences of a middle-aged clergyman, he had never yet learned

the A, B, C of childhood. But it may be supposed that the conversation generally had not made him love his nephew more dearly. He shook his fist at the boy as he ran along the water-side, suddenly seized by the delight of the novelty and the thought of Johnny Pen's envy. "If I had you, my boy!" Randolph said, between his teeth, thinking grimly of the heirship which the child was so sure of. Pride would have a fall in this as in other cases. The child's pretensions would not count for very much where he was going. To be flogged out of all such nonsense would be far the best thing for him; and a good flogging never did a boy much harm. Randolph, though he was not a bad man, felt a certain gratification in thinking of the change that would occur in Nello's life. There was nothing wrong about the school; it was a very humble place, where farmers' sons were trained roughly but not unkindly. It would make a man of the delicate little half-foreign boy, who knew nothing about cricket. No doubt it would be different from any thing he was used to; but what of that? It was the best thing for him. Randolph was not cruel, but still it gave him a little pleasure to think how the impudent little wretch would be brought to his senses; no harm done to him—no *real* harm—but only such a practical lesson as would sweep all nonsense out of his head. If Nello had been a man of his own age, a rival, he could not have anticipated his humiliation with more zest. He would have liked to be a boy himself to fag the little upstart. There would be probably no fagging at the farmers' school, but there would be—well! He smiled to himself. Nello would not like it; but it would bring the little monkey to his senses, and for that good object there was no objection to be taken to the means.

And as he walked through the Chase, through the trees, seeing in the distance before him the blunt, turret-chimneys, all veiled and dignified with ivy, of the old house, many thoughts were in Randolph's heart. He was a Musgrave, after all, if not a very fine example of the race. His wife was well off. If it had not been for John, who was a criminal, and this boy—what he would have done for the old place! What he might do still

if things went—well! Was that, perhaps, the word to use—well? That is, if John could be somehow disposed of, prevented from coming home, and the boy pushed quietly to one side. As for John, he could not come home. It would be death—perhaps, certainly renewed disgrace. He would have to stand his trial, and, if he fled from that trial once, how was he likely to be able to face it now? He would stay abroad, of course—the only safe place for him. If he could but be communicated with, wherever he was, and would send for his son and daughter, some arrangement might be made: a share of the income settled upon him, and the family inheritance left for those who could enjoy it. This would be, in every way, the best thing that could be done; best for John himself; best for the house, which had been always an honorable one, and never connected with disgrace. It is so easy to believe what one wishes that Randolph, after a while, going over the subject in his mind, succeeded in smoothing away all difficulties, except, indeed, the initial one of getting into correspondence, one way or another, with John. If this could be done, surely all the rest was smooth enough! John was not a fool; he must see that he could not come home. He must see how difficult it would be to prove his marriage and his son's birth, and make everything clear (though why this should be so difficult Randolph did not explain even to himself). Then he must see equally well that, to put the property and the old castle into the hands of a man with money, who could really do something to improve them, would be far better for the family than to go on as he (John) must do, having no money, if even he could come lawfully into possession. All this was so evident, no man in his senses could refuse to see it. And as for communicating with John: there was, of course, one way, which seemed the natural way, and which surely must be infallible in that case as in most other cases—the *Times*. However far out of the world John might be, surely he would have opportunities from year to year of seeing the *Times*! No Englishman, even though banished, could live without that. And, sooner or later, if often enough repeated, the advertisement must

reach him, suppose it to be put something in this form:—"J. M., of P.—His brother R. wishes to communicate with him on urgent business connected with the death of their father." This would attract no particular attention from any one, and John could not fail to perceive that he was meant. Thus he had, to his satisfaction, made everything clear.

It was just when he came to this satisfactory settlement of the difficulty, so perfectly easy in theory, though no doubt there might be certain difficulties about carrying it out, that Randolph suddenly saw a little way before him, some one making his way through the trees. The Chase was private, and very few people had the right of coming here; neither did Randolph see whence this unexpected passenger had come, for there was no tributary path by which he might have made his way down to the footwalk, through the elms and oaks. He was within easy sight, obscured a little by the brushwood, and with his back to the spectator; but the sight of him gave Randolph a great start and shock, which he could not very well explain. The man was in dark clothes, with a broad felt hat, quite unlike anything worn in this district; and there was something about his attitude and walk (no doubt a merely fantastic resemblance, or some impression on his mind from his pre-occupation with the idea of John) which recalled his brother to Randolph's mind. He was more startled than words could say. For a moment he could not even think or move, but stood open-mouthed, staring at the figure before him, which went on straight, not turning to the right or to the left.

When Randolph came to himself, he tried to laugh at his own folly—then coughed loudly and meaningly, by way of catching the stranger's attention, and seeing who it was. But his cough attracted no manner of attention from the wayfarer, who went on pushing through the trees, like one who knew every turn and winding. Randolph was at the end of his invention. If he called out "Hi!" it might turn out to be somebody of importance. If he spoke more politely, and called the stranger to halt, he might be a nobody—if indeed it was not—. A vague impression, half of fear, came upon him. What nonsense it was! In

broad daylight, in so well-known and familiar a place. Had it been in the dark, in any of the ghostly passages of the old house! but out here in the sunshine, in the open air!

Randolph took off his hat, to let the air blow freely about him, for he had grown hot and uncomfortable. His hand with the hat in it dropped for a moment between him and the other who was so near him. When he raised it again there was no one there. He rubbed his eyes, looked again, and darted forward to see whether the man was hiding among the trees; but there was no one there. Randolph took off his hat once more, to wipe his streaming forehead; his hand trembled so that he could scarcely do it. What did it mean? When he had convinced himself there was no one to be seen, he turned and hurried away from the place, with his heart beating loudly in his breast. He never looked behind him, but hastened on till he had got to the broad road, where there was not a bush to hide an apparition. Then he permitted himself to draw breath.

It would be doing Randolph injustice to suppose that after he was out of the shadow of the trees, and in safety, with a broad level bit of road before him, on which everything was distinctly visible all round, he could be capable of believing that he had seen a ghost. Nothing of the kind. It must have been one of the people about the place, poking among the bushes, who had disappeared under the branches of the trees, and whom he thought like John, only because he had been thinking of John—or perhaps his thought of John had produced an optical delusion, and imagination had painted some passing shadow as a substantial thing, and endued it with his brother's image. It might have been merely an eccentric tree, on the outline of which fancy had wrought, showing a kind of grotesque resemblance. It might be, and probably was, just nothing at all. And it was supremely ridiculous that his heart should so thump for such an absurd delusion; but thump it did, and that in the most violent manner. He was out of breath, though he had made no exertion. And he could not dick up his thoughts where he had propped them, when he saw that—figure.

A thrill as of guilt was in his soul; he was afraid to begin again where he had left off. He found himself still rather breathless before the house, looking up at the veiled windows of his father's room. For the first time Randolph thought with a little awe of his father lying there between life and death. He had not thought of him at all in his own person, but rather of the Squire officially, the old life who kept a younger generation out of the estate. It was time the elders were out of the way, and age superseded by middle age. But now for a moment he realised the man lying helpless there, in the very pathway of death—not freed by the Great Deliverer, but imprisoned by Him, all his senses and faculties bound up, a captive tied hand and foot by the grim potency who conquers all men. Randolph was frightened altogether by the mysterious encounter and impressed with awe. If there had been daily service he would have gone to church, but as there was nothing of the sort in Penninghame, he went into the library to read a good book, as the next best thing to do. But he could not stay in the library. The silence of it was awful. He seemed to see his father, seated there in his usual chair, silent, gazing at him with eyes of disapproval that went through and through him. After five minutes he could stand it no longer. He took his good book, and went out to the side of the water, within sight of the road where people were coming and going. It was a comfort to him to see even the doctor's boy with his phials, and the footman who came with his mistress's card to inquire how the Squire was. And he looked out, but looked in vain, with mingled eagerness and fear for the broad hat he had seen so mysteriously appearing and disappearing. Who could it be?—some stranger astray in the Chase—some one of the many tourists who wander everywhere—or— Randolph shuddered, in spite of himself.

It is generally people without imagination, or with the most elementary and rude embryo of that poetic faculty, who see ghosts. This sounds like a paradox, yet there is reason in it. The people who are literal and matter-of-fact in mind, are those to whom wonders and prodigies come naturally; those who

possess the finer eye of fancy do not need those actual revelations. Randolph's was as stolid a mind as ever asked for a sign—and he had not asked for a sign in this case, nor felt that anything of the kind was necessary; but his entire mental balance was upset by what he had seen, or supposed himself to have seen; and he could not free his mind from the impression. As he sat and read, or rather pretended to read, his mind kept busy with the one question—What was it? Was it a real person, a stranger who had got astray, and stumbled into some copse or brushwood, which Randolph had forgotten—a man with a chance resemblance to John, heightened by the pre-occupation and previous reference to John in Randolph's mind? or was it John himself, come to look after his own interests—John—in the body, or out of the body, who could tell?

As for Nello, he ran home by the waterside, his mind possessed by the new thing that was about to be accomplished—school! Boys to play with, novelty of all kinds, and then that cricket, which he pretended to despise, but secretly admired and desired with all his heart—the game which came to Johnny Pen by nature, but which the little foreign boy could not master; all this buzzed through his little head. When he came home from school he would know all about it; he would have played with much better players than Johnny Pen ever saw. The revolution in his thoughts was great and sudden. But as he ran home, eager to tell Lillas about the change in his fortunes, Nello too met with a little adventure. He came suddenly, just as he emerged from the woods upon the waterside where it was open to the road, on a man whom he had seen before at a distance with a dog, which was his admiration. The dog was not with his master now; but he took a something white and furry out of his great pocket, which stopped Nello even in the hot current of his excitement.

"Would you like to have this, my little gentleman?" the man said.

It was a white rabbit, with the biggest ears that Nello had ever seen. How his eyes danced that had been all aglow before!

"But I have no money," he said, dis-

posed to cry in disappointment as sudden as his delight.

"It's not for money, it's a present," said the stranger, with a smile, "and I'll give you another soon. They tell me you're going to school, my young gentleman; is that true?"

"Am I to have it all for myself, or will you come back again for it, and take it away? Oh yes, I'm going to school," said Nello, dropping into indifference. "Will it eat out of my hand? Has it got a name? And am I to have it all for myself?" The rabbit already had eclipsed school for the moment in Nello's mind.

"It's all for you, and better things than that—and what day are you going, my bonnie little lad?"

"To-morrow; oh give it me! I want to show it to Lily," cried the child. "Thank you very much. Let me run and show it to Lily. We never, never had a rabbit before."

The man stood and looked after Nello with a tender illumination of his dark face. "The old woman likes the other best; but this one is mine," he said to himself. As for Nello, he flew home with his precious burden out of breath. He said a man had given it to him; but thought of the donor no more.

Randolph spent this, his last evening at home, in anything but an agreeable way; he was altogether unhungry, nervous, and restless, not caring to sit alone. In this respect he was in harmony with the house, which was all upset, tremulous, and full of excitement and expectation. Human nature is always impatient of the slow progress of fate. After the thunderclap of a great event, it is painful to relapse into stillness, and feel the ordinary day resuming its power without any following out of the convulsion. But dramatic sequence, rapidity, and completeness are rare in human affairs. All the little crowd of lookers-on outside the Squire's room, watched eagerly for some change. Two or three women were always hanging about the passages ready, as they said, to run for anything that might be wanted, and always in the way to learn if anything occurred. They kept a little lamp burning on the table against the wall, at either end of which was a chair, on which sometimes Cook herself, sometimes lesser functionaries,

would be found, but always two together, throwing exaggerated shadows on the wall, and talking in whispers of their own fears, and how well they had perceived what was coming. There was not one of them that had not intended, one time or other, to make so bold as to speak to Miss Mary. "But trouble is always soon enough when it comes," they said, shaking their heads. Then Eastwood would come and join them, his shadow wavering over the staircase. When the privileged persons who had the *entrée* went or came, Miss Brown or the nurse, or even Mary herself, there was a little thrill and universal movement.

"Change! no, there's no change—there never will be but one change," Miss Brown said, standing solemnly by the table, with the light on her grave face; and it was upon this Rembrandtish group that Randolph came, as he wandered about in a similar frame of mind, glad to find himself in company with others, though these others were only the maids of the house.

"Is my father worse?" he asked, pausing, with his arm upon the bannisters. Such a group of eager, pale faces! and the darkness all round in which others still might be lurking unseen.

"No change, sir," said Miss Brown, shaking her head. She was impatient, too, like the rest, but yet felt a sort of superior resignation, as one who was in the front of affairs. And she had something to say besides. She gave a glance at the other women, who responded with secret nods of encouragement, then cleared her throat and delivered her soul—"Mr. Randolph, sir, might I make so bold as to say a word?"

"Say whatever you like," said Randolph. He could not help but give a little glance round him, to make sure that there was no one else about.

"It is just this, sir—when you see him lying there, that white, as if he was gone already, and knows that better he can't be—oh, it brings a many thoughts into the mind. I've stood by dying beds before now, and seen them as were marked for death, but I never saw it more clear. And oh, Mr. Randolph, if there were things that might lie on his mind, and keep him from going quiet, as an old gentleman ought! If there were folks he ought to see afore all's over—!"

"I don't see what you are driving at," Randolph said, hastily. "Speak out if you've anything to say."

"Oh, sir," said Miss Brown, "don't you think—I am not one that likes to interfere, but I am an old servant, and when a body has been long about a place, it's natural to feel an interest. If it wasn't your family at all—if it was another that your advice was asked for—shouldn't you say that Mr. John ought to know?"

This appeal startled Randolph. He had not been looking for it; and he gave an uncomfortable look round him. Then he felt a strange irritation and indignation that were more easy to express. "Am I my brother's keeper?" he said. "I don't know where Mr. John is, that I should go and hunt for him to let him know."

"Oh, sir," said Miss Brown, "don't you be angry! Cook here is like me: she thinks it's only his due. I would say it to Miss Mary, not troubling you that are 'most a stranger, but she's night and day, she never will leave her father; she has a deal upon her. And a gentleman knows ways that womanfolk don't think of. If you would be but that kind, Mr. Randolph! Oh, where there's a will there's always a way!"

"It is none of my business," said Randolph; "and I don't know where he is," he added, looking round him once more. He might be here already in the dark, waiting till the breath was out of his father's body—waiting to seize possession of the house, felon as he was. And if Randolph was the means of betraying him into the hands of justice, what would everybody say? He went abruptly away down the uncarpeted, polished stairs, on which his hasty step rang and slid. John, always John! he seemed to be in the air. Even Eastwood, when he attended him with his bed-candle, could not refrain from adding a word. "The doctor looks very serious, sir," Eastwood said; "and if there's any telegraph to be sent, I'll keep the groom ready to go at a moment's notice. It would be well to send for all friends, the doctor said."

"I don't know any one to send for," said Randolph, peremptorily. "Let the groom go to bed." And he went to bed himself sooner than usual, to get rid of these appeals and of equally imperative

thoughts. He went to bed, but he could not go to sleep, and kept his candle burning half the night. He heard the watchers moving about in his father's room, which was overhead, all the night through. Sometimes there would be a little rush of steps, and then he held his breath, thinking this might be at last the "change" which was looked for. But then everything grew still again, and he dozed, with the one poor candle, feeble but steadfast watcher, burning on till it became a pale intruder into the full glory of day.

Randolph, however, slept deeply in the morning, and got up with the greater part of those cobwebs blown away. John lost his hold upon the imagination in daylight, and he was able to laugh at his foolish alarm. How could it be John whom he had seen? He durst not show himself in the country where still his crime was so well remembered, and the sentence out against him. And as for the appearance being anything more than mortal, or less than human, Randolph laughed at the state of his own nerves which rendered such an idea tenable for a moment. He was a materialist by nature—as so many are; though he said his creed without any intrusive doubts; and the absurdity was too patent after he had slept and been refreshed. But no doubt it was bad for his health, bad for his *morale*, to stay here. There was something in the atmosphere that was demoralizing; the air had a creeping sensation in it as of something more than met the eye. Death was in it; death, creeping on slowly, silently—loitering about with faint odors of mortality and sickening stillness. Randolph felt that he must escape into a more natural and wholesome air before further harm was done.

As for Mary, the occupations of the sick-room, and the sudden problems of the hereafter thus thrust upon her, were enough to fill her mind, and make her even comparatively indifferent to the departure of Nello, though it was against her judgment. It was not the hereafter of the spirit, which thus lay death-bound on the verge of the unseen, which occupied her. We must all die, everybody knows; but who thinks it true in their own case until it comes? Mary had known very well that a man much over

seventy could not live very much longer; but it was only when her father fell back in his chair unconscious, his body motionless, his mind veiled within blinding mists, that she felt the real weight of all that was to follow. It was for her to act as soon as the breath should be out of his body. She did not trust her younger brother, and she did not know what to do for her elder brother. The crisis had arrived while she was still unprepared. She went down mechanically to see Randolph go away, her eyes seeing many other things more clearly than she saw the two figures actually before her; the man suspicious as usual, and putting no faith in her—the boy in a subdued excitement, his eyes sparkling with the light of novelty and adventure. Randolph had gone into his father's room that morning, and had walked suspiciously round the bed, making quite sure that the "no change" was true. "I suppose he may last like this for weeks yet," he said, in a querulous undertone—and yet not so low but that everybody heard it—to the doctor. "Oh, hush, for Heaven's sake, Randolph! How can you tell that he does not hear?" said Mary. "Pshaw! how can he hear?" Randolph replied, turning with a certain contempt from the helpless and powerless frame which lay there making no sign, yet living when it would be so much better that he should die. The awe of such a presence gives way to familiarity and weariness even with the most reverent watcher; but Randolph, though he had no desire to be indecorous, could not help feeling a certain irritation at his father, who balked him by this insensibility just as he had balked him while yet he had all his wits about him. It seemed incredible that this half-dead, half-living condition, which brought everything to a standstill, should not be more or less a man's own fault.

Thus he went away, irritated and baffled, but still full of excitement; the moment which must decide all could not be very far off. He left the strongest charges upon the household, from his sister to Eastwood, to send for him instantly when "any change" occurred. "If it should be to-morrow," he said; "I shall hold myself always ready." He kept his eyes fixed on the Castle as long as he could see it, feeling that even now

there might be a sign recalling him. And he thought he had made up his mind what to do. He would bring his wife with him and take possession at once. Mary would not be able to look after everything; or, at least, if she should be, she ought not to be; no really delicate-minded woman, no *lady* should be able to make any exertion at such a moment. He would come with his household, as a kindness to Mary, and take possession at once.

As for Nello, he took leave very cavalierly of Liliás, who cried, yet would not cry, angry at his desertion and deeply wounded by his indifference, at the door. Poor little Liliás, it was her first disappointment in life. He was not thinking of her, but a great deal of his new portmanteau and the sandwiches put up for him, and the important position as a traveller in which he stood—but neither was Nello unkind. He took pains to console his sister.

"Don't cry," he said, "Lily; I shall come back in the holidays, and sometimes I will write you letters; and there is always the white rabbit I gave you, and little Mary Pen for you to play with."

"I don't want to play," said Liliás, with a burst of tears; "is play everything? I am too old for that. But oh, Nello, you are going to leave me, and you don't care. You do not care for Mary, or Martuccia, or any one. Me I should not mind—but you do not love *any one*. You care for nobody but yourself."

"Oh yes, I do," said Nello, "everybody," and he cracked the coachman's whip which was placed in readiness; "but boys have to go out and see the world, Eastwood says so. If I don't like being at school I shall come back and stay at home, and then you will have me again, but I hope not, and I don't think so, for school is jolly, very jolly, so Uncle Randolph says."

"You can go with Uncle Randolph," cried Liliás in a blaze of sharp anger, "and I hope you will not come back. I hope you will always stay away, you cruel, cruel boy!"

This bewildered Nello for a moment, as did the hurried wiping of Liliás' eyes and the tremulous quiver of her lip with which it was accompanied; but there was no time for more. He laughed and

waved his hand to her as he was hurried into the carriage. He had scarcely ever looked so gay before. He took off his hat and waved it as he went out of sight. Hurrah! they heard his shrill little voice shouting. Liliat sat down on the ground and cried her heart out. It was not only that he was unkind—but Nello thus showed himself wanting to all the needs of the

situation. No little hero of a story had ever gone away without a tribute to the misery of parting. This thought contracted her heart with a visionary pang more exquisite than the real. Nello was no hero, nothing but a little cruel, common, vulgar boy, not fit to put into any story, to go away so.

(To be continued.)

TO HERMIONE.

WHAT shall I liken unto thee?

A lily bright,

Whose virgin purity and grace

Fulfills the soul, as doth thy face,

With all delight.

What shall I liken unto thee?

A blushing rose,

Which, redolent of fragrance rare,

Half opened to the summer air,

All sweetness grows.

What shall I liken unto thee?

Some glorious star,

Which, hung aloft at eventide,

Sheds its mild radiance every side,

Both near and far.

No! such comparison is vain.

For these all three,

Lily, and star, and rose so fair,

In radiance, grace, and sweetness rare

Must yield to thee.

Macmillan's Magazine.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

THE archbishop's letters show conclusively that the Constitutions were not the real causes of the dispute with the king. The king was willing to leave the Constitutions to be modified by the pope. The archbishop's contest, lying concealed in his favorite phrases, 'saving my order,' 'saving the honor of God,' was for the supremacy of the Church over the Crown; for the degradation of the civil power into the position of delegate of the pope and bishops. All authority was derived from God. The clergy were the direct ministers of God. Therefore all

authority was derived from God through them. However well the assumption might appear in theory, it would not work in practice, and John of Salisbury was right in concluding that the pope would never sanction an assumption which, broadly stated and really acted on, would shake the fabric of the Church throughout Europe. Alexander was dreaming of peace when the news reached him of the excommunications at Vezelay. The news that Chief Justice de Luci had hanged 500 felonious clerks in England would have caused him less

annoyance. Henry's envoys brought with them the bishops' appeal, and renewed the demand for cardinal legates to be sent to end the quarrel. This time the pope decided that the legates should go, carrying with them powers to take off Becket's censures. He prohibited Becket himself from pursuing his threats further till the cardinals' arrival. To Henry he sent a private letter—which, however, he permitted him to show if circumstances made it necessary—declaring beforehand that any sentences which the archbishop might issue against himself or his subjects should be void.*

The humiliation was terrible; Becket's victims were free, and even rewarded. John of Oxford came back from Rome with the Deanery of Salisbury. Worst of all, the cardinals were coming, and those the most dreaded of the whole body, Cardinal Otho and Cardinal William of Pavia. One of them, said John of Salisbury, was light and uncertain, the other crafty and false, and both made up of avarice. These were the ministers of the Holy See, for whose pretensions Becket was fighting. This was his estimate of them when they were to try his own cause. His letters at this moment were filled with despair. 'Ridicule has fallen on me,' he said, 'and shame on the pope. I am to be obeyed no longer. I am betrayed and given to destruction. My deposition is a settled thing. Of this, at least, let the pope assure himself: never will I accept the Cardinal of Pavia for my judge. When they are rid of me, I hear he is to be my successor at Canterbury.'†

Becket, however, was not the man to leave the field while life was in him. There was still hope, for war had broken out at last, and Henry and Lewis were killing and burning in each other's territories. If not the instigator, Becket was the occasion, and Lewis, for his own interests, would still be forced to stand by him. He was intensely superstitious. His cause, he was convinced, was God's cause. Hitherto God had allowed him to fail on account of his own deficiencies, and the deficiencies required to be amended. Like certain persons who cut themselves with knives and lancets, he

determined now to mortify his flesh in earnest. When settled in his new life at Sens, he rose at daybreak, prayed in his oratory, said mass, and prayed and wept again. Five times each day and night his chaplain flogged him. His food was bread and water, his bed the floor. A hair shirt was not enough without hair drawers which reached his knees, and both were worn till they swarmed with vermin.* The cardinals approached, and the prospect grew hourly blacker. The pope rebuked Lewis for the war. The opportunity of the cardinals' presence was to be used for restoration of peace. Poor as Becket was, he could not approach these holy beings on their accessible side. 'The Cardinal of Pavia,' said John of Salisbury, 'thinks only of the king's money, and has no fear of God in him. Cardinal Otho is better: *Romanus tamen et cardinalis* (but he is a Roman and a cardinal). If we submit our cause to them, we lose it to a certainty. If we refuse we offend the King of France.' The Cardinal of Pavia wrote to announce to Becket his arrival in France and the purpose of his mission. Becket replied with a violent letter, of which he sent a copy to John of Salisbury, but despatched it before his friend could stop him. John of Salisbury thought that the archbishop had lost his senses. 'Compare the cardinal's letter and your answer to it,' he said. 'What had the cardinal done that you should tell him he was giving you poison? You have no right to insult a cardinal and the pope's legate on his first communication with you. Were he to send your letter to Rome, you might be charged with contumacy. He tells you he is come to close the dispute to the honor of God and the Church. What poison is there in this? He is not to blame be-

* Myths gathered about the state of these garments. One day, we are told, he was dining with the Queen of France. She observed that his sleeves were fastened unusually tightly at the wrist, and that something moved inside them. He tried to evade her curiosity, for the moving things were maggots. But she pressed her questions till he was obliged to loosen the strings. Pearls of choicest size and color rolled upon the table. The queen wished to keep one, but it could not be. The pearls were restored to the sleeve, and became maggots as before. *Materials*, vol. ii. p. 296.

* The Pope to Henry, December 20, 1166.

† Becket's Letters, Giles, vol. ii. p. 60.

cause he cautions you not to provoke the king further. Your best friends have often given you the same advice.'

With great difficulty Becket was brought to consent to see the cardinals. They came to him at Sens, but stayed for a short time only, and went on to the king in Normandy. The archbishop gathered no comfort from his speech with them. He took to his bell and candles again, and cursed the Bishop of London. He still intended to curse the king and declare an interdict. He wrote to a friend, Cardinal Hyacinth, at Rome, to say that he would never submit to the arbitration of the cardinal legates, and bidding him urge the pope to confirm the sentences which he was about to pronounce.* He implored the pope himself to recall the cardinals and unsheath the sword of Peter. To his entire confusion, he learned that the king held a letter from the pope declaring that his curses would be so much wasted breath. The pope tried to soothe him. Soft words cost Alexander nothing, and, while protecting Henry from spiritual thunders, he assured the archbishop himself that his power should not be taken from him. Nor, indeed, had the violence of Becket's agitation any real occasion. Alexander wished to frighten him into submission, but had no intention of compromising himself by an authoritative decision. Many months passed away, and Becket still refused to plead before the cardinals. At length they let out that their powers extended no further than advice, and Becket, thus satisfied, consented to an official conference. The meeting was held near Gisors, on the frontiers of France and Normandy, on the 18th of November, 1167. The archbishop came attended by his exiled English friends. With the cardinals were a large body of Norman bishops and abbots. The cardinals, earnest for peace if they could bring their refractory patient to consent to it, laid before him the general unfitness of the quarrel. They accused him of ingratitude, of want of loyalty to his sovereign, and, among other things, of having instigated the war.†

The last charge the archbishop sharply denied, and Lewis afterwards acquitted him also. For the rest he said that the king had begun by attacking the Church. He was willing to consent to any reasonable terms of arrangement, with security for God's honor, proper respect for himself, and the restoration of his estates. They asked if he would recognise the Constitutions; he said that no such engagement had been required of his predecessors, and ought not to be required of him. 'The book of abominations,' as he called the Constitutions, was produced and read, and he challenged the cardinals to affirm that Christian men should obey such laws.

Henry was prepared to accept the smallest concession; nothing need be said about the Constitutions if Becket would go back to Canterbury, resume his duties, and give a general promise to be quiet. The archbishop answered that there was a proverb in England that silence gave consent. The question had been raised, and could not now be passed over. The cardinals asked if he would accept their judgment on the whole cause. He said that he would go into court before them or any one whom the pope might appoint, as soon as his property was restored to him. In his present poverty he could not encounter the expense of a lawsuit.

Curious satire on Becket's whole contention, none the less so that he was himself unconscious of the absurdity! He withdrew from the conference, believing that he had gained a victory, and he again began to meditate drawing his spiritual sword. Messengers on all sides again flew off to Rome, from the king and English bishops, from the cardinals, from Becket himself. The king and bishops placed themselves under the pope's protection should the archbishop begin his curses. The Constitutions were once more placed at the pope's discretion to modify at his pleasure. The cardinals wrote charging Becket with being the sole cause of the continuance of the quarrel, and in spite of his denials persisting in accusing him of having caused the war. Becket prayed again for the cardinals' recall, and for the pope's sanction of more vigorous action.

He had not yet done with the cardinals; they knew him, and they knew his

* Giles, vol. ii. p. 86.

† 'Imponens ei inter, cætera quod excitaverat guerram regis Francorum.'—*Materials*, vol. i. p. 66.

restless humor. Pending fresh resolutions from Rome, they suspended him, and left him incapable either of excommunicating or exercising any other function of spiritual authority whatsoever. Once more he was plunged into despair.

Through those legates he cried in his anguish to the pope: 'We are made a derision to those about us. My lord, have pity on me. You are my refuge. I can scarcely breathe for anguish. My harp is turned to mourning, and my joy to sadness. The last error is worse than the first.'

The pope seemed deaf to his lamentations. The suspension was not removed. Plans were formed for his translation from Canterbury to some other preferment. He said he would rather be killed. The pope wrote so graciously to Henry that the king said he for the first time felt that he was sovereign in his own realm. John of Salisbury's mournful conviction was that the game was at last played out. 'We know those Romans,' he sighed; '*qui munere potentior est, potentior est jure*. The antipope could not have done more for the king than they have done. It will be written in the annals of the Holy See that the herald of truth, the champion of liberty, the preacher of the law of the Lord, has been deprived and treated as a criminal at the threats of an English prince.'

It is hard to say what influence again turned the scale. Perhaps Alexander was encouraged by the failures of Barbarossa in Italy. Perhaps Henry had been too triumphant, and had irritated the pope and cardinals by producing their letters, and speaking too frankly of the influences by which the holy men had been bound to his side.* In accepting Henry's money they had not bargained for exposure. They were ashamed and sore, and Becket grew again into favor. The pope at the end of 1168 gave him back his powers, permitting him to excommunicate even Henry himself unless he repented before the ensuing Easter. The legates were recalled as Becket desired. Cardinal Otho recommended the king to make his peace on the best terms which he could get. John of Salisbury, less confi-

dent, but with amused contempt of the chameleonlike Alexander, advised Henry, through the Bishop of Poitiers, to treat with the archbishop immediately, *nec mediante Romano episcopo, nec rege Francie nec operâ cardinalium*, without help either of pope, of French king or cardinals. Since Becket could not be frightened, Alexander was perhaps trying what could be done with Henry; but he was eager as any one for an end of some kind to a business which was now adding disgrace and scandal to its other mischiefs. Peace was arranged at last between Lewis and Henry. The English king gave up a point for which he had long contended, and consented to do homage for Normandy and Anjou. The day after Epiphany, January 7, 1169, the two princes met at Montmirail, between Chartres and Le Mans, attended by their peers and prelates.

In the general pacification the central disturber was, if possible, to be included. The pope had sent commissioners, as we should call them—Simbn, prior of Montdieu, Engelbert, prior of Val St. Pierre, and Bernard de Corilo—to advise and, if possible, guide Becket into wiser courses. The political ceremonies were accomplished, Lewis and Henry were reconciled amidst general satisfaction and enthusiasm. Becket was then introduced, led in by the Archbishop of Sens, the son of the aged Theobald, Count of Blois. Henry and he had not met since the Northampton council. He threw himself in apparent humility at the king's feet. 'My lord,' he said, 'I ask you to forgive me. I place myself in God's hands and in yours.' At a preliminary meeting the pope's envoys and the French clergy had urged him to submit without conditions. He had insisted on his usual reservation, but they had objected to saving clauses. He seemed now inclined really to yield, so Herbert de Bosham says, and Herbert whispered to him to stand firm.

'My lord king,' said Henry, after Becket had made his general submission, 'and you my lords and prelates, what I require of the archbishop is no more than that he will observe the laws which have been observed by his predecessors. I ask him now to give me that promise.' Becket no longer answered with a reservation of his order: he changed the

* John of Salisbury, Letters, vol. ii. p. 144. ed. Giles.

phrase. He promised obedience, saving the honor of God.

'You wish,' replied Henry, powerfully disappointed and displeased, 'to be king in my place. This man,' he continued, turning to Lewis, 'deserted his Church of his own will, and he tells you and all men that his cause is the cause of the Church. He has governed his Church with as much freedom as those who have gone before him, but now he stands on God's honor to oppose me wherever he pleases, as if I cared for God's honor less than he. I make this proposal. Many kings have ruled in England before me, some less, some greater than I am; many holy men have been Archbishops of Canterbury before him. Let him behave to me as the most sainted of his predecessors behaved to the least worthy of mine, and I am content.'

The king's demand seemed just and moderate to all present. The archbishop hesitated. Lewis asked him if he aspired to be greater than acknowledged saints. His predecessors, he said, had extirpated some abuses, but not all. There was work which remained to be done. He was stopped by a general outcry that the king had yielded enough; the saving clause must be dropped. At once, at the tone of command, Becket's spirit rose. Priests and bishops, he answered defiantly, were not to submit to men of this world save with reservations: he for one would not do it.

The meeting broke up in confusion. A French noble said that the archbishop was abusing their hospitality, and did not deserve any longer protection. Henry mounted his horse and rode sadly away. The pope's agents followed him, wringing their hands and begging for some slight additional concession. The king told them that they must address themselves to the archbishop. Let the archbishop bind himself to obey the laws. If the laws were amiss, they should be modified by the pope's wishes. In no country in the world, he said, had the clergy so much liberty as in England, and in no country were there greater villains among them. For the sake of peace he did not insist on terms precisely defined. The archbishop was required to do nothing beyond what had been done by Anslem.

Becket, however, was again immova-

ble as stone. Lewis, after a brief coldness, took him back into favor. His power of cursing had been restored to him. The doubt was only whether the pope had recalled the safeguards which he had given to the king. The pope's agents, on the failure of the conference, gave Henry a second letter, in which Alexander told him that, unless peace was made, he could not restrain the archbishop longer. Again representatives of the various parties hurried off to Rome, Becket insisting that if the pope would only be firm the king would yield, Henry embarrassing the pope more completely than threats of schism could have done by placing the Constitutions unreservedly in his hands, and binding himself to adopt any change which the pope might suggest. Becket, feverish and impatient, would not wait for the pope's decision, and preferred to force his hand by action. He summoned the Bishops of London and Salisbury to appear before him. They appealed to Rome, but their appeal was disregarded. Appeals, as Becket characteristically said, were not allowed in order to shield the guilty, but to protect the innocent. On Palm Sunday, at Clairvaux, he took once more to his bell and candles. He excommunicated the two bishops and every one who had been concerned with his property—the Earl of Norfolk, Sir Ranulf de Broc, whom he peculiarly hated, Robert de Broc, and various other persons. The chief justice he threatened. The king he still left unmentioned, for fear of provoking the pope too far.

Harassed on both sides, knowing perfectly well on which side good sense and justice lay, yet not daring to declare Becket wrong, and accept what, after all that had passed, would be construed into a defeat of the Church, the unfortunate Alexander drifted on as he best could, writing letters in one sense one day, and contradicting them the next. On the surface he seemed hopelessly false. The falsehood was no more than weakness, a specious anxiety to please the king without offending the archbishop, and trusting to time and weariness to bring about an end. There is no occasion to follow the details of his duplicities. Two legates were again sent—not cardinals this time, but ecclesiastical lawyers, Gratian and Vivian—bound by oath this time to

cause no scandal by accepting bribes. As usual, the choice was impartial; Gratian was for Becket, Vivian for the king. So long as his excommunications were allowed to stand, Becket cared little who might come. He added the chief justice to the list of the accursed, as he had threatened to do. He wrote to the Bishop of Ostia that the king's disposition could only be amended by punishment. The serpent head of the iniquity must now be bruised, and he bade the bishop impress the necessity of it upon the pope. Gratian was taken into Becket's confidence. Vivian he treated coldly and contemptuously. According to Herbert and Becket's friends, Gratian reported that the king was shifty and false, and that his object was to betray the Church and the archbishop. Henry himself declared that he assented to all that they proposed to him, and *Diceto* says that the legates were on the point of giving judgment in Henry's favor when the Archbishop of Sens interposed and forbade them. In the confusion of statement the actions of either party alone can be usefully attended to, and behind the acts of all, or at least of the pope, there was the usual ambiguity. Alexander threatened the king. He again empowered Becket to use whatever power he possessed to bring him to submission, and he promised to confirm his sentences. As certainly he had secret conferences at Rome with Henry's envoys, and promised, on the other hand, that the archbishop should not be allowed to hurt him. Becket, furious and uncontrollable, called the Bishop of London a paricide, an infidel, a Goliath, a son of Belial; he charged the Bishop of Hereford to see that the sentence against Foliot and his brother of Salisbury should be observed in England. Henry, on the other hand, assured Foliot of protection, and sent him to Rome with letters from himself to pursue his appeal and receive absolution from the pope himself. The Count of Flanders interposed, the Count of Mayence interposed, but without effect. At length on the 18th of November, [the anniversary of the conference with the cardinals at Gisors, Henry and Lewis met again at Montmartre outside Paris, Becket and his friends being in attendance in an adjoining chapel. Gra-

tian had returned to Rome. Vivian was present, and pressed Lewis to bring the archbishop to reason. Lewis really exerted himself, and not entirely unsuccessfully. Henry was even more moderate than before. The Constitutions, by the confession of Becket's biographer, Herbert, who was with him on the spot, were practically abandoned. Henry's only condition was that the archbishop should not usurp the functions of the civil power; he, on his part, undertaking not to strain the prerogative. Becket dropped his saving clause, and consented to make the promise required of him, if the king would restore his estates, and give him compensation for the arrear rents, which he estimated at 20,000*l*. Lewis said that money ought not to be an obstacle to peace. It was unworthy of the archbishop to raise so poor a difficulty. But here, too, Henry gave way. An impartial estimate should be made, and Becket was to be repaid.

But now, no more than before, had the archbishop any real intention of submitting. His only fear was of offending Lewis. The Archbishop of Sens had gone to Rome to persuade the pope to give him legatine powers over Henry's French dominions. The censures of the Church might be resisted in England. If Normandy, Anjou, and Aquitaine were laid under interdict, these two spiritual conspirators had concluded that the king would be forced to surrender. Becket was daily expecting a favorable answer, and meanwhile was protracting the time. He demanded guarantees. He did not suspect the king, he said, but he suspected his courtiers. John of Salisbury had cautioned him, and the pope had cautioned him, against so indecent a requisition. Lewis said it was unreasonable. Becket said then that he must have the kiss of peace as a sign that the king was really reconciled to him. He probably knew that the kiss would and must be withheld from him until he had given proofs that he meant in earnest to carry out his engagements. The king said coldly that he did not mean, and had never meant, to injure the Church. He was willing to leave the whole question between himself and the archbishop either to the peers and prelates of France or to the French universities. More he

could not do. The conference at Montmartre ended, as Becket meant that it should end, in nothing.

He sent off despatches to the Archbishop of Sens and to his Roman agents, entirely well satisfied with himself, and bidding them tell the pope that Normandy had only to be laid under interdict and that the field was won. Once more he had painfully to discover that he had been building on a quicksand. Instead of the interdict, the pope sent orders to the Archbishop of Rouen and the Bishop of Nevers to absolve a second time the victims whom he had excommunicated at Clairvaux. Instead of encouragement to go on and smite the king with the spiritual sword, he received a distinct command to abstain for another interval. Last of all, and worst of all, the pope informed him that at the king's request, for certain important purposes, he had granted a commission, as legate over all England, to his rival and enemy the Archbishop of York. The king's envoys had promised that the commission should not be handed to the Archbishop of York till the pope had been again consulted. But the deed was done. The letter had been signed and delivered. The hair shirt and the five daily floggings had been in vain then! Heaven was still inexorable. The archbishop raved like a madman. 'Satan was set free for the destruction of the Church.' 'At Rome it was always the same. Barabas was let go, and Christ was crucified.' 'Come what might, he would never submit, but he would trouble the Roman Church no more.'

Becket had now been for more than five years in exile. He had fought for victory with a tenacity which would have done him credit had his cause been less preposterous. At length it seemed that hope was finally gone. At the supreme moment another opportunity was thrust into his hands. Henry's health was uncertain; he had once been dangerously ill. The succession to the English crown had not yet settled into fixed routine. Of the Conqueror's sons William had been preferred to Robert. Stephen supplanted Matilda; but the son of Stephen was set aside for Matilda's son. To prevent disputes it had been long decided that Prince Henry must be crowned and

receive the homage of the barons while his father was still living.

The pope in person had been invited to perform the ceremony. The pope had found it impossible to go, and among the other inconveniences resulting from Becket's absence the indefinite postponement of this coronation had not been the lightest. The king had been reluctant to invade the acknowledged privilege of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and had put it off from year to year. But the country was growing impatient. The archbishop's exile might now be indefinitely protracted. The delay was growing dangerous, and the object of the commission for which the king had asked, and which the pope had granted to the Archbishop of York, was to enable the Archbishop of York to act in the coronation ceremony. The commission in its terms was all that Henry could desire; the pope not only permitted the Archbishop of York to officiate, but enjoined him to do it. Promises were said to have been given that it was not to be used without the pope's consent; but in such a labyrinth of lies little reliance can be placed on statements unconfirmed by writing. The pope did not pretend that he had exacted from the English envoys any written engagement. He had himself signed a paper giving the Archbishop of York the necessary powers, and this paper was in the king's hands. The coronation was the symbol of the struggle in which Becket was now engaged. The sovereign, according to his theory, was the delegate of the Church. In receiving the crown from the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the sovereign formally admitted his dependent position; and so long as it could be maintained that the coronation would not hold unless it was performed either by the Archbishop of Canterbury or by the pope himself, the sovereign's subject state was a practical reality.

Becket saw the favorable moment, and instantly snatched at it. He had many powerful friends in England among the peers and knights. The lay peers, he says in his letters, had always been truer to him than the clergy, they on their part having their own differences with the crown. He had ascertained that the coronation could not be postponed; and

if he could make the validity of it to depend on his own presence, he might redeem his past mortifications, and bring Henry to his feet after all. He knew Alexander's nature, and set his agents to work upon him. He told them to say that if the coronation was accomplished without his own presence the power of the Roman see in England was gone; and thus, when all seemed lost he gained the feeble and uncertain pope to his side once more. In keeping with his conduct throughout the whole Becket difficulty, Alexander did not revoke his previous letter. He left it standing as something to appeal to, as an evidence of his goodwill to Henry. But he issued another injunction to the Archbishop of York, strictly forbidding him to officiate; and he enclosed the injunction to Becket to be used by him in whatever manner he might think fit. The Archbishop of York never received this letter. It was given, we are told, to the Bishop of Worcester, who [was in Normandy, and was on the point of returning to England. The Bishop of Worcester was detained, and it did not reach its destination. So runs the story; but the parts will not fit one another, and there is a mystery left unexplained.* This only is certain, that the inhibition was not served on the Archbishop of York. Rumor may have reached England that such a thing had been issued; but the commission which had been formerly granted remained legally unrevoked, and on the 18th of June Prince Henry was crowned at Westminster in his father's presence by the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London, Durham, Rochester, and Salisbury.

It was easy now for Becket to represent to Alexander that the English bishops had rewarded his kindness to them

by defying his positive injunctions. To the superstitious English barons the existence of the inhibition threw a doubt on the legality of the coronation, and as men's minds then were, and with the wild lawless disposition of such lion cubs as the Plantagenet princes, a tainted title would too surely mean civil war. By ill-fortune offence was given at the same time to Lewis, who considered that his daughter should have been crowned with her husband, and he resented what he chose to regard as a wilful slight. The pope was told that the coronation oath had been altered, that the liberties of the Church had been omitted, and that the young king had been sworn to maintain the Constitutions of Clarendon. Decket made the most of his opportunity; mistakes, exaggerations, wilful lies, and culpable credulity, did their work effectively; Lewis went to war again, and invaded Normandy; the pope, believing that he had been tricked and insulted, commanded Henry to make peace with the archbishop under threat of instant personal excommunication of himself and an interdict over his whole dominions. Henry flew back from England to Normandy. In a month he dispelled the illusions of Lewis, and restored peace. It was less easy to calm Alexander, who regarded himself, if not openly defied, yet as betrayed by the breach of the promise that the commission to the Archbishop of York should not be used without a fresh permission from himself. Henry knew that a sentence of excommunication against himself, and an interdict over his French dominions, was seriously possible. The risk was too great to be incurred without another effort to compose the weary quarrel. The archbishop, too, on his side had been taught by often repeated experience that the pope was a broken reed. Many times the battle seemed to have been won, and the pope's weakness or ill-will had snatched the victory from him. He had left England because he thought the continent a more promising field of battle for him. He began to think that final success, if he was ever to obtain it, would only be possible to him in his own see, among his own people, surrounded by his powerful friends. He too, on his side, was ready for a form of agreement which would allow him to return and re-

* It would appear from a letter of John of Salisbury that the prohibitory letter had been purposely withheld by Becket, who was allowing himself to be guided by some idle *vaticinia* or prophecies. John of Salisbury writes to him (Letters, vol. ii. p. 236): '*Memineritis quantum periculum et infortunium ad se traxerit mora porrigendi . . . prohibitorias Eboracensi archiepiscopo et episcopis transmarinis. . . Subtilitatem vestram vaticinia quæ non erant a Spiritu deluserunt. . . Vaticiniis ergo renunciemus in posterum, quia nos in hac parte gravius infortunia perculerunt.*'

possess himself of the large revenues of which he had felt the want so terribly. More than once he and Henry met and separated without a conclusion. At length at Fréteval in Vendôme, on St. Mary Magdalen's day, July 22, an interview took place in the presence of Lewis and a vast assemblage of prelates and knights and nobles; where, on the terms which had been arranged at Montmartre, the king and the archbishop consented to be reconciled. The kiss which before had been the difficulty was not offered by Henry and was not demanded by Becket; but according to the account given by Herbert, who describes what he himself witnessed, and relates what Becket told him, after the main points were settled, the king and the archbishop rode apart out of hearing of every one but themselves. There the archbishop asked the king whether he might censure the bishops who had officiated at the coronation. The king, so the archbishop informed his friends, gave his full and free consent. The archbishop sprang from his horse in gratitude to the king's feet. The king alighted as hastily, and held the archbishop's stirrup as he remounted. These gestures the spectators saw and wondered at, unable, as Herbert says, to conjecture what was passing till it was afterwards explained to them.

That the king should have consented as absolutely and unconditionally as Becket said that he did, or even that he should have consented at all in Becket's sense of the word, to the excommunication of persons who had acted by his own orders and under a supposed authority from the pope, is so unlikely in itself, so inconsistent with Henry's conduct afterwards, that we may feel assured that Henry's account of what took place would, if we knew it, have been singularly different. But we are met with a further difficulty. Herbert says positively that the conversation between Becket and the king was

private between themselves, that no one heard it or knew the subject of it except from Becket's report. Count Theobald of Blois asserted, in a letter to the pope, that in his presence (*me presente*) the archbishop complained of the conduct of the English prelates, and that the king empowered him to pass sentence on them. Yet more remarkably, the archbishop afterwards at Canterbury insisted to Reginald Fitzurse that the king's promises to him had been given in the audience of 500 peers, knights, and prelates, and that Sir Reginald himself was among the audience. Fitzurse denied that he heard the king give any sanction to the punishment of the bishops. He treated Becket's declaration as absurd and incredible on the face of it. The Count of Blois may have confounded what he himself heard with what Becket told him afterwards, or he may have referred to some other occasion. The charge against the king rests substantially on Becket's own uncorrected words; while, on the other side, are the internal unlikelihood of the permission in itself and the inconsistency of Becket's subsequent action with a belief that he had the king's sanction for what he intended to do. Had he supposed that the king would approve, he would have acted openly and at once. Instead of consulting the king, he had no sooner left the Fréteval conference than he privately obtained from the pope letters of suspension against the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Durham, and letters of excommunication against the Bishops of London, Salisbury, and Rochester; and while he permitted Henry to believe that he was going home to govern his diocese in peace, he had instruments in his portfolio which were to explode in lightning the moment that he set foot in England, and convulse the country once more.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

OF VULGARITY IN OPINION.

BY A. K. H. B.

THERE are opinions held by human beings which, being revealed to you, enable you to form an estimate of the moral as well as of the intellectual state of

the human being that holds them. You are placed in a position to say not merely whether the human being be a wise man or a blockhead, but whether or not

he be a vulgar person, a brutal person, a scoundrel, a rogue. A well-known apothegm as to 'them that has brains and no money, and them that has money and no brains,' stamped the mortal who adopted it: stamped him not simply in the respect of his grammar, but of his deeper nature. So with the man who holds it quite fit on due occasion to thrash his wife. So with him who said, and possibly thought, that it is right to detain his fellow-creatures in 'involuntary servitude.' So with the jaunty toady, not himself a Bohemian but writing a slunk-like life of a Bohemian, who stated in print (I have read it) that 'a tradesman is an animal who exists to supply a gentleman without payment with what he may want.' Give me rather, as a daily associate, the person who maintains that this world is a flat surface and not a globe. He must be very stupid; but he may be an honest man. Indeed, all one learns of him leads to the assurance that he is so.

But there are opinions which are capable of being held only by a very brutal or a very vulgar person. The person may be brutal without being vulgar; and of course he may be vulgar without being brutal. A Spanish Inquisitor, looking on quietly at the burning of a Jew, was unquestionably brutal, but not necessarily vulgar; while the Puritan preacher in America who got a poor witch burnt, and having complacently beheld her agonies, preached a sermon on the occasion in which he expressed a super-devilish (or infra-devilish) satisfaction that she had (as he expressed it) 'gone howling out of one fire into another,' was not only a brute, but a vulgar brute. I have known one or two Puritans very like him. My friend Smith tells me that many years ago, when a young lad, he was talking with a divine (since deceased) named Sampson. Sampson was one of those under-bred, un-scholarly, coarse-grained illiterates who make one think how mysterious a thing it is that God Almighty permits such to represent Christian life and doctrine to any; their apparent vocation being to make the young hate religion. Even so the Pope, if well-advised, might largely subsidize a blatant railer at the Church of Rome, whose whole demeanor tends to make Protestantism ridiculous and disgusting

to such as fancy it is represented in him. It chanced that a poor woman had been sentenced to be hanged, at the period of Smith's conversation with Sampson. Upon this Smith ventured the seemingly innocent remark that this was a sad thing, a woman being hanged. 'No,' said Sampson, always eager to show that any man cleverer than himself was unsound in doctrine: 'No,' said that being: '*God will damn a woman just as soon as a man*: and therefore, in saying that it is a sadder thing to hang a woman than to hang a man, you are accusing God.' Such were the words, and Smith did not forget them: though he did not repeat them till the creature that uttered them was removed to another sphere of uselessness. Now, said Smith, here was Brutality in opinion and expression. That particular line of thought and argument was Brutal. And Smith thought of a certain great genius who, like most other men worth counting, thought a little extra-tenderness not unfit towards the more suffering and gentler half of poor humanity:

Then gently scan your fellow-man,
Still gentlier sister-woman.

The person who says No to that is brutal besides being blind. Sampson might have remarked, indeed, that he always took the very blackest possible view of the behavior of both man and woman: and that the question of degree accordingly mattered but little with him. Smith, in reply to Sampson's cheerful argument, felt much disposed to say that it was a dreadful thing to think of 'God damning' either woman or man. But he was a youth upon his preferment: and in those days a young preacher's 'soundness' was like a woman's virtue: and he was well aware that had he said anything of that sort Sampson could have greatly interfered with his chances of preferment by going about shaking his head and lifting up his hands together with his shoulders, and saying he feared young Smith was unsound, was dangerous, was Negative, was Broad. So Smith, by no small effort, held his tongue, and got away as fast as he could. But Time brings its revenges: and the day came on which Smith was able, without the smallest alarm, to tell Sampson exactly what he thought of him and his

theology and his general career. The estimate expressed was somewhat unfavorable. But there was no fight in Sampson; and he slunk away, like a dog with its tail between its legs.

Not Brutality in opinion is the writer's present subject, however; but Vulgarity. We are to think of that order of beliefs and notions which imply vulgarity in the persons holding them. Let not any attempt be made at a definition of vulgarity. I never saw a successful one; and the last I saw was by Sir Arthur Helps. We all know the thing when we see it. And some of us unhappily see a good deal of it. There are few more trying forms of it than the historical form: when it states the proceedings of mortal men, putting these in the most repulsive way. I do not at this moment recal any example of a more dreadful fashion of putting the attention of a parish priest to an afflicted family, than that of the individual who stated that when he had trouble in his house, the worthy man 'under whom he eat' was most mindful; in point of fact he 'was iverly runnin',—that is, making frequent pastoral visits. 'Iverly runnin';' such was the acknowledgment of much thought and kindness, much bodily fatigue, on the part of a highly-educated and devout gentleman. It is 'not much fitted to lead a man to devote himself to the sacred office in the country where such is the manner of putting things. Worst of all, the person who used the phrase, though no doubt desirous of putting his parish clergyman in his proper place, had no idea that he was speaking of him in unduly depreciatory phrase. But the faithful and diligent priest, now passed to his rest, who related the fact to me, said rather sadly that he feared even such was the mode in which a good deal of the best work of the best men was expressed in words in a country known to us both. Other sentences, highly analogous, suggest themselves; but they are best put away and forgot. Let it be said, however, that should the evil days of what is called Disestablishment come, and the existing independence of the National Clergy cease, all those who are known to me will wash their hands of a work which will have ceased to be the work for such as them. Doubtless human beings will be found who will be content

to be regarded as 'fine bodies,' 'iverly runnin';' and preaching in 'a fine style o' langidge.' I have no fear that such an unhappy time will be here in the life of any one now living. But oh the suicidal idiocy of such of the clergy as from temporary irritation join hands with such as would degrade their office in the very dust!

All this, however, is by the way; though it is not quite irrelevant. Let it now be said that an argument is self-condemned when it commends itself only to an exceptive or abnormal person: to a very stupid person, or a very vulgar person; or only to a Scotchman or a Highlander. Many folk know that there are such arguments; if indeed argument be the proper word. And any opinion, or belief, is self-condemned, which as a matter of fact you know can never be accepted by educated folk, by folk of decent culture. The man who stated, in all honesty, that not only he himself had never read either Milton or Shakspeare, but that he did not believe any human (being had ever read Milton or Shakspeare, was capable of accepting and holding opinions which you, my gentle and friendly reader, could not accept or hold though your life depended upon it. Such a one could not at all see or feel many considerations which are most apparent to you. Such a one will discern great force in considerations which you would put aside as not having the weight of a feather. There are opinions, most honestly held, which go naturally with grubby nails, uncultured souls, mean suspicions, coarse jokes received with horse-laughter, wretched tattle recorded and reiterated to a neighbor's prejudice, and statements that the doctor or the clergyman was (not duly kind and attentive, but) iverly runnin'.

Last Sunday the writer, being in the greatest of Scotch cities, was proceeding towards the grandest of Scotch churches, when he met a Scotch divine whose name is remarkably well known to fame. That excellent individual, holding up a quarto volume bound in morocco, uttered the exclamation 'What a blessing it is to read one's prayers! It is Peace. Peace.' Then he went on his way, looking very peaceful and comfortable. He serves one of the most influential of the congregations of the Scotch Church;

and in the Scotch Church (as a rule) the prayers are not read. Each clergyman provides his own: either (1) *bonâ fide* extemporizing them (and it is wonderful how well this is done, after long habit, by a devout and able man): or (2), having written them and committed them to memory: or (3) having, through a gradual process of crystallization, extending through years, arrived at certain seldom-varied forms which cannot be said to have been at any specific time prepared. The good man has gradually grown into these forms, and most of the congregation could repeat them; but they never were written nor got by heart. Here and there, you find an exceptive preacher who spreads out the document before him, and with due solemnity reads his prayers. The late Dr. Robert Lee was the first to do this habitually. The great Chalmers, enlightened far beyond his age, had indeed ventured to do this on occasions, half-a-century since. But so aware was he of the common prejudice against it, that he did it surreptitiously: there are those still alive who saw him, when Moderator of the General Assembly, reading his prayers from a manuscript deftly hidden in his cocked hat. The prayers, of course, when read, are incomparably better than when extemporized; and the strain of anxiety upon the officiating clergyman is greatly diminished. And the prejudice against the reading of prayers is a vulgar and stupid prejudice, if such a prejudice there be at all. The minister's duty is to lead the devotions of the congregation as well as possible. Surely he can do so better if he have carefully considered the circumstances and needs of the congregation in the quiet of his own study, and set these forth in reverent and decorous words there, than if in the hour of public prayer, nervous, fluttered, fearful lest some of the many things to be remembered should escape his memory, he attempt to do all that there. And the exertion of the faculty of memory, some know, is very quenching to devotional feeling. A strained mind does not go kindly with a warmed heart. I remember, years ago, being present when one of the most eminent of the Scotch clergy was asked to conduct public prayer upon an important special occasion. He decidedly refused. 'No,' said he. 'In

my own study here I could think of what was suitable to be said, but I have not that command over my nervous system that I can be sure I could recal or express it before many people when the time comes.' It appeared to me at the time that I had rarely heard a stronger argument for read prayers. Why not, I thought (though nobody said it), write down in the study the suitable words, and so be sure of having them ready at the critical time? Can any mortal suggest any coherent reason against doing so; except that preposterous prejudice requires a Scotch clergyman to look, at the moment, as though he were extemporizing his prayers? And not with the Scotch National Church, but among the ignorant and fanatical English Brownists or Independents of the seventeenth century, did that vulgar prejudice originate. I remember, too, how a clergyman of the very highest ability and deepest devotion, after he had ministered for more than fifty years, told me that each Sunday morning, going to his huge church to officiate, he did so under a misery and anxiety beyond words, in the prospect of conducting public prayer. The misery went off, always, when the duty was fairly entered on. But I thought to myself, If you, being what you are, and what all the country knows you for, feel so, what ought men to feel who are scores of miles below you: and what need is there that any mortal should have to feel so? But that good man was a true-blue Presbyterian, and would have been scandalized beyond words by the suggestion of a provided form of prayer: also he plainly thought that to go through this gratuitous misery each Sunday was somehow enduring and doing more for his Master's sake; it was 'spending and being spent.' No wonder that Dr. Robertson, of Glasgow Cathedral, as wise and good a Scotchman as ever lived, should have said, many years ago, that 'the reasons in favor of a partial liturgy are quite unanswerable.' Dr. Crawford, the late Professor of Divinity at Edinburgh, said the like in the writer's hearing times innumerable. And the educated population of Scotland is now unanimous on that matter. Unhappily, there is a large mass of decent people who still need to be educated upon that as upon other matters. At the foundation of the pre-

judice against read prayers there is the vulgar idea, incapable of being accepted for a moment by educated folk, that the clergyman is somehow inspired to conduct public prayer without preparation. Just as much and just as little as he is inspired to preach without preparation. The help to be looked for comes to the man who has first done his own very best. Here, as elsewhere, Heaven helps those who try to help themselves. There is a still vulgarer idea at the root of the prejudice in question. One would not have believed that its existence was possible unless assured by actual knowledge of the fact. There are those in some congregations who think they are not getting enough of work out of the clergyman if he reads his prayers: who think that he is relieving himself a little, and that his nose is not being kept sufficiently tight to the grindstone. I have heard this specially vulgar notion expressed in so many words. 'I like to see a man break out in a perspiration when he is prayin',' were the words of a horrid animal, known to the writer in his boyhood. 'That minister wad thole mair steerage of the boaddy,' was said of a powerful but quiet preacher, by one who desired greater gymnastic exertion. 'Our minister's a grand preacher,' said a rustic: 'he whiles comes oot wi' a roar just like a bull.' And the notion that the task is in any way lightened, that the clergyman's work is helped in any way, is specially disagreeable to hearers of that calibre. A vulgarer notion, or one to be more vigorously stamped down, cannot by possibility be imagined.

I have remarked that of recent days, while various enlightened Scotchmen have argued for read prayers, those opposed to read prayers have not argued but bullied. Probably from their stand-point they were right. At a recent meeting in Edinburgh of a singular institution called the *Pan-Presbyterian Council*, a respectable man from America had the hardihood to get up and state some reasons in favor of a liturgy. He was not met with argument, but with vulgar threats. 'We'll have no liturgy,' said an individual who replied to him: and then the individual went on to speak in praise of the woman Jenny Geddes, who cast her stool at the head of the Dean in the Cathedral at Edinburgh on the day when

the Prayer-Book (idiotically enforced against the will of the people) was first read. 'It is a fell creepie,' said the speaker, 'and could ding down a Dean yet.' That is to say, the speaker (of whom one had hoped better things), instead of arguing against a view which had been introduced with fair arguments civilly expressed, at once appealed to vulgar prejudice. It is admitted by all men of sense, that the folly and infatuation of those who sought forcibly to impose the Book of Common Prayer upon a nation that did not want it (and specially such a nation) were beyond all words. Every man has a right to worship God according to the order he likes best: and admirable as the Anglican Prayer-Book is, such as tried to compel Scotchmen to use it by the thumb-screw and the boot were fools, and worse than fools. It is a surprise to many English folk, to be told that when Protestant Episcopacy was for a few years established in Scotland at the point of the bayonet, no Liturgy was used in churches. The parish-church of St. Andrews was pro-cathedral of the Primacy (the cathedral being in ruins): but when an Archbishop ruled there (*ecclesiae parochialis civitatis Sti. Andreae Archi-Episcopus*, as some of the existing Communion-Plate has it) the worship was exactly what it is to-day. Possibly the existing order is more careful and reverent than that of two hundred years since. And not against Episcopal government, but against the intrusion of the Service-Book, was the memorable riot at St. Giles's in Edinburgh directed. But while Jenny Geddes had an undoubted right to declare, in the manner most congenial to her nature, that she did not want the Volume which commends itself warmly to so many Scotch folk now, it is interesting to remark what was the value of the worthy woman's reasons against it. At the reading of a certain Collect, she arose in wrath, and hurled her creepie, declaring that she was not going to have 'the mass said at her lug,' that is, in her hearing. Here is the prayer, which Jenny esteemed as implying the Mass. I wonder if even a Pan-Presbyterian could say anything against it.

Lord of all power and might, Who art the author and giver of all good things: Graft in our hearts the love of Thy

Name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Jenny, you see, was plainly a hopeless blockhead. Any one who sees *The Mass* in that beautiful prayer must needs be a vulgar blockhead. Quite lately you might have heard it read in a Scotch church, and by a Dean too: but no stool was thrown, no voice was lifted up against the Mass. Things are changed, very much for the better. The century was the Nineteenth, the year being indeed 1877. The Dean was the Dean of Westminster. The church was the historic church of St. Andrews, already mentioned. And the congregation was the intelligent one which now happily worships there.

Professor Blackie of Edinburgh, liveliest and most amiable of men, has a song in praise of the redoubtable Jenny. One verse is as follows:

Some praise the fair Queen Mary, and some
the good Queen Bess,
And some the wise Aspasia, beloved by
Pericles:
But o'er all the world's brave women, there's
one that bears the rule,
The valiant Jenny Geddes, that flung the
three-legged stool.
*With a row-dow—at them now!—Jenny fling
the stool!*

It may be hoped, however, that Mr. Blackie is mistaken in the view he expresses. Probably Miss Nightingale, Grace Darling, Joan of Arc, and one or two others, have done finer things than to begin a riot in a church by throwing a stool at an old man's head. And as the poem occurs in a volume in which Mr. Blackie has made several statements, plainly mistaken, this statement may be wrong too. Let another verse be quoted from the poetic Professor:

I am no gentleman, not I!
No, no, no!
Our stout John Knox was none—and why
Should I be so?
I am no gentleman, not I!
No, no, no!
And thank the blessed God on high,
Who made me so!

Here Mr. Blackie is wrong. He is a gentleman, as all who know him can testify: and his assertion as to John Knox is as erroneous as his assertion concern-

ing himself. Plainly his statements in relation to anybody are to be taken under all reservation. In the same work he gives a *Confession of his Faith*, each article in which is enforced in a manner even more violent than the Decrees of Trent. That famous Council is content to wish that something bad may happen to those who gainsay its creed. *Anathema sit*, is all it says. Mr. Blackie ventures on the declaration that such as differ from him are in that extremity already.

And who denies this creed
Is damned indeed.

This statement is wholly without foundation. Probably it is about as true as the genial Professor's assertion with regard to the stout-hearted but thick-headed Jenny Geddes.

I am not sure that the subject is one which it is profitable to prosecute farther. For, though profusion of material suggests itself, in the form of opinions which one has heard expressed by various human beings, the opinions are in all cases much better forgotten than recalled. There is no special good in meditating upon exhibitions of human vulgarity and stupidity which cannot be meditated upon without some irritation of soul. Such opinions as that a Bishop cannot be other than a conceited and arrogant person: that no parish clergyman will do his duty if he have so much as a thousand a year: that the competition of a dissenting place of worship is a capital thing to make the Rector work hard: that men of high rank are for the most part idle blackguards: that most ladies of position are very little better than they ought to be: that money expended in providing places of learned leisure is money wasted: that learning is of no value whatever: that Cathedral churches ought not any longer to be used for worship, but ought to be regarded as architectural exhibitions, and even sold to the highest bidder: that organs and choirs are *Poppish*: that a Cross placed upon a Christian grave is *Ritualistic*: stamp their holders. But the only counsel one can offer to such as find the statement of such views insufferably provocative, is, that they should keep out of the way of their fellow-creatures who hold and state such views. Love them, by all means: but give them a wide berth. 'I don't

hate frogs,' said Dr. Johnson; 'but I prefer not to have them hopping about me.'

Let it be said in conclusion, that there may be the most slighting mention, implying the most depreciatory estimate, of a fellow-mortal, while yet no malice is implied in the speaker, and no possible offence could be taken by those depreciated. 'What is your fare?' was asked, a little ago, of the driver of an omnibus

which had conveyed four mortals to a little railway station which need not be specified. 'A SHILLING FOR THE LOT,' was the prompt reply, with a sharp glance at the persons indicated. The Lot consisted of Canon Liddon, the Earl of Strathmore, Mr. Malcolm MacColl, and one anonymous obscurity. The three eminent members of The Lot were quite delighted.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

THE POETRY OF SEPTEMBER.

WE suppose that every month in the year has its own peculiar physiognomy, by which the true lover of nature would at once recognize it were he dropped from the clouds in a balloon after a prolonged absence in some other planet. Months melt into one another imperceptibly, of course; but such a one would know that the middle of July was not the middle of June, or the middle of August the middle of July. And this not by the weather, or the temperature, or by any agricultural operation which might betray the truth, but by the peculiar expression which Nature wears at different seasons of the year. In July she is still young, still soft and fresh, with cooling showers and fickle skies, and clouds and sunshine rapidly chasing each other away. And for the full and perfect beauty of ordinary English scenery there is no period of the year to compare with the six weeks which separate the end of June from the middle of August. In August comes a slight change, we know not what, something to be felt rather than described. Perhaps it is that the face of Nature begins then to wear rather a more set look, to show the first signs of middle age, and that lines of thought become visible in her still lovely countenance. But with the ensuing month the change is very apparent, and it is on the manner in which the expression of nature during an English September affects both the heart and the imagination that it is proposed to dwell in this article.

A September landscape is familiar to the majority of Englishmen; but still there is a numerous class of men, comprising many among us who are the best qualified to appreciate it, who rarely see

their native country at all during that particular month. The crowd of tourists which flies across the Channel, bound for Alps, or Pyrenees, or Carpathians, or what not, the moment they are free from the claims of business, or politics, or fashion, rarely return till September has passed gently away. Of those others who spend September in the country many, perhaps, are too much absorbed in field-sports to notice the beauty which encircles them; and many more, perhaps, if they did notice it, would never get beyond observing that it was a very fine day. We hope, however, still to find a few readers who have been touched by the same feelings as ourselves under the influence of this particular month, and with their sympathy, if there be such, we shall be satisfied. The actual physical beauty of a September day, though not so luxuriant, it may be, as July or August, stirs us, perhaps, with a deeper emotion. The corn should not be all carried, for the wheat, standing in shocks upon the hillside has a very pretty effect in the distance. There should be meadows within view, in which the rich green aftermath, still ankle deep, has not yet been fed off. There should be the fine stately hedgerow timber of the midland counties, or the hanging copses and long woods of the west and south. There should be the cool dark green of the turnips, contrasting with the pale yellow stubble, looking sheeny and silky in the sun. There should be a farmhouse or two, and a village spire in the hazy distance; and the foliage may be flecked here and there with two or three rust spots as a foil to the surrounding verdure. Here is an ordinary view enough. But lie lazily on your back where the eye

can take in all these varied contrasts, and you will allow that the same scene at an earlier period of the year would have wanted many of the charms which it exhibits now. If by the poetry of September we meant principally its suitability for descriptive poetry we might enlarge on these charms in some detail. As it is, I shall merely observe on the singularity of the fact that descriptive poets should have turned to so little account the peculiar beauties of this season of the year. It is not so with painters. September has sat for her portrait to many eminent hands, and we would call particular attention to a picture in last year's (1876) Academy, by Mr. Vicat Cole, called "The Day's Decline," which is evidently intended for September, and which, though it does not give the variety which I have just described, brings out many of the special characteristics of the month with marvellous fidelity. But Thomson is our classic on such subjects; and, though he could not fail to catch the dominant characteristic of the month, he hardly seems to have drunk in the full beauty of it. The following lines, however, show that he was not without appreciation:

A serener blue,
With golden light enlivened, wide invests
The happy world. Attempered suns arise,
Sweet beamed, and shedding oft through lucid
clouds

A pleasing calm; while broad and brown
below

Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain—
A calm of plenty.

This is truly fine. The epithets applied to the ripe cornfields, "rich, silent, deep," are most felicitous. But the primary idea of Autumn with Thomson was what its name denotes, that of a season of abundance and rejoicing.

Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten
sheaf,

While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow
plain,

Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more
Well pleased I tune.

And we do not remember at the present moment either in Wordsworth, Tennyson, or Keats, the meed of even one melodious verse to the sweetest "daughter of the year," which dwells on her pathetic beauty.

NEW SERIES, VOL. XXVI., No. 5

For it is not the mere beauty of feature which characterizes September, great as that is, on which we are about to dwell; in this it is surpassed by other months. It is the expression which is worn by this one—all that it suggests, all the spell which it seems to lay upon us—which we hope to be able to describe, so that some few readers, as we have said, may recognize the likeness. We are presupposing, of course, that we have a seasonable September, the mild, warm, sunny month which it is four years out of five, and neither parched by drought nor yet drenched with constant rain: September, in fact, in her normal and natural condition. Then let the sky be perfectly blue, the air perfectly hushed, and the whole landscape bathed in a flood of pensive sunshine, and "on such a day" the mind becomes conscious of a mixture of melancholy and sweetness which is wholly peculiar to this season. The sweetness of September is, indeed, one of its most prominent attributes. No month in the year seems literally to smile upon one like September. It is so gentle, so soft, so mellow.

It seems to look at one out of mild hazel eyes with an almost human love and tenderness, and an equable serenity which gives assurance of unchanged affection. And this it is which leads us by degrees to become conscious of the melancholy of September. The contrast between the sense of repose, tranquillity, and permanence which is inspired by her aspect, and the sense of the approaching termination of all summer weather which we feel at the same time, naturally gives rise to this sentiment. We feel in gazing on September what we might feel in looking upon a beautiful and sweet-tempered woman, in perfect health and strength, whom we knew had but a short time to live. It is, however, difficult to separate the elements which constitute the sweetness from those which constitute the melancholy of this beautiful season. The profound brooding stillness of a September day, when you may even hear the beetles dropping from the bean shocks in the adjoining field, must have struck many of our readers, and one can barely say whether it contributes more to the sadness or the joy with which we are inspired at such moments.

Hark how the sacred calm which breathes
around

Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the
ground,

A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

How frequently have we experienced the exact sensations here described by Gray, on a soft hazy September afternoon, when, if the harvest is completed, there is often not a sound to be heard, while the soft warm glow of all around prevents the silence from being gloomy. That is a time at which to lie on the grass and "dream and dream;" when, without the help of any stimulant, you may kiss the lips you once have kissed, and recall your college friendship from the grave: gliding by degrees into a kind of dreamy feeling, which you care not to analyse too closely, that this ineffable peace of nature, which passes all description, may be a type, perhaps, of that peace of God which passes all understanding.

It is curious that September should be the one month in which we feel the strongest assurance of settled calm; have more reason to believe that to-morrow will be like to-day than at any other season of the year; and yet that it should be the last month of summer with which all the really green, warm, pleasant days practically depart. The poetry of decay is brought before us in October and November, but not in the month we are speaking of. In three seasons out of four September is green to the last, or sufficiently so to prevent one from noting much change. And it is this contrast, no doubt, a contrast we have already spoken of, which constitutes one of its chief charms: the deep stillness before the equinoctial tempest. But the same contrast may be regarded from another point of view. If there is one idea more than another which the aspect of September awakes in us, it is one of mellowness and maturity. It seems to speak of the strength and fulness of ripe and sunny middle age, the warmth of youth without its fever, the sobriety of age without its frost. The ideas of plenty and abundance, moreover, with which we associate this month come in to corroborate the impression which its outward aspect is calculated to produce; and a momentary fancy will sometimes flit across the mind that September can-

not really be passing away, or that its life will be prolonged like Hezekiah's. It seems so difficult to suppose that the warm, genial, yet calm withal and tranquil weather, so redolent of life, health, and permanence, is so soon to leave us. But then come up the words of George Herbert, "But thou must die,"—and with thee all the lasting beauty of our brief English summer. October has its fine days, but the days are short and the nights are cold. It is as much an indoor month as an outdoor month. With September come to an end all the *molles sub arbore somni* in the happy afternoons, the moonlight stroll in the shrubbery, or the lounge by the garden gate, with perhaps some fair companion whom the softness of the scene makes doubly soft herself. After September these become pleasures of the past; and though of course they are as appropriate to any other summer month as they are to September, yet September is the month in which people in the country see more of each other than they do in June and July, and when, consequently, there are more opportunities for the poetry of moonlight flirtation.

And this leads us away to some lighter considerations than those which we have hitherto indulged in. Hitherto we have been trying to depict, however feebly, what may be called the moral beauty of this season of the year. We have dwelt on the particular emotions which the aspect of nature at such a time awakens in us; on the contrast between the sensations of sweetness and of sadness, of repose and of transitoriness, of maturity and of decay, which it suggests to us. But there is an artificial and social poetry also about the month of September at which we have just glanced in the last paragraph, and of which a little more has still to be said. September, in fact, has, owing to a gradual change of habits, appropriated to itself many of the associations which formerly belonged to May, and which are still assigned to her in the conventional language of poetry. But in the last quarter of the nineteenth century September is the lover's month. We are now, of course, speaking only of rural love-making. One month is the same as another in the life of cities, but in country life, and especially in the life of country houses, September bears away

the palm. Whether any change has really taken place in our English seasons since the days of Milton, Dryden, and Addison, we cannot say, but the Laureate contends that "those old Mays had thrice the life of ours;" and most certain it is that Dryden's well-known description of that month, if applied to any May we have had for the last twenty years, would seem simply ridiculous. We mean the lines beginning:

For thee, sweet month, the groves green
liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest, of the year.

Winter in the lap of May is now the rule and not the exception, and "Society" does well, in our opinion, to spend it in the capital. Fashion, it may be, after all, has been only unconsciously adapting herself to nature and following in the footsteps of the seasons. When May was a warm and melting month, when the "groves" were full of leaf overhead, and when every bank was "a bed of flowers" on which a lady might throw herself without any fear of the rheumatism, the upper ten thousand did right to end their season in April. There has been, however, a change of dynasty since those days. May is no longer the Queen of love and beauty, and the crown is for the present in commission. But the period of the year which now corresponds more closely than any other to what May was formerly is certainly to be found in the latter end of August and September. Then are croquet and archery in all their glory. Then it is that we get our only spell of settled fine weather; the woods are dry, the nights are warm, and long rides and walks furnishing innumerable opportunities for courtship under the most favorable circumstances are of daily occurrence. Then again there is that old-fashioned amusement of nutting, so admirably described in *Tom Brown*, and which contains a world of poetry in itself. What a vision of glades and dingles, and steep woodland paths, and high mossy banks, and cool dank depths of impenetrable shade, it conjures up before us. What a sense of seclusion, of complete isolation from the world, of security and irresponsibility creeps over us in the centre of a thick wood, surrounded on all sides by the tall hazel bushes whose tangled branches form an arch over our heads,

through which we just discern the great spreading limbs of the oak and the beech up above! Then if 'you, and the lady of the hour, can only lose your way and wander into some deep leafy hollow, where a half-seen brooklet just trickles over the pebbles, and where no other sound is heard but the flight of the ring-dove, or its soft appealing note from the neighboring elm, you will own the dangerous fascination, the melting influence of the season, nor would give a fig for all your merry months of May. Then the ground would be wet and the trees bare, and very probably an east wind lying in wait for you round the corner. Now all is soft and warm and sheltered. A thick leafy girdle shuts you in; here and there, through the openings, gleam the mossy trunks of ancient trees and gnarled old thorns and hollies; while beyond again all is green darkness—the very home of the fauns and the nymphs, and of the god Sylvanus. And is not this a scene more fitting for the whispers of love, for the arm stealing softly round the waist, for the lips at last venturing to the glowing half-expectant cheek, than all the village greens or May bespangled meads in the world? Our friend Thomson understood this feature of September at all events:

The clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade;
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair,
Melinda formed with every grace complete.

Of course! But seriously, the poetry of nutting is a large part of that second form of the poetry of September with which we are now engaged. At such a moment your wish is assuredly for what Dryden has painted better than Virgil, for the simple reason that Virgil never painted it at all:

A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley and a lofty wood.

Then, if ever, you experience that absolute indifference to affairs which Virgil has painted:

*Illum non populi fascēs, non purpura regum
Flexit et infēdos agitans discordia fratres,
Aut conjurato descendens Dacus ab Istro:
Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna.*

Let them rave! the peace of September is upon you. Melinda sits beside you, with every grace complete. What can

the raw, half-clad, chilly month of May, with all her frost-bitten flowers, give you in exchange for this?

We were wrong, perhaps, in saying that in the depth of that cool green wood you would hear no sound but the loving coo or the noisy pinion of the wood-pigeon. You may hear at intervals the distant gun of the partridge-shooter; and little as such a sport may seem at first sight to have to do with "the soul-subduing sentiment harshly styled flirtation,"* the reader of Whyte Melville's charming novel *All Down Hill* will know better, if he has not known it at first hand. In partridge-shooting there is such a thing as luncheon, which it needs little feminine dexterity to convert into a picnic of an exceptionally free and easy character. What more natural than for the daughters of the house to bring out their papa's luncheon in the pony carriage, who meets them with his two young friends in such and such a lane, or under such and such a big hedge? Paterfamilias himself is not unlikely to go to sleep when he has finished his share of pigeonpie and smoked his allotted pipe. But whether he does or not, he will certainly not get up to help the young ladies gather blackberries; and as that is one of the fruits of the earth of which they happen at this moment to be particularly fond, and as it grows too high on these hedges to be reached without assistance, they pair off easily and naturally in quest of this delicacy: coming back—strange to say—with neither lips nor fingers showing any traces of the coveted refreshment, though what other fruit may have been tasted in the mean time it would perhaps be impertinent to inquire. Oh, yes! partridge-shooting—the sport *par excellence* of September—has a great deal of poetry in it. It is answerable for numerous love affairs of all kinds—serious or trifling, innocent or otherwise. And while we are on the poetry of September we must never forget that it is of

all months in the year the month of honeymoons. We might expatiate on this topic to any extent: on the raptures which September has beheld by lake or mountain, by the blue sea, or in the green retreats of some patrician home. There is some evidence in the context to show that it may have been September when the Lady of Shalott began to grow sick of shadows. The long fields of barley, the reapers reaping early, the sheaves through which Sir Launcelot rode, all point to this conclusion:

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
I am half sick of shadow, said
The Lady of Shalott.

It must have been so. Hence, vain deluding May! We will none of thee. If the Italian Venus loves best the "ivory moonlight of April," our English goddess is clearly most gracious in September.

If the transition from grave to gay in the above pages has been somewhat of the suddenest, I can only say that it reflects to some extent the character of the month I have been describing. The still, deep, eloquent calm of a September day speaking to us in a language which cannot be written down—at once so sweet, so soft, and so sad—may be exchanged in a moment for all the jocund activity of a harvest field, the rough pleasantries of the mowers, and the merry tones of girls and children. Thus there are two aspects of September which present themselves to us alternately, contrasting very strongly with each other, and not shaded off by any very gentle gradations. From one point of view September is merrier than May, from another it is sadder than December. Nothing can be gayer than the human life of the month, with all the bustle and license of the harvest: nothing more calculated to inspire us with serious emotions than the face of nature. Melancholy and gladness share the month between them; and whichever mood we may be in, September can always sympathise with us.

* *Coningsby*.

THE CALIPHATE

BY J. C. MCCOAN.

THE sympathy expressed by our Mussulman fellow-subjects in India with the Porte in its present struggle with Russia has, during the past few weeks, provoked considerable newspaper and other discussion of the ground on which this sentiment rests—namely, the title of the Sultan to the Caliphate, or supreme spiritual headship of Islâm. But the pronouncements of the chief parties to the controversy have been so conflicting that—it may without disrespect be said—popular confusion on the point has been rather worse confounded, and to unscientific outsiders the problem, instead of being in any way solved, has been made obscurer than ever. The learned fog, however, which has been thus thrown round the subject may, I venture to think, be dispersed by a simple reference to the historical facts, which are as accessible to anyone who can read D'Herbelot, D'Ohsson, and Gibbon as to the pundits who, armed with Abulfeda and Elmacin, have waged bloodless but still angry war over a topic that involves in reality no problem at all.

The word 'Caliph' (Arab. *Khali-fah*), meaning 'vicar' or 'successor,' was the modest title assumed by Aboubekr, the father-in-law and first successor of Mohammed, on the death of the latter in A.D. 632. As the first link in the chain of what is by some called the canonicity of the title, it should be remarked that in his case the succession was by popular election; but in that of Omar, who followed, it was by nomination by Aboubekr on his death-bed, after a short reign of less than two and a half years. As the title of 'successor of the successor,' which was properly that of the new sovereign, would soon have become reiteratively inconvenient, it was now changed for that of *Emir-al-moumenin* (Commander of the Faithful), which—although the original style of Caliph was also retained—thenceafterwards became, and still remains, the more specific designation of the chief Mussulman sovereign. Again, before his death Omar named six persons to succeed him, in order of their election

by lot or their own collective vote. These were called *Ahel-alschoura*, or heirs presumptive, and the offer of one of them (Abd-al-rahman) to renounce his chance on condition of the other five permitting him to choose Omar's immediate successor having been agreed to, he named Othman (another of the six), who accordingly became the third Caliph. On his death, in A.D. 655, Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet, succeeded to the vacant dignity—by election of the people of Mecca and Medina, acting on his previous nomination as one of the six selected by Omar. Of this most famous of the first four 'successors' nothing more need be said than that he removed the seat of the Caliphate to Cufa, and long after his death (in 661) became the cause of the great schism that has since divided the Mohammedan world into the bitterly opposing sects of Soonis and Shiites—the former of which includes the Turks, most of the Arabs, and the great majority of the Mussulmans of India and China, while the latter comprises the Persians and some tribes along the Gulf, who regard the first three Caliphs as usurpers and Ali as the only legitimate successor of the Prophet. These first four princes are called by Mussulman theologians *Khulefai rdshidin*, or 'true Caliphs,' as distinguished from their Ommiade and Abbasside successors, who, though recognised as legitimate and orthodox, are styled 'imperfect.' Of the two sons of Ali, Hassan and Hussein—who with their father form what may be called the trinity of the Shiite calendar—the former succeeded to the Caliphate, apparently by mere hereditary right, as nothing is recorded of his election; but his title was disputed by Moawiyah, a near relative of Othman, and governor of Syria at the time, who had equally refused to recognise Ali, and shortly after the accession of the latter had himself been proclaimed Caliph by his own partisans at Damascus. After a few months' feeble tenure of the Cufa sovereignty, therefore, Hassan abdicated in favor of the usurper, and found sanc-

tuary at the Prophet's tomb till poisoned by his wife at the instigation, it was said, of Moawiyah.

Amrou, the conqueror of Egypt, was the first to salute the new monarch, and divulged, says Gibbon—quoting the language of Tacitus in another connection—the dangerous secret that the Arabian Caliphs might be created elsewhere than in the city of the Prophet. Moawiyah belonged to the tribe of the Beni-Ommiyah, and so founded the first dynasty of the Ommiades, which for nearly a century wielded the sceptre of Islâm in virtue of a purely hereditary right. In A.D. 750 the succession passed to the Beni-Abbas, in the person of Abul Abbas, surnamed Al-Saffah (the Bloodshedder), who, in a battle fought near Mosul, defeated Caliph Marwan II., the last of the Ommiade sovereigns, and, as was thought, totally exterminated their lineage. One member, however, of the family survived—Abd-al-rahman, a grandson of the Caliph Heschiam—and managed to escape into Spain, where his name procured him a favorable reception, and enabled him to found a new Ommiade line, which for nearly three centuries ruled both spiritually and secularly over the eight Mohammedan provinces into which the Peninsula was then divided.

The succession of Al-Saffah by his brother Mansour, after a contest with his uncle and nephew, whose claims were also strongly supported, would further seem to show that neither law nor usage had established any fixed rule according to which the joint spiritual and temporal sovereignty then descended. It passed, in fact, to the strongest, who was generally the oldest male relative of the deceased Caliph, and so, under the Abbassides as under the Ommiades, became practically hereditary in the order which is still canonical in the family of the Ottoman Sultans. Al-Mansour it was who removed the seat of the Caliphate from Damascus to Baghdad, which he founded. Under Haroun-al-raschid, his grandson, and our old friend of the *Arabian Nights*, the Mohammedan dominion reached its golden age, from which it gradually declined till, during the reign of Caliph Rahdi (934-41), the twentieth of the Abbasside line, the whole central executive power had been gradually usurped by the Emirs-al-Omara—

the commandants of the Turcoman and Tartar militia, who, from being at first mere slaves or mercenaries imported from Northern Asia, had become, like the Mamlouks of Egypt, the dominant military class—while most of the provinces had segregated into independent principalities, whose sultans, for the greater part, acknowledged the spiritual sovereignty of the Caliph, but nothing more. Thus arose the provincial dynasties of the Aglabites, the Edrisites, the Taberites, the Soffarides, the Hamadanites, and others, who for nearly five centuries, simultaneously or in succession, divided between them the dominion of Asia and Africa from the Oxus to Tangier. In 1056 Baghdad itself was occupied by the Seljuks, who assumed and for two hundred years wielded the power previously held by the usurping Emirs. During this term, again, the order of succession was frequently broken by the secular princes, who deposed and set up Caliphs at their will, though still selecting from the Abbasside line. The divided sovereignty thus exercised at length came to an end in 1258, when the Tartars under Holagou, the grandson of Zenghis Khan, overran the empire, sacked Baghdad, and extinguished the Arabian Caliphate in the blood of Mostasem, the last of this illustrious dynasty.

In the mean time two other Caliphates—each claiming co-ordinate supremacy with the parent pontificate of Baghdad, but the legitimacy of both of which is repudiated by Mussulman canonists—had been established in Northern Africa and Spain. In the latter country Abd-al-rahman, a grandson of the Ommiade Caliph Heschiam, had, in A.D. 755, as already mentioned, refounded the line of his house in a new dynasty, which for nearly three centuries equalled, if it did not surpass, in wealth and splendor its rivals on the Tigris. Since the extinction of these Spanish Ommiades, in 1036, there has been no Caliphate amongst the Moors; but the Emperor of Morocco, though a Soonî, claims to be Imâm within his own dominions, and as such has never recognized the spiritual headship of the Sultan.

A century and a half later than the foundation of this Spanish Caliphate, Obeidallah, who claimed to be a descendant of Ali, with the help of the Emir of

Sicily drove the Aglabites out of Cairoan—the ancient Cyrene—and established the Fatimite dynasty in Africa in A.D. 908. Moëz, the fourth of this line, having reduced Egypt, transferred the seat of his sovereignty to Cairo—then newly built by his general Gowher—in or about 972; and before his death, three years later, his name was substituted in the mosque prayers for that of Al-Motée (the contemporary Baghdad Caliph) from Tunis to Medina, Mecca being the only place of importance in Arabia that persisted in recognizing the house of Abbas. This Fatimite line, in which the succession was no whit more regular than among the Ommiades and Abbassides, lasted, with diminished power, till 1171, when it was suppressed and its Caliphate extinguished by Saladin (then vizier of Adhed, its last representative), who usurped the secular sovereignty and re-proclaimed the spiritual supremacy of the Baghdad Abbassides. The Spanish Ommiades being also now extinct, these latter thus again became the sole recognized Vicars of the Prophet throughout the orthodox Mussulman world, and so continued till their sanguinary extermination by Holagou.

We now reach the first of the three doubtful links in this tangled chain of succession on which the religious title of Sultan Abdul Hamid depends. Some three years after the Mogul capture of Baghdad a young Arab named Ahmed, calling himself a survivor of the slaughtered Abbasside house, made his appearance at Cairo, and claimed to be a son of Dhaher, the last Caliph but one of the line. D'Herbelot tells the story of his claim in language that plainly hints doubt as to its soundness, and the only recorded evidence in support of it is its recognition by the Mamlouk Sultan Bibars after consultation with his doctors of the law. In the person, therefore, of this alleged scion of the sacred house—who received the name of Mostanserbillah—the Abbasside dynasty, extinguished on the Tigris, was revived on the Nile. A few months after his enthronement he was sent with a strong force to drive the Tartars from Baghdad, but being met by them on his way, was killed in the fight that followed. Opportunely, yet another survivor of Holagou's massacre turned up, and was promoted to the vacant dignity with even scantier enquiry into his

pedigree than had been made in the case of Ahmed. But the Caliphate thus restored was from the first a purely spiritual office, without secular power or attributes of any kind, and during the two centuries and a half that intervened to the Turkish conquest the sacred puppets were appointed and deposed at will by the temporal Sultans, with even less ceremony than had previously been observed by the Seljuks at Baghdad. The relation of the Pope to the King of Italy would be in some way analogous to that of these Vicars of the Prophet to the Sultans of the Baharite and Borghite dynasties, but that Pius IX. enjoys a hundredfold more liberty and independence than was accorded to the Caliphs of this Abbasside line in Egypt. Still, the prestige of a great sanctity attached to their office, and their secular colleagues made use of them, as Mr. Baillie observes, to confirm by religious sanctions their own authority over the people. They were even recognized as the source of temporal dignities, and were used by the Mamlouk soldiery—as the Sheikh-ul-Islâm was the other day by the Porte pashas at Constantinople—to deprive of legal authority the sovereigns whom they deposed. Nor was this recognition of their high religious authority confined to Egypt and its Mamlouk princes. Both D'Herbelot and Gibbon tell how Sultan Bayazid, when at the height of his power, besought from the Prophet's Vicar at Cairo the confirmation of his royal dignity. 'The humble title of Emir,' says Gibbon, 'was no longer suitable to the Ottoman greatness; and Bajazet condescended to accept a patent of Sultan from the Caliphs who served in Egypt under the yoke of the Mamlouks—a last and frivolous homage that was yielded by force to opinion by the Turkish conquerors to the house of Abbas and the successors of the Arabian Prophet.' In the enjoyment of this purely pontifical rank and authority the dynasty lasted for two centuries and a half—till 1517, when Egypt was conquered by the Ottomans under Selim I., who killed Toman Bey, the last Borghite Sultan, and carried off Caliph Motowakkel to Constantinople,* where he forced him to renounce, or as-

* After the death of Selim, three years later, he was permitted to return to Cairo, where he lived as a private individual till his own death in 1543.

sumed, without renunciation, the Caliphate in his stead—for the point, though of importance, is not historically clear.

Before pursuing it, however, the remark already incidentally made may here be repeated—that it clearly results from what precedes that up to this advanced point in the history of the office no specific rule of succession had been established. The sequence of its first four occupants had virtually been elective, while that of the legitimate Omniade and Abbasside dynasties that followed was in the main hereditary, the catenation being, however, in later years frequently broken by the arbitrary choice of the temporal Sultans, who only so far respected legitimacy as to select their nominees from the sacred lineage, without regard to their degree of relationship to the preceding Caliph. The fact too that, besides these arbitrary disposals of the dignity, there were, after Ali, three separate descents of it to as many different dynasties—with a *lacuna* of nearly four years between the extinction of the Abbassides at Baghdad and the revival of their line at Cairo—is fatal to any theory of apostolical succession in the office, for which, down to the suggested usurpation of Selim I., Mr. Baillie seems to contend. As little circumstantial support, however, is there for the contention that the office throughout its history was, and still is, elective. The apostolical current (to speak in the modern language of electricians) clearly ended with the last of the four 'true' Caliphs and election equally then ceased to be the rule in all three of the legitimate dynasties that followed—as *à fortiori* it has never been with the Ottoman Sultans, with whom the succession to both spiritual and temporal sovereignty is by descent to the eldest agnate of the family. Their title to the Caliphate must, therefore, be tried by other tests.

D'Ohsen,* without citing any contemporary authority, asserts the renunciation, and says that, 'according to the unanimous opinion of modern jurists'—whom, however, he does not mention—the right of legitimate succession was thereby acquired by the Sultans. 'Selim I.,' he adds, 'further received in the same year the homage of the Schérif of

Mecca, who presented to him on a silver dish the keys of the Caaba; and this full and entire surrender of the rights of the *Imāneth*, made on the one hand by an Abbasside Caliph, and on the other by a Schérif of Mecca—both descendants of the Koreish, the one by the Hashim branch and the other by that of Ali—compensated in the Ottoman Sultans for the defect of birth or of the extraction required by the law to qualify for the legitimate exercise of the pontificate.' He furnishes, however, a practically much better argument for this legitimacy in the accommodating pronouncement of the *Foussoul-Isteroucheny*, a canonical commentary of great repute. 'The authority of a prince who has even usurped the supreme priesthood by force and violence must still be recognized as legitimate, since the sovereign power is now reputed to vest in the person of the strongest ruler, whose right to command is founded on his arms.' In other words, in sacerdotalism as in politics:

He may take who has the power,
And he may keep who can.

If this were so beyond question, and independently of race, the title of the Ottoman Sultans would be indisputable, since for more than three centuries and a half they have been the chief Mussulman sovereigns of the world. But the historical precedents are all opposed to such a doctrine. It was indeed in a sense by force of arms that both the Omniade and first Abbasside dynasties were founded; but their princes were of the pure Arab blood, and could claim descent, more or less direct, from one or other of the first sacred four; nor is there, as Dr. Badger—who stoutly affirms the spuriousness of the Ottoman pontificate—observes, any instance on record, or any authority whatever, sanctioning the transfer of the office by an individual, or its bestowal on one of an alien race. But Mr. Baillie goes beyond this negative evidence, and quotes D'Ohsen in support of his averment that Mohammed himself declared that the 'Imāms must be of the race of the Koreish'—the very pure-blooded Arab tribe to which the first four Caliphs and their Omniade and Abbasside successors belonged—a condition which, if essential, is of course fatal to the claim of the Padishahs. Mr.

* *Tableau général de l'Empire Ottoman*, i. 269.

Redhouse, however—who defends the Ottoman title, but whose logic in the controversy is not quite equal to his zeal—throws doubt on the authenticity of this *dictum*, and, without combating the fact that it figures in the abridgment of *Omer Nessefy*, which holds the place of a catechism in the Mussulman schools, says 'it would seem to be a safe conclusion that there never was a Prophetic injunction to this effect.' But the safety of this conclusion is not quite apparent in view of its direct rebuttal by an authority whom D'Ohsen regards as 'the soul and essence of Mussulman doctrine.' Certain it is, too, that the whole of the Arab dynasties—including the anti-Caliphates of the Fatimites and the Spanish Abbassides—claimed descent from the Koreish tribe, a fact that supports a presumption at least in favor of the limitation contended for by Mr. Baillie. If, therefore, the question were being argued on the morrow of the event, judicial logic would on this ground alone compel a rejection of the Ottoman claim; for the whole weight of the evidence is in favor of the *dictum* cited by Mr. Baillie, and in a theocratic system founded on such utterances its great authority must be admitted. But, in matters of dogma as with matters of fact, time and circumstances effect and legitimize important changes. In both Christianity and Islâm many points of now accepted doctrine would have been rank heresy one, two, three, or five centuries ago, just as in secular affairs we all know how often success has sanctified treason. Selim not only obtained from Motowakkel the forced or voluntary renunciation of his office, but, as already mentioned, induced the Schérif of Mecca—the next highest religious authority of the Mussulman world, and himself of the pure Koreish blood—to openly recognize the validity of the transfer. Nor was this all: through the influence of this venerated personage he won to his allegiance most of the chief Desert tribes, and from Suez to Aden was everywhere acknowledged as both Caliph and King. Since then the temporal authority of the Sultans along the Arabian coast, and inland over Yemen, has greatly fluctuated, but their claim to religious supremacy has never been substantially disputed. True it is that the Imâms, or Sultans, of Muscat

and Zanzibar, and their subjects—though Soonis—have never recognized the validity of Motowakkel's act, and so regard this Ottoman pontificate as heretical and corrupt. But they are only a handful amongst the many millions of the orthodox faithful who, from the Danube to Borneo, now reverence Abdul Hamid as Vicar of the Prophet; and neither their petty recusancy nor the greater schism of the Shiites—who have never recognized any Caliph since Hassan, the son of Ali—materially affects the value of a title which, whatever may have been its original flaws, has been otherwise generally acknowledged for three hundred and sixty years. Even Dr. Badger, therefore, while arguing against the claim, perforce admits that 'the Ottoman Khalifate, in fact, as distinct from the Sultanate, stands in the same position towards Islâm as the Popedom does towards Christendom'—a measure of legitimacy and practical authority which most politicians at least will think sufficient.

To gather up and restate, therefore, the elements of this so-called problem—the office of Caliph was, in the case of its first four universally acknowledged occupants, elective; in that of both the Ommiade and Abbasside dynasties that followed, and which are similarly recognized by all Mussulmans except the schismatic Shiites, it was virtually hereditary; then followed, as has been said, a *lacuna* of some four years, during which the line of succession was wholly broken, to be re-established in the historically doubtful founder of the Egyptian Abbassides, who was partly nominated by the Mamlouk Sultan and partly chosen by his Ulema, as was also his immediate successor. Thence on till the extinction of this dynasty, again, the rule of descent was also in effect hereditary, though not always in the direct line. But throughout this long succession of nearly a thousand years these Caliphs, from Aoubekr to Motowakkel, were or claimed to be members of what may be termed the Levitical Koreish tribe, to which there is strong authority for saying Mohammed himself declared every occupant of the sacred office must belong. Up to this point, too, there is, as has been observed, no instance on record of the office having been transferred by an individual oc-

cupant of it, and least of all to a member of an alien race. In the teeth, however, of this negatively proved canon the last of the Egyptian Abbassides, either voluntarily or under pressure of force, renounced the dignity in favor of the Ottoman Sultan Selim I.—by blood a Tartar—on that prince's conquest of Egypt; and from him the office has since descended, conjointly with the temporal Sultanate, to the present sovereign, Abdul Hamid. If the premises of the argument ended here, it would be safe to affirm with Dr. Badger, Mr. Bailie, and 'G. B.' that the Ottoman claims to the dignity are both canonically and historically untenable. But the syllogism is practically upset by the authoritative expediency of the *Foussoul-Isteroucheny*, already quoted, and by the more substantial fact still that for more than three centuries and a half this 'usurpation' of

the Ottoman Sultans has been condoned and sanctioned by the general Mussulman world, from Bosnia to Kashgar. In fact, time and a consensus of Mussulman opinion have created for the house of Othman quite as good a title to the office as could be claimed for any of the dynasties since Ali and Hassan. For all purposes of practical politics, therefore, the validity of this must now be recognized. The notion that there ever was anything like an apostolical succession in the office is as exploded as our own old dogma of Divine right; and, that cleared away, it is—with all respect to the eminent scholars who blunt their pens against an accomplished and now unchangeable fact—mere Quixotism to dispute a claim which Mussulmans themselves all but universally acknowledge.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

EX-PRESIDENT MARK HOPKINS.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE make in this number another addition to our series of portraits of eminent American educators, in the person of the venerable Mark Hopkins, who for the long period of thirty-six years presided over Williams College, and who still holds an important position in the corps of instructors of that institution.

MARK HOPKINS is a grandson of Mark Hopkins, an officer in the war of the Revolution, and subsequently a lawyer of considerable reputation. He was born at Stockbridge, Mass., on the 4th of February, 1802. He was graduated at Williams College in 1824, and having filled a tutorship in the college for two years, received in 1828 the degree of M.D., and in the same year commenced the practice of medicine in New York City. In 1830 he was recalled to Williams College to fill the chair of rhetoric and moral philosophy, and in 1836 succeeded Dr. Griffin as President of the college, a position which he held continuously until 1872. In the latter year, being then "the oldest college president in America," he resigned executive duties and resumed his old position as professor of mental and moral philosophy. Under his supervision Williams College greatly increased her resources and the

number of her students, and achieved a reputation which has placed her among the foremost educational institutions in the land. From a position little better than that of a good local school he raised it to the level of a national fame and influence; and his name will always fill an honored place in the educational annals of America.

In addition to his labors as an instructor, Dr. Hopkins has been a frequent lecturer before scientific and literary associations, and, besides a number of occasional sermons and addresses, he has published a number of works evincing high intellectual culture as well as literary skill. "Among them," says a writer in the *Cyclopædia of Education*, "that which illustrates best his peculiarly lucid mode of teaching difficult subjects is 'An Outline Study of Man' (New York, 1873), which is a model of the developing method as applied to intellectual science, as well as of black-board illustration." Presiding over a college which has been called the cradle of foreign missions, he has also taken an active part in the deliberations of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, of which, for a number of years after 1857, he was president.



Engraved for the Edition by J. J. Cade, New York.

MARK HOPKINS.

(EX-PRESIDENT WILLIAMS COLLEGE.)

LITERARY NOTICES.

EGYPT AS IT IS. By J. C. McCOAN. With a Map Taken from the Most Recent Survey. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

The character and scope of this work will be sufficiently indicated perhaps by saying that it was prepared as a companion volume to Wallace's "Russia" and Baker's "Turkey," and its quality by saying that it is worthy to fill a place beside those admirable works on the library shelf. It lacks the wide comprehensiveness of Mr. Wallace's treatise, for more than one elaborate volume would be required to deal satisfactorily with the history, antiquities, and social life of Egypt, and each of these several branches of the subject is already illustrated by a quite voluminous literature. Mr. McCoan's object is to furnish a comprehensive account of the material, economic, and administrative condition of the country as it is at the present time; and though he performs the role of historian sufficiently to give a vivid sketch of the principal events that have marked the annals of Egypt since the accession of Mehemet Ali, and makes use of the researches of antiquarians wherever they can be made to serve the purposes of illustration, he confines himself chiefly to practical matters, and to an explanation of the causes that have produced the great national revival which in little more than half a century has lifted Egypt from the position of an obscure and despised dependency of the Porte to one in which it is recognized as the most civilized and progressive of existing Oriental states. Agriculture and manufacturing industries, commerce, finances, population and territory, public works, the educational system, judicial reforms, slavery, and administration—these are the principal topics that engage the author's attention; and upon all these he furnishes vastly more and better materials for a satisfactory judgment than have hitherto been accessible to the general reader. A considerable portion of this material has been gathered from the governmental archives and the best official and private sources, and the whole was corrected and confirmed by lengthened personal visits to Egypt made by the author for the special purposes of investigation. His statistical information is particularly full and precise, and, considering the difficulty of procuring such data in a country like Egypt, forms a praiseworthy feature of the work; and the evident impartiality with which he approaches the entire subject, combined with this amplitude of knowledge, renders his hopeful view of the future of the country and his favorable opinion of the character and intentions of the

present Khedive more impressive than all the fulsome eulogies that have been penned in such numbers by enthusiastic travellers during the past twenty years.

As regards the attractiveness of the book, it is evidently designed rather for instruction than amusement; and yet it presents many features of interest even for readers who usually seek mere entertainment. The article on "Slavery in Egypt" which appeared in the August number of the *ECLECTIC* forms a chapter of the work, and affords a fair example of the author's skill in investing the most hackneyed topics with new and suggestive interest; and it is always pleasant to follow a well-informed, clear-headed, and lucid writer through the intricacies of an important and intricate subject. Mr. McCoan is never dull even when dealing with statistics; and whenever he describes persons, or events, or natural scenery, or social customs and characteristics, he shows all the vividness and vigor of style which we should expect in the veteran editor of the *Levant Herald*.

The map contained in the volume, better than any other yet published, depicts Egypt from the Mediterranean to the equator.

CHRISTIANITY AND HUMANITY: A Series of Sermons by Thomas Starr King. Edited, with a Memoir, by Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

In view of the remarkably wide popularity which Starr King had attained both as preacher and as lecturer, it would seem as if some literary memorial of his character and work would long ago have been forthcoming. He died in 1864, when his reputation and influence were at their zenith, and when thousands of hearts in the East as in the West were thrilled with loving remembrances of him; and a thirteen years' lease of oblivion is a longer term than his admiring friends should have allowed him. Tardy though it be, however, the present memorial volume, with its promised successors, will doubtless find a large circle of eager readers, including many whose interest in Mr. King is a transmitted feeling derived from those who had known him personally or participated in his intellectual ministrations. The twenty-two sermons which it contains represent, as Mr. Whipple says, the average excellence of Mr. King's weekly discourses, and though they cannot be regarded as brilliant examples of pulpit eloquence they certainly justify the esteem in which he was held as a preacher to cultivated audiences. In exaltation of senti-

ment, in subtlety of thought, and in polish of style, they are inferior to Channing's; but there is a sweet serenity of tone about them, a fervor of conviction, a keenness of insight into the perplexities of the human heart, a varied picturesqueness and force of expression, and a wooing persuasiveness of argument, that give them a place apart from, if not above, the ordinary standards of comparison. To minds perplexed by recent historical criticism and the seeming encroachments of science they will prove especially helpful; for Mr. King enforces with peculiar emphasis the vital truth that religion appeals not to the understanding but to the soul, and that its testimonies are to be sought in the lives of men and not in their meagre historical records.

But perhaps the most valuable as it is certainly the most enjoyable portion of the volume is the brief biographical sketch prefixed to the sermons. To know what a good man is vastly more improving than to know simply what he *says*, and Mr. Whipple's affectionate and eloquent memoir brings Mr. King before us with remarkable vividness. "To know him was to love him," says Mr. Whipple; and we may add that this memoir awakens in the reader something of the reverent, tender, and admiring sentiment with which Mr. King seems to have inspired all who enjoyed the privilege of intimate personal contact with him.

THE QUESTION OF LABOR AND CAPITAL. By John B. Jervis, Civil Engineer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In these days of a universal printing-press any social convulsion is sure to be speedily reflected in literature, and the recent great railroad strike has already elicited a goodly number of treatises, in addition to the multitudinous comments upon it in the periodical press. Mr. Jervis's book on "The Question of Labor and Capital" was apparently written and completed before the strike culminated, and consequently does not deal with it directly; but it undoubtedly was suggested by the troubles and agitations that heralded the final catastrophe, and the topics which it discusses take a peculiar significance from events which furnish a lurid commentary upon its argument. Mr. Jervis does not wield the pen of a ready writer, and he makes no pretension to originality of view; but his mind has laid firm hold upon one or two of the essential doctrines of economical science, and these he expounds and reiterates with a certain homely force of phrase and aptness of illustration that will very likely prove more effective with working-class readers than the subtle logic and precise periods of better known and more

authoritative writers. Those who are already familiar with the principles of political economy, and especially with the literary masterpieces that have given the science such high intellectual claims upon the attention of thinkers, would doubtless be wearied by Mr. Jervis's simple arguments, rambling repetitions, and ungrammatical sentences; but it is to the unlettered laboring-classes that he specifically addresses himself, and upon such classes, if they can be induced to read it, his treatise will unquestionably make a profound and wholesome impression. The cardinal doctrine which he teaches is that which About concisely sums up in the epigram: "Capital is the instrument civilization has put into the hands of labor." This sound and healthful doctrine he emphasizes over and over again, and illustrates from the practical experiences of every-day life. His sympathy with the unavoidable hardships of the workingman's lot is frank and unmistakable, but the whole tone of his thought is manly and practical, and offers a wholesome antidote to the weak sentimentalism with which the discussion of the labor question is too often befogged. The following paragraph—a fair specimen at once of his teaching and of his unpolished directness of speech—is worthy of being extensively reproduced: "The sentiment that labor is worth so much, or more or less, is without foundation. It is worth just what it will command in the market, same as any other commodity. There is no other philosophy than this. The benevolent idea that wages should be such as to yield a fair support, is necessarily indefinite, and has little or no application in the commerce of men. Business is one thing and charity another. Nor would the charitable view comport with the dignity of labor, or lead to any other than the pauper or semi-pauper plan, which no able-bodied American citizen should respect, or propose for his support."

The chief fault of Mr. Jervis's book arises from his habit of constant self-repetition. He either does not know when he has made his point, or has unbounded faith in the efficacy of mere reiteration. All that he has to say could easily have been said within the limits of a modest pamphlet, and the general circulation that might have been secured for his ideas in that form would undoubtedly have been productive of good.

LIGHT: A Series of Simple, Entertaining, and Inexpensive Experiments in the Phenomena of Light, for the Use of Students of Every Age. By ALFRED M. MAYER and CHARLES BARNARD. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This attractive little book forms the initial volume of an "Experimental Science Series

for Beginners," in which it is designed to teach young students the elementary principles of optics, sound, heat, magnetism, electricity, and mechanics, and at the same time to give them such a knowledge of the art of making practical experiments as will enable them to go forward steadily and confidently into the more complex phenomena of the physical sciences. The manual "is specially prepared for the boy or girl student, and for the teacher who has no apparatus, and who wishes his pupils to become experimenters, strict reasoners, and exact observers. Nearly all the experiments described are new, and all have been thoroughly tested. The materials employed are of the cheapest and most common description, and all the experiments may be performed at an expense of less than fifteen dollars. The apparatus is, at the same time, suitable for regular daily use in both the home and school, and with care should last for years." One of the customary objections to the introduction of science-teaching into the elementary schools is that the requisite apparatus is too expensive, and that the teacher requires a special training in order to utilize it. This objection is completely met by the present manual; for any tolerably ingenious boy of ten would easily perform every experiment in the volume, making the greater part of his apparatus himself, and finding nothing but enjoyment in the entire process. Moreover, having thus prepared for and performed them, he will have such an exact idea of what Light is and how it acts as could not possibly be so firmly lodged in his mind by any other method of instruction.

The experiments are very clearly described with the aid of illustrations and diagrams.

AMERICAN ADDRESSES, with a Lecture on the Study of Biology. By THOMAS H. HUXLEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Decidedly the most important portion of the contents of this volume are the three lectures delivered by Professor Huxley in New York during his recent American visit, in which, after discussing the several hypotheses concerning the history of Nature that have been entertained by mankind, he presented what he calls "the demonstrative evidence of Evolution." These lectures were reported and extensively copied at the time, and there are few intelligent readers probably who have not a more or less definite idea of their character; but they are likely to be the starting-point of a whole literature of scientific discussion, and all who can appreciate their importance will be glad to possess them in book form, uniform in style with the professor's other works. Besides the lectures on Evo-

lution, the volume contains the admirable "Address on University Education" delivered at the opening of the Johns Hopkins University, and a lecture on "The Study of Biology," delivered at the South Kensington Museum in connection with the loan collection of scientific apparatus. The former will be read with special pleasure for the hearty recognition which it accords to American efforts in science and education; and the latter is a topic on which Professor Huxley can speak with the authority of the greatest living biologist.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

DR. FRIEDRICH DELITZSCH is preparing a work on the geography of the Assyrian inscriptions.

Two American authors, Mr. Henry James, Jr., and Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, have new books on the lists of English publishers which will be first published in London.

PROF. MAX MÜLLER has returned to Oxford very much benefited by his year's sojourn abroad, and will now devote himself to the editing of the translations of the sacred books of the world which he has undertaken.

TUCKERMAN'S "Greeks of To-Day," published in London two years ago, has been published in Athens in Modern Greek. A Greek newspaper speaks of it as "the only true picture of Greek character ever presented by a foreigner."

THE family of Hackländer—"the German Dickens"—have arranged with Herr Bacciocco, the Viennese novelist, to edit the literary remains of the deceased author. A manuscript "Romance of My Life" is known to be among his unpublished papers.

DR. DAVID KAUFMANN has just brought out, in German, an important book for Jewish and scholastic philosophy, under the title of "History of the Doctrine of the Attributes in the Jewish Mediæval Philosophy, from Saadyah to the famous Maimonides," i.e. from 960 to 1200 A.D.

THE German Booksellers' Association have determined to publish "Geschichte des Deutschen Buchhandels," from the discovery of printing up to the present time, for which co-operation is invited. They have set on foot a periodical, *Archiv für die Geschichte des Deutschen Buchhandels*, as a means of collecting materials for this purpose.

M. ERNEST RENAN is preparing a translation of Ecclesiastes, to appear next winter. A specimen is given in one of M. Stapfer's lectures on Humor in a recent number of the *Revue politique et littéraire*. The work will form a com-

panion-volume to the author's translations of Job and the Song of Songs, and, like them, will probably be prefaced by an introductory essay.

THE Austrian Statistical Year Book for 1875 has just been issued, and, according to it, during that year 876 periodicals were published in the empire, being an increase of 66 on the previous twelvemonth: 591 were in German, 116 in Hungarian, 60 in Italian, 53 in Polish, 18 Sclavonian, 12 Hebrew or in Hebrew type, 8 Ruthenian, 2 French, 2 in Greek, and the remainder in mixed dialects.

THE reform of German spelling, initiated by Schleicher, is being carried through and pressed forward by Dr. Frikke of Wiesbaden. Spelling-reform associations are being formed throughout Germany as well as among the German settlers in England and elsewhere, and a paper devoted to the cause, and printed in the reformed spelling and type, is now published at Bremen, under the title of *Reform*. The first number appeared at the beginning of last March.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE "AMERICAN MEDITERRANEAN."—A description of the great river Amazons and of the vast region watered by its affluents, by Mr. R. Reyes, is published in the *Bulletin* of the Société de Géographie, at Paris. He calls it the American Mediterranean, and shews that by itself and its feeders, the noble stream borders the territories of Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, and Brazil. Ships of the largest class can navigate to a distance of three thousand miles from the sea, and ascend some of the tributaries from two to nine hundred miles, through a country rich and fertile almost beyond description. The forests produce four hundred different kinds of wood, mostly of excellent quality, as may be seen in the Museum at Rio Janeiro; and fruits, drugs, and minerals abound. A tourist wishful to take a holiday in the tropics may now embark in the West Indies, cross to the mainland, steam up the Magdalena to the city of Purification in the Colombian State Tolima. Thence by a land-journey of three days he reaches the steamers on the affluents of the Amazons, and ends his voyage of four thousand miles on the great Brazilian river.

GALILEO AND THE TELESCOPE.—With reference to Galileo's claim to be the inventor of the telescope, M. Wolf quotes ("Annalen der Physik und Chemie") from a manuscript of Scheuer (1616) in a library in Zurich, a curious passage, of which the following is part:—

"It must be allowed first, considering what the telescope does, that Baptista Porta has better right to be thought the inventor, because he describes, after his own way, in obscure words and puzzling expressions, an instrument like the telescope. But, secondly, if we speak of the telescope, as it is now used after general perfection, we must say that neither Porta nor Galileo is the first discoverer of it, but the telescope in this sense was discovered in Germany, among the Belgians, and that accidentally by one Krämer, who sold spectacles, and either for amusement, or experimentation, combined concave and convex glasses, so that with both glasses he could see a quite small and distant object large and near; at which success being rejoiced, he united several similar pairs of glasses in a tube, and offered the combination at a high price to wealthy people. Thereafter they (the telescopes) became gradually more common among the people, and spread to other countries. In this way two of them were brought for the first time by a Belgian merchant to Italy; of these, one remained long in the college at Rome; the other went first to Venice, later to Naples; and here the Italians, and especially Galileo, at that time Professor of Mathematics in Padua, took the opportunity of improving it, in order to apply it to astronomical purposes, and extend its use further. Thus the telescope, as we have it today, was discovered by Germany, and perfected by Italy; the whole world now rejoices in it."

TEMPERATURE OF TREES.—Professor Boehm has recently investigated the temperature of trees in its relation to external influences. His conclusions (reports *Nature*) are these:—
1. The temperature of the tree-interior is, during transpiration, the combined expression of the air and the ground heat. 2. The air heat is conducted transversally, the ground heat longitudinally. 3. The longitudinal conduction is effected through the ascending sap-current, or rather through transpiration. 4. A lowering of the ground temperature during transpiration produces also a depression of temperature in the tree-interior. 5. The influence of the temperature of the ascending sap-current decreases in the stem from below upwards, and from within outwards. 6. The amount of this decrease is determined by the amount of the transversely-conducted solar heat, and is in direct ratio with the diminution of the volume of the stem part, and the approximation to the periphery of the stem. 7. The lower part of the stem is still under the full influence of the ground heat, or rather of the ascending sap-current. 8. The vertical limit of this influence is lost in the ramifica-

tion of the tree. 9. With exclusion of transpiration, and therewith of rise of sap, the temperature of the tree is simply dependent on that of the air. 10. A simultaneous cooling of the lower and upper part of the tree completely equalises the amounts of influence (opposite according to the height of the stem) of the two cooling "moments."

MOTION AND HEAT.—M. Ollivier (in the *Journal des Débats*) gives the following experiment in illustration of the conversion of motion into heat:—One end of a square bar of steel, in this instance 15 mm. X 70 or 80 cen., is held by one hand in the middle, and pressed strongly against a rapidly-revolving emery-wheel, by which means the extremity so applied becomes considerably heated. The hand at the middle of the bar does not feel any change of temperature, but that at the other extremity is soon obliged to let go, the temperature rising to the point of burning the skin. M. Ollivier thus explains this effect, which appears paradoxical at the first glance. The heat that burns the hand is not generated at the other extremity of the bar and transmitted from thence, but is produced directly at the place. Movement and heat being synonymous, the movement destroyed by the hand at the outward extremity of the bar by the stoppage of the vibrations is converted into heat, whilst there being an interval of repose at the middle of the bar, no heat is perceived. A curious feature of the experiment is, that at the outer extremity the thermometer does not show any exceptional temperature, because the thermometer does not stop the vibration. To produce the burning effect, the hand should grasp the end of the bar with force enough to arrest the movement.

DISCOVERY OF NON-METALLIC RAYS IN THE SOLAR SPECTRUM.—A discovery of importance to science is announced by Dr. Henry Draper of Hastings-on-the-Hudson. It is well known to students of the spectroscopy, that while the black lines that indicate the presence of metallic vapors are so abundant in the solar spectrum as to leave no room for doubting that most, if not all, the metals are ignited in the sun, there is yet an absence of the lines that characterize nearly all the non-metallic substances. Hydrogen is excepted from this sweeping rule, but there are many reasons for classing that gas with the metals. Various theories have been put forward to explain the absence of non-metallic lines from the solar spectrum, and the fact has even been used to throw a doubt over the nebular hypothesis, which necessarily assumes that the constituents of the sun cannot greatly differ from those of the earth. Dr. Draper's discovery, if it be

confirmed, shows that at least one—and probably several—non-metallic substances are present in the sun. In a paper read before the American Philosophical Society last month, he gave the details of experiments which appear to prove that oxygen forms one of the sun's constituents. Its presence is indicated in the spectrum, not by black, but by bright lines. To make this more apparent, Dr. Draper has photographed with the spectrum of the sun a "comparison spectrum" of common air—the air being ignited by the electric sparks of a Leyden jar. The "comparison spectrum" gives the bright lines of oxygen and nitrogen, and also (from the terminals of the battery used) those of aluminium and iron. The lines of the metals serve to check the accuracy with which the two spectra—of the sun and of air—are matched. These spectra are reproduced without the intervention of the engraver, by Bierstadt's Albert-type process, and appear as a frontispiece in *The American Journal of Science and Arts*. If it is conceded that there are bright lines on the solar spectrum showing the presence of oxygen, it seems probable that the discovery of the other non-metallic substances, such as nitrogen, chlorine, sulphur, carbon, etc., may be similarly made. A new view of the sun's constitution will then follow, since the circumstance that bright lines flow from the non-metals indicates that their quantity in the sun is probably enormous as compared with the metals.—*The Tribune*.

VARIETIES.

ON CHOOSING A HOUSE.—Before you enter a house that you have some thoughts of taking, do not fail to take a look, not only at the exterior thereof, but at the neighborhood around it. Do not, however, be too much struck with a showy outside; the place may be but a whitened sepulchre after all—a very living grave. The house, too, may be in itself, both outside and in, everything which heart can desire, but after all it may be situated in the vicinity of other houses, either at the back or front, the conduct of the inmates of which may render your life wretched. Your rooms may be furnished with taste and comfort, but if you are awakened every other night by the sounds of drunken revelry, or mayhap fighting and squabbling, your life will not be a very romantic one, to say the least. Again, however tastefully your garden may be gotten up, however shady and cool your summer-house, the sound of voices in altercation, or perhaps oaths and swearing, floating over the adjoining wall, will detract materially from the pleasure you derive from the society of a friend or favorite author.

Having satisfied yourself regarding externals it will be time now to have a peep inside, and the very first thing it is your duty to find out is whether or not the house be damp or dry. Nothing can be more injurious to the health than residence in a house which is damp; coughs and colds, aches and pains and rheums—ay, and maybe fever itself—must be your portion if you are unwise enough to live in a damp house, and granting even that you have the strongest of constitutions, dampness will sap it, your nerves will be weakened, you shall find yourself ill and fretful without being able to assign a cause therefor. Avoid a damp house, therefore: you can hardly fail to know if it is damp. Suspicious spots of mildew about the paper, beading on unpapered walls, and a generally moist smell must guide you in your diagnosis. More deadly even than damp are the emanations from drains and cesspools and noxious gases, such as sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonic acid. If you mean to live for any length of time in a house, it will be much better to put the matter into the hands of a trustworthy surveyor, and let him see to this matter.—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

MR. S. C. HALL AND THE "ART JOURNAL."
—In 1839 Mr. Hall conceived the idea of establishing a magazine devoted entirely to art, art manufactures, and the higher class of literary contributions, and launched the *Art Union*, which, under its somewhat modified and greatly improved title of *Art Journal*, he has continued uninterruptedly to conduct from that time to the present day, a period of thirty-eight years. "When, in 1839, I commenced the *Art Journal*," says Mr. Hall, "there was no public for art literature; I had to create a public, and I did. The newspapers gave, on certain pressing occasions, a few lines to the theme. Now, column after column accords justice to the vital subject, criticising, fully and thoroughly well, all art productions, whether published or exhibited. There were in 1839 no buyers of pictures by British artists; there were plenty to purchase old masters—the works of Raffaele and Titian and Canaletti; notorious frauds, which I continuously exposed, at much peril, and once at great cost, sometimes showing where false pictures were made, and printing, month after month, Custom House returns of 'ancient masters' imported into London; canvases that paid duty, but which the artists who were responsible for them had never seen. By persisting in that course, proving how little they were worth and would ultimately bring if re-sold, and at the same time producing proofs of the gradual rise in value of British pictures when submitted to public sale, I led the dealers on the one hand, and

the collectors on the other, to avoid 'old masters,' and to patronise such as could be readily authenticated—the productions of artists who were yet alive to testify to their work. At the time to which I go back, artists sold their productions at very small prices indeed; they now sell at the auction rooms for, sometimes, a hundredfold the amount such artists received for them. I have more than once been present at a private view of the Royal Academy when, during the day, there was not a single picture sold. About 1840 I gave commissions for six fancy portraits to six young artists, then beginning a career in which they have since attained the highest eminence. Among the six were Frith, Ward, and Elmore. Each of the six painted six pictures for the sum of ten guineas each, and were content; they would now be estimated each at the value of two hundred guineas. But still more astounding is this fact: when the engraver Finden, for whom I had obtained them, and who had paid for them (they were for a work I edited for him, 'The Beauties of Moore'), sought to re-sell them at the sums they had cost, and with that view exhibited them at a gallery in the Strand, he could find no buyers at the price of ten guineas each. I need not tell you how different is the case now, when artists are among the wealthier classes of the community. You would gladly now give a hundred pounds for a picture which in 1839 you might have had for as many shillings; and you know that no investment is at once so secure and so remunerative as the money invested in wisely-selected pictures." The change thus evidenced Mr. Hall may justly claim to have a large share in producing. In 1839, as just stated, Mr. S. C. Hall founded, entirely himself, and on his own responsibility, the *Art Journal*, which has continued uninterruptedly to be published from that hour to this, and the whole of that time under his careful editorship. Changes have taken place in its proprietorship, in its size, and in its general style of issue, but the main features and the character of the work remain the same.—*Leisure Hour*.

RONDEAU.

Life lapses by for you and me;
Our sweet days pass us by and flee;
And evermore death draws us nigh:
The blue fades fast out of our sky;
The ripple ceases from our sea.
What would we not give, you and I,
The early sweet of life to buy!
Alas! sweetheart, that cannot we:
Life lapses by.
But though our young years buried lie,
Shall Love with Spring and Summer die?
What if the roses faded be!
We in each other's eyes will see
New Springs, nor question how or why
Life lapses by.

JOHN PAYNE.

LITERATURE OF THE WORLD.

BOUND VOLUMES

OF THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

New Series, 1865 to 1876 Inclusive.

TWENTY-FOUR INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING VOLUMES.

THE Publisher of the ECLECTIC has a limited number of the bound volumes of the NEW SERIES, embracing the years from 1865 to 1876 inclusive, to which he would invite the attention of public and private libraries, and of the public generally. These volumes are of the same general character as those which, for a quarter of a century, have rendered the ECLECTIC the *American Cyclopaedia of foreign contemporary thought*; and, with the unparalleled recent development of English periodical literature and the consequent widening of the field of selection, it is confidently believed that the volumes of this NEW SERIES are better, more comprehensive, and more thoroughly representative of the many aspects of modern thought than any which have preceded them. There is no subject in

Science, Art, Politics, or General Literature,

related to the period which they cover, of which a record more or less complete will not be found in these volumes. In addition to these cyclopaedic features, each number of the ECLECTIC is embellished with a fine steel engraving, generally a portrait of some distinguished individual.

Each volume contains 6 or more of these Fine Steel Engravings.

These volumes will be sent by express, prepaid, on receipt of price, where the distance does not exceed one thousand miles; or they will be sent in exchange for numbers on receipt of price of binding. In the latter case, all express charges must be paid by the sender.

TERMS:

Library style, \$7 per year, or \$72 per set; Cloth, \$6 per year, or \$60 per set.

BINDING.

Each year of the ECLECTIC is bound in two volumes of six numbers each, either in half calf, library style, or in green cloth, stamped and lettered. The price of binding is \$2.50 per year in the former, and \$1.50 per year in the latter style.

COVERS.—Cloth covers for binding sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents per volume, or \$1 per year, and they can be bound by any binder for 75 cents per year additional. Address,

E. R. PELTON, Publisher,

25 Bond Street, New York.

Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART,

1877.

(THIRTY-THIRD YEAR)

The aim of the ECLECTIC is to be instructive without being dull, and entertaining without being trivial. While each number contains something to interest every member of the family circle, it addresses itself particularly to that great body of intelligent readers who seek profit as well as amusement in solid and healthful literature.

LITERATURE.

In the department of General Literature the ECLECTIC presents, from month to month, an array of instructive and entertaining articles which is surpassed by none of the literary monthlies. Its selections are made from all the English periodicals, and occasionally from those of France and Germany, and cover a literature incomparably richer and more productive than any other to which the reader can find access. It is a notable fact, that a class of writers contribute to the English magazines and newspapers such as seldom appear in American periodicals, and the best of these Essays, Reviews, Sketches, Criticisms, and Poems are reproduced in the ECLECTIC. Recent issues have contained articles, stories, or poems by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, James Anthony Froude, Matthew Arnold, Charles Kingsley, Francis Power Cobbe, Robert Buchanan, Leslie Stephen, Arthur Helps, Alfred Tennyson, Thomas Hughes, William Black, Mrs. Oliphant, Thomas Hardy, Turgeneff, William Morris, Miss Thackeray, and others equally eminent.

SCIENCE.

To this department of intellectual activity, the ECLECTIC gives larger space than any other magazine in the world not exclusively scientific. It not only presents, from month to month, an ample record of discovery and invention, but gathers from the whole field of foreign current literature the best articles of the most authoritative thinkers and writers; of such men as Profs. Huxley and Tyndall, Richard Proctor, B.A., Prof. Owen, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Max Muller, J. Norman Lockyer, St. George Mivart, and E. B. Tylor, all of whom have been represented in recent issues of the Magazine. *The public should bear the fact in mind that the ECLECTIC has no theory of its own to advocate, but impartially gives place to the most important articles on both sides of the great themes of scientific discussion.*

FICTION.

The ECLECTIC offers its readers the best serial stories to be had, together with the short stories for which the English magazines have a high and deserved reputation.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

The Editorial Departments are **Literary Notices**, **Foreign Literary Notes**, **Science**, **Art**, and **Varieties**, and they are made as comprehensive and complete as possible. **Literary Notices** deal with the books published at home; **Foreign Literary Notes** give the freshest information about literary matters abroad; **Science** supplements the longer articles with brief paragraphs covering the whole scientific field; and in **Varieties** will be found choice readings of a fresh and entertaining character, culled from new books and foreign journals. *No other Eclectic publication attempts any thing like these departments.*

STEEL-ENGRAVINGS.

No other magazine is so artistically illustrated as the ECLECTIC. Each number contains a *Fine Steel-Engraving*—usually a portrait—executed in the best manner. These engravings are of permanent value, and add much to the attractiveness of the Magazine.

TERMS:—Single copies, 45 cents; one copy, one year, \$5; two copies, \$9; five copies, \$20. Trial subscription for three months, \$1. The ECLECTIC and any \$4 magazine to one address, \$8. Postage free to all subscribers. Address,

E. R. PELTON, Publisher, 25 Bond Street, New-York.